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HARPER'S

SIXTH READER

o.c.

JAMES BALDWIN, PH.D.

EDITOR OF "HARPER'S READERS"

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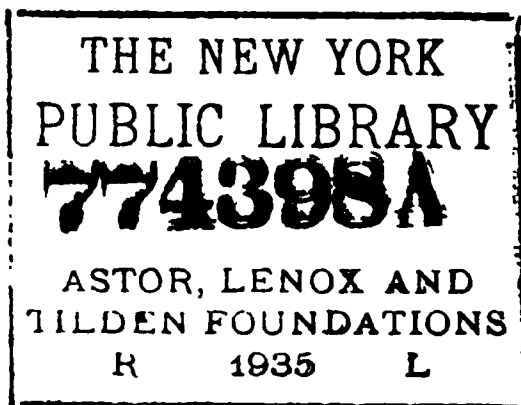
BRITISH AUTHORS

A black and white photograph of a large, dense crowd of people, mostly men in suits, gathered for a formal event. The crowd is arranged in rows, filling the frame from the foreground to the background. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, almost stencil-like quality.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE present volume, completing Harper's series of School Readers, contains selections from the works of British authors only. The reading-lessons being so nearly of the same grade as those in the Fifth Reader of the same series, this book may be used either alternately with that volume or as a sequel to it; and, indeed, in schools where an early acquaintance with British authors is thought desirable, its study may be taken up at once upon the completion of the Fourth Reader.

The design of a School Reader for advanced classes differs essentially from that of a work on English Literature, and still more from that of the ordinary popular collection of choice extracts. Such a Reader, by reason of its careful compilation and gradation, should lead, as do the earlier numbers of the series, to a steady improvement in the art of oral reading; the wonderful flexibility of the English language, as shown in the widely varying styles of expression employed by the greatest writers, should find ample illustration in its pages; its contents should be so diversified and pleasing as to cultivate and foster a healthy love of reading, and the selections should be of that order which tends to develop in the minds of students a critical discrimination that is satisfied with only the *best* literature; its lessons, while abounding in instructiveness, should be such as provoke inquiry and awaken thought and encourage investigation, rather than mere cyclopædic statements or barren narratives of fact; it should, without betraying any partisan or *sectarian tendencies*, introduce the student to discussions upon

some of the topics that are of living interest to men and women of the present day; while not professing to represent all the great writers in any department of letters, it should include selections from so large a proportion of them as to give some notion of the extent, variety, and richness of the literature of our language; and, lastly, it should in itself be a work of art, the study of which, like looking at a fine painting or listening to good music, touches the heart and ennobles the understanding. With such an ideal book in mind, the editor of this series has prepared Harper's Fifth and Sixth Readers.

The articles included in this volume have been chosen and arranged with great care, and it is believed that the best results will generally be attained by studying them consecutively from the beginning of the book to the end. Pursuing the plan adopted in the lower numbers of the series, the lessons have been so arranged that the more difficult—those requiring deeper thought as well as greater reading ability—follow, as a rule, those which are easier. Nor has there been anything hap-hazard in the placing of any article. For example, the selections pertaining to modern history (Articles I., XXII., XXV., XXVI., XXXI., XXXIX., XLII., XLIX., L., LII., LIV., LXII., LXIII., LXIX.) occur in chronological order; so, also, do the articles on Roman history, life, and manners (Articles XVII., XVIII., XXVII., XXXVI.). Among the lessons on subjects of a social or economic character it will be observed that there is a long step between Smiles's pleasant essay on "Town and Country" (II.), and Carlyle's dissertation on "Work" (LXXV.); but the passage is made gradual through the reading of Articles V., VI., IX., XXXII., LIII., LX., LXXII., LXXIII., and LXXV. Arranged with equal care, and generally with reference to a similar method of gradation, are other classes of subjects, viz.: selections having relation to questions of morals or of personal duty (Articles XI., XII., XVI., XXI., XXIII., XXXII., XXXVII., XL., XLIV., XLV., LXXI., LXXVIII., etc.); selections relating directly to literature and literary subjects (Articles XIII., XX., XXXV., XXXIX., XLIII., XLVIII., LI.); selections of especial value as

illustrating different styles of descriptive composition (Articles IV., VIII., XIV., XXXIV., XXXVIII., XLII., LIX., LXV., etc.; examples of some of the best work in fiction or story-telling, or illustrations of the humorous in British literature (Articles VII., XV., XXI., XXII., XXIV., XXV., XXIX., XXX., XXXIII., XLI., LIV., LVII., LXIX., etc.). The patriotic lessons in the Fourth and Fifth Readers find here their continuation in selections presenting the opinions of some famous foreign scholars and statesmen concerning our American institutions (Articles LXIV., LXX., LXXXI., LXXXIV., etc.); and questions of similar vital interest are discussed from an English stand-point in other lessons (see Articles LX., LXVI., LXXIII., etc.) And, finally, notwithstanding the admission of so many selections entirely new to School Readers, room has been found for a large number of the acknowledged classics of our language (see Articles VI., X., XI., XVIII., XXIV., XXXIV., XXXVIII., XLI., XLIII., XLVI., XLIX., LIII., LVI., LVIII., LXI., LXII., LXVII., LXVIII., LXXI., LXXIV., LXXVI., LXXIX., LXXXIII.). The Notes at the end of the volume are intended to be both helpful and suggestive. The biographical notes will prove valuable in connection with any study of English literature; and the suggestions for additional reading are intended to assist teachers and pupils in the choice of good supplementary reading-matter, and to aid in pointing the way to a more extensive knowledge and a fuller appreciation of the best works in our language, American as well as British.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

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TO TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

THE means of acquiring the ability to read well, through the assistance of this text-book, may be briefly indicated as follows :

1st. *Endeavor to grasp the idea intended to be conveyed by the author.* Study the selection as a whole ; then study each paragraph and each sentence in detail. Refer to the Notes at the end of the volume. Refer to the dictionary for the meaning of every word not already clearly understood. Study carefully every peculiar mode of expression, and try to interpret the author's meaning in sentences of your own. Study the style of each author, and compare it with that of other authors previously studied.

2d. *Endeavor to enter into sympathy with the thoughts expressed.* Be sure that you have grasped the idea. Study every allusion contained in the lesson, and try, if possible, to understand all the circumstances connected with the composition of the selection.

3d. *Endeavor to be heard.* Practice reading aloud to yourself. Study the correct pronunciation of each new word. Should any word or combination of letters be difficult of articulation, practice pronouncing it until it can be spoken promptly, accurately, and without special effort. Sit or stand with the head erect and the chest expanded, and endeavor to acquire the habit of breathing easily, freely, and naturally while reading.

4th. *Endeavor to be understood.* First, be sure that you yourself understand. Remember that reading is but conversing from a book, and avoid all inflections or intonations which would seem strained or unnatural in conversation. Imagine yourself in the place of the listener, and ask yourself whether you would understand if you had not the printed page before you.

5th. *Endeavor not only to enter into complete sympathy with the thoughts expressed, but to render them in such a manner that you shall cause the hearer to be moved by them.* Have in mind the beauty the truthfulness, the appropriateness of that which you read. Forget *yourself* in the expression of the thoughts which you are interpreting, *Thus, and thus only, is it possible for one to become A GOOD READER.*

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SIXTH READER.

I.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.¹

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the North Sea. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken only on the western side¹⁰ by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes, all belonging to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic² family, who at the moment when history discovers them were bound together into a confederacy¹⁵ by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. To the north of the English lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them, a number of German tribes *had drawn together* in their homeland, between

the Elbe and the Ems, and in a wide tract to the Rhine, into the people of the Saxons. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them, they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, and common social and political institutions. Each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live; and it is from the union of all of them, when its conquest was complete, that the English people has sprung.

Of the temper and life of these English folk in this Old England we know little. But, from the glimpses which we catch of them when conquest had brought these Englishmen to the shores of Britain, their political and social organization must have been that of the German race to which they belonged. The basis of their society was the free landholder. In the English tongue he alone was known as "the man," or "the churl"; and two English phrases set his freedom vividly before us.²⁰ He was the "free-necked man," whose long hair floated over a neck that had never bent to a lord. He was the "weaponed man," who alone bore spear and sword, for he alone possessed the right which in such a state of society formed the main check upon lawless outrage,²⁵ the right of private war. Justice had to spring from each man's personal action; and every freeman was his own avenger. But, even in the earliest forms of English society of which we catch traces, this right of self-defence was being modified and restricted by a growing³⁰ sense of public justice. The "blood-wite," or compensation in money for personal wrong, was the first effort of *the tribe as a whole* to regulate private revenge. The *freeman's life* and the *freeman's limb* had each on this

system its legal price. "Eye for eye," ran the rough code, and "life for life," or for each fair damages. We see a further step towards the recognition of a wrong as done not to the individual man, but to the people at large, in another custom of the very earliest times. The price of life or limb was paid, not by the wrong-doer to the man he wronged, but by the family or house of the wrong-doer to the family or house of the wronged. Order and law were thus made to rest in each little group of English people upon the blood-bond which knit its families together; every outrage was held to have been done by all who were linked by blood to the doer of it, every crime to have been committed to all who were linked by blood to the sufferer from it. From this sense of the value of the family bond as a means of restraining the wrong-doer by forces which the tribe as a whole did not as yet possess, sprang the first rude forms of English justice. Each kinsman was his kinsman's keeper, bound to protect him from wrong, to hinder him from wrong-doing, and to suffer with and pay for him if wrong were done. So fully was this principle recognized that, even if any man was charged before his fellow-tribesmen with crime, his kinsfolk still remained in fact his sole judges; for it was by their solemn oath of his innocence or his guilt that he had to stand or fall.

The blood-bond gave both its military and social form to Old English society. Kinsmen fought side by side in the hour of battle, and the feelings of honor and discipline which held the host together were drawn from the common duty of every man in each little group of warriors to his house. And as they fought side by side on the field, so they dwelled side by side on the soil. *Harling* abode by *Harling*, and *Billing*

by Billing; and each "wick," or "ham," or "stead," or "tun" took its name from the kinsmen who dwelt together in it. The home or "ham" of the Billings would be Billingham, and the "tun" or town of the Harlings would be Harlington. But in such settlements the tie of blood was widened into the larger tie of land. Land with the German race seems everywhere to have been the accompaniment of full freedom. The freeman was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged was inseparable from the possession of his "holding." The landless man ceased, for all practical purposes, to be free, though he was no man's slave. In the very earliest glimpse we get of the German race we see them a race of landholders and land-tillers. Tacitus,³ the first Roman who sought to know these destined conquerors of Rome describes them as pasturing on the forest glades around their villages, and ploughing their village fields. A feature which at once struck him as parting them from the civilized world to which he himself belonged, was their hatred of cities, and their love even within their little settlements of a jealous independence. "They live apart," he says, "each by himself, as wood-side, plain, or fresh spring attracts him." And as each dweller within the settlement was jealous of his own isolation, and independence among his fellow settlers, so each settlement was jealous of its independence among its fellow settlements. Each little farmer commonwealth was girt in by its own border or "mark," a belt of forest or waste or fen which parted it from its fellow villages, a ring of common ground which none of its settlers might take for his own, but which served as a *death-ground* where criminals met their doom, and was

held to be the special dwelling-place of the nixie and the will-o'-the-wisp. If a stranger came through this wood, or over this waste, custom bade him blow his horn as he came, for if he stole through secretly, he was taken for a foe, and any man might lawfully slay him.

Within the village we find from the first a marked social difference between two orders of its indwellers. The bulk of its homesteads were those of its freemen, or "ceorls"; but among them were the larger homes of "eorls",⁴ or men distinguished among their fellows¹⁰ by noble blood, who were held in an hereditary reverence, and from whom the leaders of the village were chosen in war-time, or rulers in time of peace. But the choice was a purely voluntary one, and the man of noble blood enjoyed no legal privilege above his fel-¹⁵lows. The actual sovereignty within the settlement resided in the body of its freemen. Their homesteads clustered round a moot-hill,⁵ or round a sacred tree, where the whole community met to order its own industry and to frame its own laws. Here the field was²⁰ passed from man to man by the delivery of a turf cut from its soil, and the strife of farmer with farmer was settled according to the "customs" of the settlement, as its "elder-men" stated them, and the wrong-doer was judged and his fine assessed by the kinsfolk. Here, too,²⁵ the "witan," the Wise Men of the village, met to settle questions of peace and war, to judge just judgment, and frame wise laws, as their descendants, the Wise Men of later England, meet in Parliament at Westminster, to frame laws and do justice for the great empire which³⁰ has sprung from this little body of farmer-commonwealths in Sleswick.

The religion of the English was the same as that of *the whole German family*. Christianity,⁶ which had by

this time brought about the conversion of the Roman Empire, had not penetrated as yet among the forests of the North. The common God of the English people, as of the whole German race, was Woden, the war-god, the guardian of ways and boundaries, to whom his worshippers attributed the invention of letters, and whom every tribe held to be the first ancestor of its kings. Our own names for the days of the week still recall to us the gods whom our English fathers worshipped in their Sleswick homeland. Wednesday is Woden's-day,¹⁰ as Thursday is the day of Thunder, or as the Northmen called him, Thor, the god of air and storm and rain; Friday is Frea's-day, the goddess of peace and joy and fruitfulness, whose emblems, borne aloft by dancing maidens, brought increase to every field and stall they¹⁵ visited. Saturday commemorates an obscure god, Sætere; Tuesday the dark god, Tiw, to meet whom was death. Behind these floated the dim shapes of an older mythology: Eostre, the goddess of the dawn, or of the spring, who lends her name to the Christian festival of²⁰ the Resurrection; "Wyrd," the death-goddess, whose memory lingered long in the "weird" of northern superstition; or the Shield-maidens, the "mighty women," who, an old rhyme tells us, "wrought on the battle-field their toil, and hurled the thrilling javelins." Nearer to the²⁵ popular fancy lay the deities of wood and fell, or the hero-gods of legend and song: "Nicor," the water-sprite, who gave us our water-nixies and "Old Nick"; "Weland," the forger of mighty shields and sharp-biting swords at a later time in his Berkshire "Weyland's smithy";⁷ or³⁰ Ægil, the hero-archer, whose legend is that of Cloudesly⁸ or Tell. A nature worship of this sort lent itself ill to the purposes of a priesthood, and though a priestly class existed, it seems at no time to have had much

weight in the English society. As every freeman was his own judge and his own legislator, so he was his own house-priest; and the common English worship lay in the sacrifice which he offered to the god of his hearth.

II.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.¹

GREAT towns do not necessarily produce great men. On the contrary, the tendency of life and pursuits in great towns is rather to produce small men. The whirl of business and pleasure which pervades the life of cities distracts the mind and hinders its growth. There is a constant succession of new excitements, producing no permanent impression, because one effaces the other. While the country boy is allowed to grow up, the city boy is rushed up. The latter is sharp and clever in his way by perpetual friction with his fellows, and when he becomes quick and alert in his special business he stops there and goes no further.

City life is a foe to intellectual work. There is too much excitement and too little repose. When the newspaper is read, and the business is done, and the play is seen, the work of the day is over. The young Londoner makes few friends, and if he makes them they are like himself. The late Dr. Guthrie,² while in London, mixed much with city as well as country bred young men. *He said, in his Autobiography:* "It was then that I

first saw the narrow limits and defects of the ordinary education of English schools. The city lads were, I doubt not, thorough masters of their own particular department of business; but, beyond the small hole they filled—like certain shell-fish in the sea-rocks—they were amazingly ignorant of everything outside.”⁶ Carlyle, in his rather contemptuous way, said of the Londoners, “All London-born men, without exception, seem to be narrow-built, considerably perverted men, rather fractions of men.”¹⁰

Nearly all the great men of England, as well as of London, have been country born and country bred. It is easy to understand this. In cities a young man is but one of a multitude; his neighbors know nothing of him, and he knows nothing of them. He sees what¹⁵ he has always seen, and, provided his pleasures and wants are always satisfied, he receives but little impulse towards further improvement. It is altogether different with the young man born in the country, who comes, as it were, fresh from his mother-earth. There²⁰ he is more of an individual; he is also more responsible to those about him. He is accustomed to do many things for himself that are done for city boys by the accurate machinery of town life. He is not distracted by diversity of excitement. He has time to grow. He²⁵ knows his neighbors, and they know him. He forms friendships which often last for life; and it is more important to a young man to make one good friend than a dozen indifferent acquaintances. He comes into more direct contact with his fellows, and his mind reacts upon³⁰ theirs. The impressions then made upon him grow, and if the soil be good they will become fertile elements of *character*. “There is a country accent,” said La Rochefoucauld, “not in speech only, but in thought, conduct,

character, and manner of existing, which never forsakes a man."

Though the objects presented to the mind of the country boy are less numerous, they are better observed, partly because they are more attractive, and partly because they do not hurry past him with a celerity which confuses his memory and deadens his interest. He knows nature as well as men. In a country town, or in a village or hamlet, everybody knows everybody. Boys hear of the deeds or misdeeds of their neighbors. They know¹⁰ much about family history, talk about it at the fireside, and take an early interest in spoken biography. It may be said, indeed, that such biography is of the nature of gossip, but gossip at least indicates an interest in others, and wherever there is gossip there is also its counterpart,¹⁵ friendship. In large cities, on the contrary, where men live in crowds, there is no gossip and little friendship, because they know little of each other and care less. Thus men live at a much greater social distance from each other in cities than in the country.²⁰

Though the country boy is much slower in arriving at maturity than the town boy, he is usually much greater when he reaches it. He is left more to his own resources, and is accustomed to do many things for himself, thus learning the essential lesson of self-help.²⁵ When he arrives in town his faculties of wonder and admiration are excited; he feels himself in a new sphere, entertains new ambitions, which he endeavors to gratify, and by will and purpose he often rises to the highest stations in city life. Thus the country boy succeeds³⁰ better than the born Londoner. As the late Walter Bagehot⁴ said: "Huge centres of intellectual and political life are said to be unproductive, and it may be that *the feverish excitement* which exhausts the parents'

strength, and in which the youth of the offspring is spent, leaves but little vigor and creative power in the genuine cockney. At any rate, there are few men great either in politics, science, or art who have sprung from the exhausted soil of the metropolis." 5

There is something, however, to be said for cities. Men are social and sympathetic; they desire not only pleasure but culture. The ways in which men benefit by frequent intercourse with others are numerous. Science and literature centre in cities. "Man," says Dr. ¹⁰ Guthrie, "reaches his highest condition amid the social influences of the crowded city. His intellect receives its brightest polish where gold and silver lose theirs, tarnished by the searching smoke and foul vapors of city air. The finest flowers of genius have grown in an ¹⁵ atmosphere where those of nature are prone to droop, and are difficult to bring to maturity. The mental powers acquire their full robustness when the cheek loses its ruddy hue and the limbs their elastic step, and pale thought sits on manly brows, and the watchman, as he ²⁰ walks his round, sees the student's lamp burning far into the night."

III.

THE LADY CLARE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.¹

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow' they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair :
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are you out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth : you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have you done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said, 5
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can." 10
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied, 15
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me." 20

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown— 25
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower: 5

“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?”

“If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are: 10

I am a beggar born,” she said,

“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,

“For I am yours in word and in deed.

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“Your riddle is hard to read.”

Oh, and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:

She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,

And told him all her nurse's tale. 20

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:

He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:

“If you are not the heiress born,

And I,” said he, “the next in blood—

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And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,

We two will wed to-morrow morn,

And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

IV.

LESSONS LEARNED IN NATURE'S SCHOOL.

BY HUGH MILLER.¹

It is low water in the Frith of Cromarty² during stream tides, between six and seven o'clock in the evening; and my uncle Sandy, in returning from his work at the close of the day, used not unfrequently, when, according to the phrase of the place, "there was a tide in the water," to strike down the hill-side and spend a quiet hour in the ebb. I delighted to accompany him on these occasions. There are Professors of Natural History that know less of living nature than was known by Uncle Sandy; and I deemed it no small matter to¹⁰ have all the various productions of the sea with which he was acquainted pointed out to me in these walks, and to be put in possession of his many curious anecdotes concerning them.

He was a skilful crab and lobster fisher, and knew¹⁵ every hole and cranny, along several miles of rocky shore, in which the creatures were accustomed to shelter, with not a few of their own peculiarities of character. Contrary to the view taken by some of our naturalists—such as Agassiz, who held that the crab (a genus²⁰ comparatively recent in its appearance in creation) is less embryonic in its character, and higher in its standing, than the more ancient lobster—my uncle regarded the lobster as a more intelligent animal than the crab. The hole in which the lobster lodges has almost always²⁵ *two openings*, he has said, through one of which it sometimes contrives to escape when the other is stormed by

weight in the English society. As every freeman was his own judge and his own legislator, so he was his own house-priest; and the common English worship lay in the sacrifice which he offered to the god of his hearth.

II.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.¹

GREAT towns do not necessarily produce great men. On the contrary, the tendency of life and pursuits in great towns is rather to produce small men. The whirl of business and pleasure which pervades the life of cities distracts the mind and hinders its growth. There is a constant succession of new excitements, producing no¹⁰ permanent impression, because one effaces the other. While the country boy is allowed to grow up, the city boy is rushed up. The latter is sharp and clever in his way by perpetual friction with his fellows, and when he becomes quick and alert in his special business he stops¹⁵ there and goes no further.

City life is a foe to intellectual work. There is too much excitement and too little repose. When the newspaper is read, and the business is done, and the play is seen, the work of the day is over. The young Londoner²⁰ makes few friends, and if he makes them they are like himself. The late Dr. Guthrie,² while in London, mixed much with city as well as country bred young men. He said, in his *Autobiography*: "It was then that I

ately over a lobster just captured, he has seen it throw off both its great claws in the sudden extremity of its terror, just as a panic-struck soldier sometimes throws away his weapons.

Such, in kind, were the anecdotes of Uncle Sandy. He instructed me, too, how to find, amid thickets of lamina^r and fuci,⁶ the nest of the lump-fish; and he showed me, further, that the hard-shelled spawn of this creature may, when well washed, be eaten raw, and forms at least as palatable a viand in that state as the imported caviare⁷ ¹⁰ of Russia and the Caspian. There were instances when the common crow acted as a sort of jackal to us in our lump-fish explorations. We would see him busied at the side of some fuci-covered pool, screaming and cawing as if engaged in combating an enemy; and, on going up ¹⁵ to the place, we used to find the lump-fish he had killed fresh and entire, but divested of the eyes, which we found, as a matter of course, the assailant, in order to make sure of victory, had taken the precaution of pick- ²⁰ ing out at an early stage of the contest.

Nor was it with merely the edible that we busied ourselves on these journeys. The brilliant metallic plumage of the sea-mouse, steeped as in the dyes of the rainbow, excited our admiration time after time; and still higher wonder used to be awakened by a much ²⁵ rarer annelid,⁸ brown, and slender as a piece of rope-yarn, and from thirty to forty feet in length, which no one save my uncle had ever found along the Cromarty shores, and which, when broken in two, as sometimes happened in the measuring, divided its vitality so equal- ³⁰ ly between the pieces that each was fitted, we could not doubt, to set up as an independent existence, and carry *on business* for itself. The annelids, too, that form for *themselves* tubular dwellings built up of large grains

of sand (*amphitrites*), always excited our interest. Two hand-shaped tufts of golden-hued setæ⁹—furnished, however, with greatly more than the typical number of fingers—rise from the shoulders of these creatures, and must, I suspect, be used as hands in the process of building; at least the hands of the most practised builder could not set stones with nicer skill than is exhibited by these worms in the setting of the grains which compose their cylindrical dwellings—dwellings that, from their form and structure, seem suited to remind the antiquary¹⁰ of the round towers of Ireland, and, from the style of their masonry, of old Cyclopean¹⁰ walls. I was introduced, also, in our ebb excursions, to the cuttle-fish and the sea-hare, and shown how the one, when pursued by an enemy, discharges a cloud of ink to conceal its retreat, and that the other darkens the water around it with a lovely purple pigment, which my uncle was pretty sure would make a rich dye, like that extracted of old by the Tyrians¹¹ from a whelk which he had often seen on the beach near Alexandria. I learned,²⁰ too, to cultivate an acquaintance with some two or three species of doris, that carry their arboraceous, tree-like lungs on their backs, as Macduff's soldiers carried the boughs of Birnam Wood to the Hill of Dunsinane;¹² and I soon acquired a sort of affection for certain shells which bore, as I supposed, a more exotic aspect than their neighbors. In short, the tract of seabottom laid dry by the ebb formed an admirable school, and Uncle Sandy an excellent teacher, under whom I was not in the least disposed to trifle; and when, long³⁰ after, I learned to detect old marine-bottoms far out of sight of sea, I have felt how very much I owed to his instructions.

The woods on the lower slopes of the hill, when there

was no access to the zones uncovered by the ebb, furnished me with employment of another kind. I learned to look with interest on the workings of certain insects, and to understand some of at least their simpler instincts. The large diadem spider, which spins so strong a web that in pressing my way through the furze thickets I could hear its white silken cords crack as they yielded before me, and which I found skilled, like an ancient magician, in rendering itself invisible, was an especial favorite; though its great size, and the wild¹⁰ stories I had read about its congener,¹³ the tarantula, made me cultivate its acquaintance somewhat at a distance. Often, however, have I stood beside its large web when the creature occupied its place in the centre, and, touching it with a withered grass-stalk, I have seen¹⁵ it sullenly swing on the lines "with its hands," and then shake them with a motion so rapid that—like Carathis, the mother of the Caliph Vathek,¹⁴ who, when her hour of doom came, "glanced off in a rapid whirl which rendered her invisible"—the eye failed to see either web²⁰ or insect for minutes together. Nothing appeals more powerfully to the youthful fancy than those coats, rings, and amulets of Eastern lore that conferred on their possessors the gift of invisibility; and I deemed it a greater matter to have discovered for myself in living nature²⁵ a creature actually possessed of an amulet of this kind, that, when danger threatened, could rush into invisibility.

I learned, too, to take an especial interest in what, though they belong to a different family, are known³⁰ as water-*spiders*; and have watched them speeding by fits and starts, like skaters on ice, across the *surface of some woodland spring or streamlet*—fearless *walkers on the water*, that, with true faith in the integ-

urity of the implanted instinct, never made a shipwreck in eddy or sank in the pool. It is to these little creatures that Wordsworth refers in one of his sonnets on sleep :

“O sleep, thou art to me
A fly that up and down himself doth shove
Upon a fretful rivulet ; now above,
Now on the water, vexed with mockery.”

As shown, however, to the poet himself on one occasion, somewhat to his discomfort, by assuredly no mean¹⁰ authority — Mr. James Wilson — the “vexed” “fly,” though one of the hemipterous insects, never uses its wings, and so never gets “above” the water.

Among my other favorites were the splendid dragon-flies, the crimson-speckled Burnet moths, and the small¹⁵ azure butterflies, that, when fluttering among delicate harebells and crimson-tipped daisies, used to suggest to me, long ere I became acquainted with the pretty figure of Moore,* or even the figure had been produced, the idea of flowers that had taken to flying. The wild²⁰ honey-bees, too, in their several species, had peculiar charms for me. There were the buff-colored carders, that erected over their honey-jars domes of moss ; the lapidary red-tipped bees, that built amid the recesses of ancient cairns, and in old dry stone walls, and were so²⁵ invincibly brave in defending their homesteads that they never gave up the quarrel till they died ; and, above all, the yellow-zoned humblebees, that lodged deep in the ground along the dry sides of grassy banks, and were usually wealthier in honey than any of their congeners,³⁰

* “The beautiful blue damsel-fly,
That fluttered round the jessamine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems.”

and existed in larger communities. But the herd-boys of the parish, and the foxes of its woods and brakes, shared in my interest in the wild honey-bees, and, in the pursuit of something else than knowledge, were ruthless robbers of their nests. I often observed that the fox, with all his reputed shrewdness, is not particularly knowing on the subject of bees. He makes as dead a set on a wasp's nest as on that of the carder or humblebee, and gets, I doubt not, heartily stung for his pains; for though, as shown by the marks of his teeth¹⁰ left on fragments of the paper combs scattered about, he attempts eating the young wasps in the chrysalis state, the undevoured remains seem to argue that he is but little pleased with them as food. There were occasions, however, in which even the herd-boys met with¹⁵ only disappointment in their bee-hunting excursions; and in one notable instance the result of the adventure used to be spoken of in school and elsewhere under our breath, and in secret, as something very horrible. A party of boys had stormed a humblebee's nest on the²⁰ side of the old chapel-brae, and, digging inward along the narrow winding earth-passage, they at length came to a grinning human skull, and saw the bees issuing thick from out a round hole at its base—the *foramen magnum*. The wise little workers had actually formed²⁵ their nest within the hollow of the head once occupied by the busy brain; and their spoilers, more scrupulous than Samson of old—who seems to have enjoyed the meat brought out of the eater,¹⁵ and the sweetness extracted from the strong—left in very great consterna-³⁰ tion their honey all to themselves.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower: 5
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are: 10
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald— 15
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale. 20

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born, 25
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
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V.

THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.¹

IN Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse—a primitive abiding-place for the broken ploughman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said—the governor was a cobbler.¹⁰ Within a stone's-cast of the workhouse was a little white gate swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for the which service the passenger would drop some¹⁵ small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper—one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom—whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished²⁰ century, we know not—that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the half-pence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate—and now the grave.²⁵

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As shown, however, to the poet himself on one occasion, somewhat to his discomfort, by assuredly no mean¹⁰ authority — Mr. James Wilson — the “vexed” “fly,” though one of the hemipterous insects, never uses its wings, and so never gets “above” the water.

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That fluttered round the jessamine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems.”

and existed in larger communities. But the herd-boys of the parish, and the foxes of its woods and brakes, shared in my interest in the wild honey-bees, and, in the pursuit of something else than knowledge, were ruthless robbers of their nests. I often observed that the fox, with all his reputed shrewdness, is not particularly knowing on the subject of bees. He makes as dead a set on a wasp's nest as on that of the carder or humblebee, and gets, I doubt not, heartily stung for his pains; for though, as shown by the marks of his teeth¹⁰ left on fragments of the paper combs scattered about, he attempts eating the young wasps in the chrysalis state, the undevoured remains seem to argue that he is but little pleased with them as food. There were occasions, however, in which even the herd-boys met with¹⁵ only disappointment in their bee-hunting excursions; and in one notable instance the result of the adventure used to be spoken of in school and elsewhere under our breath, and in secret, as something very horrible. A party of boys had stormed a humblebee's nest on the²⁰ side of the old chapel-brae, and, digging inward along the narrow winding earth-passage, they at length came to a grinning human skull, and saw the bees issuing thick from out a round hole at its base—the *foramen magnum*. The wise little workers had actually formed²⁵ their nest within the hollow of the head once occupied by the busy brain; and their spoilers, more scrupulous than Samson of old—who seems to have enjoyed the meat brought out of the eater,¹⁶ and the sweetness extracted from the strong—left in very great consterna-³⁰ tion their honey all to themselves.

V.

THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

BY DOUGLAS JERBOLD.¹

IN Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. At the time whereof we write the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse—a primitive abiding-place for the broken ploughman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said—the governor was a cobbler.¹⁰ Within a stone's-cast of the workhouse was a little white gate swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for the which service the passenger would drop some¹⁵ small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper—one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom—whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished²⁰ century, we know not—that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the half-pence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded *to the office*. Now the gate—and now the grave.²¹

And this is all the history? All. The story is told—it will not bear another syllable. The “Old Man” is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life—how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous, may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through¹⁰ velvet fields. How beautiful!—for how various. Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate—barren as barren rock. Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colors of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the¹⁵ hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness—audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor—with the²⁰ most active and with apparently the most inert?

That “Old Man at the Gate” has eighty years upon his head—eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London—only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed twenty miles²⁵ from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; and whence, having with a stout soul fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust³⁰ by want and sickness out, and with a stung heart he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the “Old Man” has been one long path across a moor—a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered,

the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwritten page that schoolmen talk of? Has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image—a plough-guiding, corn-threshing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain—thoughts that elevated, yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty—coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? He has been a ploughman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, he is of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe.¹⁵ Yet, who shall say that the influence of nature—that the glories of the rising sun—may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man!

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable—shall inevitable be said?—injustice of the world invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne, and meekly decaying. “The poor shall never cease out of the land.” This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote: it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger and cold and nakedness are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it; rags must flutter about us; man, yes, even the strong man, his only wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals *per diem*;²⁰ it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their consciences to sleep by the chinking

of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but—ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our “Old Man at the Gate” but a pauper let out of the workhouse for the chance of a few half-pence. Surely he is something more! He is old; very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. At sunset he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him—none. He is¹⁰ dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life—slowly, solemnly. He is now the badged pauper, and now in the unknown country with Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity?¹⁵ There stands the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to church-yard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the gate. His predecessor held the post for two years—he too daily, daily dying—

20

“Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The weary wheels of life at length stood still.”

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very uncertainty—in the very hoariness of age which brings home to us that uncertainty—there is something²⁵ that makes the old man sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest to the angels?

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is reverence due to that old man. What has been his life?—a war with suffering. What a beautiful world is this! How rich and³⁰ glorious! How abundant in blessings, great and little, to thousands! What a lovely place hath God made it; and how have God’s creatures darkened and outraged it to the wrong of one another! Well, what had

this man of the world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The wild fox was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be killed, it *was* preserved until then. What did this old man inherit? Toil, incessant toil, with no holiday of the heart: he came into the world a badged animal of labor—the property of animals. What was the earth to him?—a place to die in.

“The poor shall never cease out of the land.” Shall we, then, accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to ourselves from the doomed condition of others? It is an easy philosophy; so easy there is but little wonder it is so well exercised.

But the “Old Man at the Gate” has, for seventy years, worked and worked; and what his closing reward?—the workhouse! Shall we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, pondering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should not affluence touch its hat to the “Old Man at the Gate” with a reverence for the years upon him; he, the born soldier of poverty, doomed for life to lead life’s forlorn hope! Thus considered, surely Dives may unbonnet to Lazarus.*

To our mind, the venerableness of age made the “Old Man at the Gate” something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave? But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar, but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him: the sky, the trees, the greensward, and flowers with the breath of God in *them*!

VI.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.¹

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou!
Began the reverend sage:
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride:—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

“Oh, man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time;
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
 On manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right:
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then Age and Want—O ill-matched pair!—
 Show man was made to mourn.

“A few seem favorites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land,
 All wretched and forlorn!
 Through weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame;
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

“See yonder poor o’erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

5

“If I’m designed yon lordling’s slave—
By Nature’s law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

10

15

“Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

20

“O Death! the poor man’s dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my agèd limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
*But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!”*

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VII.

THE SCHOOL AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.¹

A RIDE of two hundred and odd miles in severe weather is one of the best softeners of a hard bed that ingenuity can devise. Perhaps it is even a sweetener of dreams, for those which hovered over the rough couch of Nicholas, and whispered their airy nothings in his ear, were of an agreeable and happy kind. He was making his fortune very fast indeed, when the faint glimmer of an expiring candle shone before his eyes, and a voice he had no difficulty in recognizing as part and parcel of Mr. Squeers admonished him that it was time to rise.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers.

"Has morning come already?" asked Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

"Ah! that has it," replied Squeers, "and ready iced, too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you?"

Nicholas needed no further admonition, but "tumbled up" at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand.

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman; "the pump's froze!"

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

"Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning."

"*Not wash myself!*" exclaimed Nicholas.

“No, not a bit of it,” rejoined Squeers, tartly. “So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well and get a bucketful out for the boys. Don’t stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?”

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes. Squeers, meanwhile, opened the shutters and blew the candle out; when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage, demanding admittance.

“I can’t find the school spoon anywhere,” said Mrs. Squeers.

“Never mind it, my dear,” observed Squeers, in a soothing manner; “it’s of no consequence.”

“No consequence? why, how you talk!” retorted Mrs. Squeers, sharply; “isn’t it brimstone morning?”

“I forgot, my dear,” rejoined Squeers; “yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys’ blood now and then, Nickleby.”

“Purify fiddle-sticks’ ends!” said his lady. “Don’t think, young man, that we go to the expense of flowers of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because if you think we carry on business that way, you’ll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly.”

“My dear!” said Squeers, frowning. “Hem!”

“Oh, nonsense!” rejoined Mrs. Squeers. “If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don’t want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn’t something or other in the way of medicine they’d be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them *good* and us good at the same time, and that’s *fair enough, I’m sure.*”

Having given this explanation, Mrs. Squeers put her head into the closet and instituted a stricter search after the spoon, in which Mr. Squeers assisted. A few words passed between them while they were thus engaged, but as their voices were partially stifled by the cupboard, all that Nicholas could distinguish was that Mr. Squeers said what Mrs. Squeers had said was injudicious, and that Mrs. Squeers said what Mr. Squeers said was "stuff!"

"A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby," said Squeers, when his consort had hurried away.

"Indeed, sir!" observed Nicholas.

"I don't know her equal," said Squeers; "I do not know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creetur that you see her now."

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflections to perceive it.

"It's my way to say, when I am up in London," continued Squeers, "that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them—ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

"I should think they would not," answered Nicholas.

Now, the fact was that both Mr. and Mrs. Squeers viewed the boys in the light of their proper and natural enemies; or, in other words, they held and considered that their business and profession was to get as much from every boy as could by possibility be screwed out of him. On this point they were both agreed, and behaved in unison accordingly. The only difference

between them was that Mrs. Squeers waged war against the enemy openly and fearlessly, and that Squeers covered his rascality, even at home, with a spice of his habitual deceit; as if he really had a notion of some day or other being able to take himself in, and persuade his own mind that he was a very good fellow.

“But come,” said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, “let’s go to the school-room; and lend me a hand with my school-coat, will you?” 16

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting-jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

“There!” said the school-master, as they stepped in together, “this is our shop, Nickleby.” 18

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare ²⁰ and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy-books and paper. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched and inked, and damaged in every possible way; two or three ²⁵ forms; a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross-beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash. 30

But the pupils—the young noblemen! How the last faint traces of hope, the remotest glimmering of any *good* to be derived from his efforts in this den, faded *from the mind* of Nicholas as he looked in dismay

around! Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others, whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were the bleared eye, the hare-lip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces, which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys, brooding with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient hell was breeding here!

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession; using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's *mouth considerably*; they being all obliged, un-

der heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers. At no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking with great vigor under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little¹⁰ boys had worn on the journey down—as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled;¹⁵ and another file, who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary garments as would have been irresistibly ridiculous but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease with which they were associated.

“Now,” said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, “is that physicking over?”²⁵

“Just over,” said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. “Here, you Smike, take that away now. Look sharp!”

Smike shuffled out with the basin; and Mrs. Squeers³⁰ having called up a little boy with a curly head and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a *species* of wash-house, where there was a small fire and a *large kettle*, together with a number of little wooden

bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition, which looked like diluted pin-cushions without the covers, and was called porridge.

A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when the boys had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, they ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!" and went away to his own.

Nicholas distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat. Having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, he sat himself down to wait for school-time.

He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys all seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamor of a school-room; none of its boisterous play or hearty mirth. The children sat crouching and shivering together, and seemed to lack the spirit to move about. The only pupil who evinced the slightest tendency towards locomotion or playfulness was Master Squeers, and as his chief amusement was to tread upon the other boys' toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a *perfect apprehension* of what was inside all the books,

and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the school-master's desk half a dozen scare-crows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand¹⁰ that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby—the regular¹⁵ education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active—to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder—a case-ment. When the boy knows this out of book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"²⁰

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted; "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottin-ney, noun substantive—a knowledge of plants. When²⁵ he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.³⁰

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed?" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class¹⁰ go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with¹⁵ a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said, after a pause.

²⁰

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is too," said Squeers. "Now, just take them fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must be-²⁵ gin to be useful. Idling about here won't do."

Mr. Squeers said this as if it had suddenly occurred to him either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were ar-³⁰ ranged in a semicircle round the new master, and he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of those stories of engrossing interest which are to be found in the more antiquated spelling-books.

VIII.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

BY BENJAMIN DISRAELI.¹

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet,² but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah.

It is a city of hills far more famous than those of¹⁰ Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary,³ while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern hills.

The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar,⁴ and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy¹⁵ arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool;⁵ farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast *cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street*²⁰

of Grief because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor."

Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchizedek, king and prophet, built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus⁹ gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judæa has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the

breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? 10

There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the law-giver⁹ of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years,¹⁵ but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as²⁰ these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the²⁵ waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can³⁰ no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon *light.*

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself two brethren¹⁰ of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin¹⁵ Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek, Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian; these also are Christian churches which cannot call him child. He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel,²⁰ because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognizes in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer.

Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science²⁵ to repair first to a spot which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed?³⁰ Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? the land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? the land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon *whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed*

with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited which distinguish it from all others?—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched¹⁰ by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that Oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago Europe made a violent and appar-¹⁵ently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms,¹⁰ about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew²⁰ creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has²⁵ been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples,¹¹ and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name and memory and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew³⁰ woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling *at this moment* at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had *not actively* shared in that insurrection against the first

and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But, more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valor, and such ardent belief were wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognized the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor.

In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him as, with all their brilliant qualities, and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys,¹² the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.

IX.

PLEASANTNESS.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.¹

THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence: so much is there in the way of doing things. Every one must have noticed to what a large extent real kindness may be deformed and negatived by manner. But this bad manner corresponds with something not right in the character—generally some want of kindly apprehensiveness, which a pleasant person would be sure to have. I am going to give an essay upon pleasantness, a quality which I believe to be very rare in the world, to proceed only or chiefly from¹⁰ goodness of nature, and to be thoroughly harmonious with the Christian character.

People often suppose that fineness of manners, skilful hypocrisy, thoughtless good-humor, and, at the highest, a sort of tact which has much worldliness in it, are the¹⁵ foundations for pleasantness in society. I am sure this is all wrong, and that these foundations lie much lower. A false man never is pleasant. You treat him with a falseness bred from his own, in pretending to be pleased, and he goes away supposing that he has deceived you,²⁰ and has made himself very agreeable. But men are much less rarely deceived by falseness of character than is supposed, and there is mostly a sense of relief when the false person has taken his departure.

Pleasantness is the chief element of agreeable com-²⁵panionship; and this pleasantness is not merely a func-

tion of the intellect, but may have scarcely anything to do with what is purely intellectual. Now, there may be such a thing as good society when witty and well-mannered people who do not care much for one another meet together; but I venture to assert that society does not assume its highest form—is not, in fact, delightful—unless affection pervades it. When you are with people who, you are conscious, have a regard for you, your powers of pleasing and of being pleased expand almost indefinitely. It is not merely that in such society you¹⁰ feel safe from backbiting, and can leave the room without any apprehension of your character being torn to pieces in your absence; it is not merely that what you then say and do is sure to be well received, and the least possible misconstruction be put upon your sayings and¹⁵ doings; but there is something beyond all this—something beyond the domains of logic—which produces a sunny atmosphere of satisfaction that raises your powers to the highest when you are with good and loving people.²⁰

Now, if this is true of society in general, it is probably true of more restricted companionship; and kindness of disposition must be admitted to be one of the principal elements of pleasantness in a companion. Of course, sympathy insures a certain good companionship;²⁵ but we have no right to expect to meet with many sympathetic people in the course of our lives. Pleasantness has a much wider if a lower sphere. The pleasant man to you is the man you can rely upon; who is tolerant, forbearing, and faithful. . . .³⁰

I began by saying how rare pleasantness is. Look round at the eminent men of any age; are many of them pleasant? Pursue your researches throughout society; *the pleasant people* will never be found to be so

numerous as to fatigue you in counting them. Then, again, some persons are pleasant only when they are with one companion; others only in a large company, where they can shine; whereas, the really pleasant person is pleasant everywhere, and with everybody. 5

The most skilful guidance of self-interest, the utmost watchfulness of craft, will not succeed for any long time in making a man agreeable. The real nature soon breaks out; and it is this nature that eventually makes or unmakes the pleasantness of the character in your 10 estimation.

As a remarkable illustration of this, it may be noted that harshness to another person goes some way to destroy a man's pleasantness to you. Putting it at the lowest, you never feel secure with such a man that what 15 he manifests to others will not, sooner or later, be shown to you. To insure pleasantness there must be genuine kindness and a respect for humanity. Indeed, I would go further, and would say that a pleasant person is likely to be polite to a dog. I have no doubt Sir Walter Scott 20 was.

Now, I maintain that it would be a very laudable ambition to endeavor to become a pleasant person, and that it is not at all a work left for fools, or for merely empty, good-natured persons. There are many who are almost 25 dying for fame, who are longing for great office which they will probably fill badly, who think life wonderfully well spent if they can amass a sum of money which they will not know what to do with when they have got it. I venture to put before them a new ambition—that of 30 becoming pleasant to their fellow-creatures. It is a path in which they will not be jostled by a crowd of competitors.

X.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

BY JEAN INGELow.¹

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two by three:
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before,
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe,² play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Ply all your changes, all your swells;
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was naught of strange³ beside
 The flight of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis⁴ wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick^e groweth,
 Faintly came her milking-song—

5

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dewes will soone be falling;
 Leave your meadow-grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

10

15

20

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I beginne to think how long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
 Bin^e full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

25

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene.

30

And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at even-tide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
Move on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde: "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping' down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,"
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin^o rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(*A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.*)

But each will mourn his own (she sayth).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling:
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

XI.

THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.¹No. 159.] THE SPECTATOR, *Saturday, September 1, 1711.*

—*Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam—* Virg.²

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*,³ I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows:

“On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

“I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirzah*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me. 15

“He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is human Life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro’ the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro’ them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. 16

These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that the Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

“There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

“I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled, and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their Footing failed, and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to have been laid for them, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

“The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feather'd Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

“I here fetched a deep Sigh. Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the

Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it : But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers ; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats ; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore ; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who, according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them ; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for ? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward ? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence ? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me ; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating ; but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it."

40

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.

C.

XII.

ON RIGHT LIVING.

BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE.¹

LIVE unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast been a man; or, since thou art a composition of man and beast, how thou hast predominantly passed thy days, to state the denomination. Unman not, therefore, thyself by a bestial transformation, nor realize old fables. Expose not thyself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts, and caricatura representations. Think not, after the old Pythagorean conceit,² what beast thou mayest be after death. Be not under any brutal metempsychosis while¹⁰ thou livest, and walkest about erectly under the scheme of man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense. Desert not thy title to a divine particle and union with invisibles.¹⁵ Let true knowledge and virtue tell the lower world thou art a part of the higher. Let thy thoughts be things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long passed, and long to come: acquaint thyself with the *choragium*³ of the stars, and consider the vast ex-²⁰pansion beyond them. Let intellectual tubes give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with²⁵ *spirituals*, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities⁴

Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who, according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating; but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it."

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LIVE unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast been a man; or, since thou art a composition of man and beast, how thou hast predominantly passed thy days, to state the denomination. Unman not, therefore, thyself by a bestial transformation, nor realize old fables. Expose not thyself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts, and caricatura representations. Think not, after the old Pythagorean conceit,² what beast thou mayest be after death. Be not under any brutal metempsychosis while¹⁰ thou livest, and walkest about erectly under the scheme of man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense. Desert not thy title to a divine particle and union with invisibles.¹⁵ Let true knowledge and virtue tell the lower world thou art a part of the higher. Let thy thoughts be things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long passed, and long to come: acquaint thyself with the *choragium*³ of the stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Let intellectual tubes give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head; ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with²⁵ *spirituals*, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities

of religion, and thy life with the honor of God ; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pygmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into heroes, men, and beasts. For though human souls are said to be equal, yet is there no small inequality in their operations : some maintain the allowable station of men ; many are far below it ; and some have been so divine as to approach the *apogeeum*⁹ of their natures, and to be in the *confineum* of spirits. 10

Though the world be histrionical,⁹ and most men live ironically, yet be thou what thou singly art, and personate only thyself. Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man. To single hearts doubling is disconcerting :⁷ such tempers must sweat to¹⁵ dissemble, and prove but hypocritical hypocrites. Simulation must be short ; men do not easily continue a counterfeiting life, or dissemble unto death. He who counterfeiteth acts a part, and is, as it were, out of himself : which, if long, proves so irksome that men²⁰ are glad to pull off their visors, and resume themselves again ; no practice being able to naturalize such unnaturals, or make a man rest content not to be himself. And therefore, since sincerity is thy temper, let veracity be thy virtue, in words, manners, and actions.²⁵ To offer at iniquities which have so little foundations in thee were to be vicious uphill, and strain for thy condemnation. Persons viciously inclined want no wheels to make them actively vicious ; as having the elater and spring of their own natures to facilitate their iniquities,³⁰ and therefore so many who are sinistrous⁸ unto good actions, are ambidexterous unto bad ; and Vulcans in *virtuous paths*, Achilleses in vicious motions.

Let age, not envy, draw wrinkles on thy cheeks ; be

content to be envied, but envy not. Emulation may be plausible, and indignation allowable, but admit no treaty with that passion which no circumstance can make good. A displacency at the good of others because they enjoy it, though not unworthy of it, is an absurd depravity, sticking fast unto corrupted nature, and often too hard for humility and charity, the great suppressors of envy. This surely is a lion not to be strangled but by Hercules himself, or the highest stress of our minds, and an atom of that power which subdueth all things unto itself. 10

Be substantially great in thyself, and more than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee, as they are in the lights of heaven. Hang early plummet⁹ upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an *epicycle*¹⁰ and narrowing circuit in thee. Measure¹⁵ not thyself by thy morning shadow, but by the extent of thy grave; and reckon thyself above the earth by the line thou must be contented with under it. Think not that mankind liveth but for a few, and that the rest are born but to serve those ambitions which make but²⁰ flies of men and wildernesses of whole nations. Swell not into vehement actions which embroil and confound the earth; but be one of those violent ones which force the kingdom of heaven.¹¹ If thou must needs rule, be Zeno's king,¹² and enjoy that empire which every man²⁵ gives himself. He who is thus his own monarch contentedly sways the sceptre of himself, not envying the glory of crowned heads and elohim¹³ of the earth. Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues, which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so³⁰ inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear; Eden would be yet to be found, and the angels might look down, not with pity, but joy upon us.

XIII.

MY LIBRARY AND MY GARDEN.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.¹

Most men seek solitude from wounded vanity, from disappointed ambition, from a miscarriage in the passions; but some others from native instinct, as a duckling seeks water. I have taken to my solitude, such as it is, from an indolent turn of mind; and this solitude I sweeten by an imaginative sympathy which recreates the past for me—the past of the world, as well as the past which belongs to me as an individual—and which makes me independent of the passing moment. I see every one struggling after the unattainable, but I struggle not, and so spare myself the pangs of disappointment and disgust. I have no ventures at sea,² and, consequently, do not fear the arrival of evil tidings. I have no desire to act any prominent part in the world, but I am devoured by an unappeasable curiosity as to the men who do act. I am not an actor, I am a spectator only. My sole occupation is sight-seeing. In a certain imperial idleness I amuse myself with the world. Ambition! What do I care for ambition? The oyster with much pain produces its pearl. I take the pearl.³ Why should I produce one after this miserable, painful fashion? It would be but a flawed one at best. These pearls I can pick up by the dozen. The production of them is going on all around me, and there will be a nice *crop* for the solitary man of the next century. Look at *a certain silent emperor*,³ for instance; a hundred years

hence *his* pearl will be handed about from hand to hand ; will be curiously scrutinized and valued ; will be set in its place in the world's cabinet. I confess I should like to see the completion of that filmy orb. Will it be pure in color ? Will its purity be marred by an ominous bloody streak ? Of this I am certain, that in the cabinet in which the world keeps these peculiar treasures no one will be looked at more frequently, or will provoke a greater variety of opinions as to its intrinsic worth. 10

Why should I be ambitious ? Shall I write verses ? I am not likely to surpass Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning in that walk. Shall I be a musician ? The blackbird singing this moment somewhere in my garden shrubbery puts me to instant shame. Shall I paint ?¹⁵ The intensest scarlet on an artist's palette is but ochre to that I saw this morning at sunrise. No, no ; let me enjoy Mr. Tennyson's verse, and the blackbird's song, and the colors of sunrise, but do not let me emulate them. I am happier as it is. I do not need to make²⁰ history—there are plenty of people willing to save me trouble on that score. The cook makes dinner, the guest eats it, and the last, not without reason, is considered the happier man.

In my garden I spend my days ; in my library I²⁵ spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present ; with the book I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of³⁰ Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve. I see the pyramids building ; I hear the shoutings of *the armies of Alexander* ; I feel the ground

shake beneath the march of Cambyzes. I sit as in a theatre⁴—the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! I hear or cry “Bravo!” when the great actors come on shaking the stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the outcomings¹⁰ and ingoings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at even-tide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob’s guile, Esau’s face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph’s splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a¹⁵ silence in those books as of a half-peopled world—what bleating of flocks—what green pastoral rest—what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham’s flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah’s camels. O²⁰ men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know ye all? Books are the true Elysian⁵ fields where the spirits of the dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king’s court can²⁵ boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom? The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan’s⁶ pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited³⁰ by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard *on earth*, and of men and things of which it alone pos-

sesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour' or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living that attend my levees.

The house I dwell in stands apart from the little town, and relates itself to the houses as I do to the inhabitants. It sees everything, but is itself unseen, or at all events¹⁰ unregarded. Around my house is an old-fashioned rambling garden, with close-shaven grassy plots, and fantastically clipped yews, which have gathered their darkness from a hundred summers and winters; and sun-dials, in which the sun is constantly telling his age;¹⁵ and statues, green with neglect and the stains of the weather. The garden I love more than any place on earth; it is a better study than the room inside the house which is dignified by that name. I like to pace its gravelled walks, to sit in the moss-house, which is warm²⁰ and cosey as a bird's-nest, and wherein twilight dwells at noonday; to enjoy the feast of color spread for me in the curiously shaped floral spaces. My garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care²⁵ stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, Nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man. It is curious, pathetic almost, I sometimes think, how deeply seated in the human heart is the liking for³⁰ gardens and gardening. The sickly seamstress in the narrow city lane tends her box of sicklier mignonette. The retired merchant is as fond of tulips as ever was Dutchman during the famous mania. The author finds

a garden the best place to think out his thoughts. In the disabled statesman every restless throb of regret or ambition is stilled when he looks upon his blossomed apple-trees. Is the fancy too far brought, that this love for gardens is a reminiscence haunting the race of that remote time in the world's dawn when but two persons existed—a gardener named Adam, and a gardener's wife called Eve?

XIV.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.¹

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave, 10
Its temples and grottos and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take 15
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half
shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret² swells, 20
Here the Magian³ his urn, full of perfume, is swing-
ing,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ring-
ing. 25

Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people
meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks—
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!
But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy—for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;
The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoule;
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroidered beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flower,
Than looked the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches played
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and path-ways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear
That you could see, in wand'ring round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaimed to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which blessed them there;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves looked half so fair.

XV.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY JOHN WILSON.¹

ALMOST all the people in the parish were loading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge, heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farm-yard. Never before had the parish seemed so populous. Jocund was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song. But the tree-gnomons' threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked and turned loose to graze; groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove and bush and hedge-row; graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread looked down from His eternal throne, well pleased with the piety of His thankful creatures.

The great golden eagle, the pride and pest of the parish, swooped down and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose, and then shouts and outcries, as if a church-spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament. "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading cry. "The eagle has ta'en off

Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain.

Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyry was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stewart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers¹⁵ thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyry. Nobody had noticed²⁰ her; for, strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these²⁵ words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not³⁰ people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, climbed the walls of old *ruins*, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the *edge of unguarded battlements*, and down dilapidated

staircases, deep as draw-wells or coal-pits, and returned, with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion, who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death, bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den, and fiercer and more furious far in the passion of love than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood,¹⁰ throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance before the eye of the all-seeing God? No stop—no stay; she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone,¹⁵ and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. “The God who holds me now from perishing, will not the same God save me²⁰ when my child is on my bosom?” Down came the fierce rushing eagles’ wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash,²⁵ jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyry, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—dead, no doubt, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among³⁰ the fresh hay in the nook of the harvest-field. Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry: “It lives! it lives! it lives!” and, *baring her bosom* with loud laughter and eyes dry

lous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths; for, oh! even in the brute creatures, what's the holy power of a mother's love!" and, turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept. Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that¹⁰ well, in their instinct, as, before they built their eyry, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred and seamed and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the¹⁵ Glead's Cliff.

Many were now attempting it; and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shud-²⁰ der, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough; she hushed her friends with her hands, and, with uplifted²⁵ eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small, green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwin-³⁰ dled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.⁴ There had been trouble and agitation, *much sobbing*, and many tears among the multitude

while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyry; then had succeeded a silence deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and, now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony and joy? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many,¹⁰ even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there, anywhere, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who, on Sabbath, took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk!¹⁵

“Fall back, and give her fresh air!” said the old minister of the parish; and the circle of close faces widened around her lying as in death. “Give me the bonnie bit bairn into my arms!” cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around²⁰ the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. “There’s na a scratch about the puir innocent, for the eagle, you see, maun hae stuck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin’, blin’ maun they be, who see not the finger o’ God in this²⁵ thing!” Hannah started up from her swoon, and looking wildly around, cried: “Oh, the bird! the bird! the eagle! The eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! Is there nane to pursue?” A neighbor put her baby to her breast, and shutting her eyes and smiting³⁰ her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice: “Am I wauken? Oh, tell me if I am wauken! or if a’ this be the wark o’ a fever, and the delirium o’ a dream!”

XVI.

HÂTIM THE GIVER.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.¹

'Tis told of Hâtim how once he owned a steed
Swift-flying as the driving cloud, night-black,
With neigh of thunder, scattering in his stride
The desert-stones, as that thou wouldst have asked
“Is this a hail-storm breaks?” So fleet a steed
Men said the wind lagged after him; the foam
Blown from his scarlet nostrils lacked full time
To fleck the dust ere those strong clattering hoofs
Passed forth from ear-shot. And the fame of this—
Of Hâtim and his steed—came to Roum,
Into the Sultan's ear; for one had said,
“No man is like to him for open hand,
And nowhere such a horse to bear such man!”
Then to his Vazir² spake the King of Roum:
“Claim without proof is shame! let people go
And ask that horse from Hâtim; if he gives,
On wish of friendly liege, what best he hath,
Then shall men know that liberality
Rules perfect in his breast; but if he grudge,
This talk o' the world is but a drum-skin beat.”

So, to the tribe of Tai the envoy went
With ten to guard him; and at Hâtim's camp,
After long travel, and sore times of strait,
Late, on a night of evil weather, lighted,

As glad as who comes parched to Zinda's banks.
The chief's green tents were pitched amidst the
waste,
The herds were far, the grain sacks empty, guests
Nowise awaited. Not the less, with cheer
Goodly and free the stranger folk were fed;
Full trays were served under the sheltering cloth,
Roast meat and boiled meat, pillaw' and kabâb:
Sweetmeats he tied them in their skirts, and gave
Cakes in their hands; and all night long they slept
Safe upon Hâtim's carpets. When 'twas day
The Sultan's envoy spoke his lord's desire,
Saying with honeyed phrase, as one afeared,
"O Giver of the Age! whose fame flies wide
For lordliness of heart and open hand!
My master bids me ask thy steed from thee—
That wondrous horse, night-black, swifter than wind,
Which, if thou givest, liberality
Rules perfect in thy heart, but if thou grudge,
He saith this talk o' the earth is drum-skin noise."

But while the Sultan's messenger said this,
With forehead on the tent floor, and fair words,
Hâtim sat mute, gnawing the hand of Thought
With teeth of Lamentation. Presently
Outbrake he: "Would to God, Friend of my Tribe,
Thy message had been uttered overnight!
The rain beat, and the torrents ran death-deep
Between my tents and where our pastures spread;
No ox, nor goat, nor camel was in camp;
What should I do? How could I, being I,
Suffer my guests to sleep all hunger-racked?
How could I, being I, whose name is known,
Spare *what was dearest*, honor being more?

Look you: that Horse—my Friend! my Joy! my
Wealth!

That Duldul, who could leave the hawk behind,
Between whose hoofs I slept as in safe tent,
Black as a starless night, with mouth of silk—
I killed him for your suppers, tell the King!"

But when the Sultan heard this thing he cried:
"None is like Hâtim! I would pawn half Roum
To buy black Duldul's life for him again."

XVII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.¹

SIXTY senators, in all, were parties to the immediate¹⁰ conspiracy. Of these, nine-tenths were members of the old faction whom Cæsar² had pardoned, and who, of all his acts, resented most that he had been able to pardon them. They were the men who had stayed at home, like Cicero,³ from the fields of Thapsus and Munda, and¹⁵ had pretended penitence and submission that they might take an easier road to rid themselves of their enemy. Their motives were the ambition of their order and personal hatred of Cæsar; but they persuaded themselves that they were animated by patriotism, and as in their²⁰ hands the republic had been a mockery of liberty, so they aimed at restoring it by a mock tyrannicide. Their oaths and their professions were nothing to them. If *they were entitled* to kill Cæsar, they were entitled

equally to deceive him. No stronger evidence is needed of the demoralization of the Roman Senate than the completeness with which they were able to disguise from themselves the baseness of their treachery. One man only they were able to attract into co-operation, who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose.

Marcus Brutus was the son of Cato's sister, Servilia. He had married Cato's daughter, Portia, and on Cato's¹⁰ death had published a eulogy upon him. Cæsar left him free to think and write what he pleased. He had made him prætor;⁵ he had nominated him to the governorship of Macedonia. Brutus was perhaps the only member of the senatorial party in whom Cæsar felt genuine confidence. His known integrity, and Cæsar's acknowledged regard for him, made his accession to the conspiracy an object of particular importance. The name of Brutus would be a guarantee to the people of rectitude of intention. Brutus, as the world went, was²⁰ of more than average honesty. He had sworn to be faithful to Cæsar, as the rest had sworn, and an oath with him was not a thing to be emotionalized away; but he was a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and easily liable to be²⁵ influenced by appeals to visionary feelings. Caius Cassius, his brother-in-law, was employed to work upon him. Cassius, too, was prætor that year, having been also nominated to office by Cæsar. He knew Brutus, he knew where and how to move him. He reminded³⁰ him of the great traditions of his name. A Brutus had delivered Rome from the Tarquins.⁶ The blood of a Brutus was consecrated to liberty. This, too, was mockery; Brutus, *who expelled the Tarquins*, put his sons to death,

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Sixty senators, in all, were parties to the immediate¹⁰ conspiracy. Of these, nine-tenths were members of the old faction whom Cæsar² had pardoned, and who, of all his acts, resented most that he had been able to pardon them. They were the men who had stayed at home, like Cicero,³ from the fields of Thapsus and Munda, and¹⁵ had pretended penitence and submission that they might take an easier road to rid themselves of their enemy. Their motives were the ambition of their order and personal hatred of Cæsar; but they persuaded themselves that they were animated by patriotism, and as in their²⁰ hands the republic had been a mockery of liberty, so they aimed at restoring it by a mock tyrannicide. Their *oaths* and their professions were nothing to them. If *they were entitled to kill Cæsar, they were entitled*

equally to deceive him. No stronger evidence is needed of the demoralization of the Roman Senate than the completeness with which they were able to disguise from themselves the baseness of their treachery. One man only they were able to attract into co-operation, who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose.

Marcus Brutus was the son of Cato's¹ sister, Servilia. He had married Cato's daughter, Portia, and on Cato's² death had published a eulogy upon him. Cæsar left him free to think and write what he pleased. He had made him prætor;³ he had nominated him to the governorship of Macedonia. Brutus was perhaps the only member of the senatorial party in whom Cæsar felt genuine confidence. His known integrity, and Cæsar's acknowledged regard for him, made his accession to the conspiracy an object of particular importance. The name of Brutus would be a guarantee to the people of rectitude of intention. Brutus, as the world went, was⁴ of more than average honesty. He had sworn to be faithful to Cæsar, as the rest had sworn, and an oath with him was not a thing to be emotionalized away; but he was a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and easily liable to be⁵ influenced by appeals to visionary feelings. Caius Cassius, his brother-in-law, was employed to work upon him. Cassius, too, was prætor that year, having been also nominated to office by Cæsar. He knew Brutus, he knew where and how to move him. He reminded him of the great traditions of his name. A Brutus delivered Rome from the Tarquins.⁶ The blood of Brutus was consecrated to liberty. This, too, was in Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, put his son

and died childless ; Marcus Brutus came of good plebeian family with no glories of tyrannicide about them ; but an imaginary genealogy suited well with the spurious heroics which veiled the motives of Cæsar's murderers.

Brutus, once wrought upon, became, with Cassius, the most ardent in the cause which assumed the aspect to him of a sacred duty. Behind them were the crowd of senators of the familiar faction, and others worse than they, who had not even the excuse of having been partisans of the beaten cause ; men who had fought at Cæsar's side till the war was over, and believed, like Labienus, that to them Cæsar owed his fortune, and that he alone ought not to reap the harvest. . . . So composed was this memorable band, to whom was to fall the bad distinction of completing the ruin of the senatorial rule.¹⁵ The profligacy and avarice, the cynical disregard of obligation, which had marked the Senate's supremacy for a century, had exhibited abundantly their unfitness for the high functions which had descended to them ; but custom, and natural tenderness for a form of govern-²⁰ment the past history of which had been so glorious, might have continued still to shield them from the penalty of their iniquities. The murder of Cæsar filled the measure of their crimes, and gave the last and necessary impulse to the closing act of the revolution.²⁵

Thus the ides of March drew near. Cæsar was to set out in a few days for Parthia. Decimus Brutus was going, as governor, to the north of Italy, Lepidus to Gaul, Marcus Brutus to Macedonia, and Trebonius to Asia Minor. Antony, Cæsar's colleague in the consul-³⁰ship, was to remain in Italy. Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law, was to be consul with him as soon as Cæsar should have left for the East. The foreign appointments were all made for five years, and in another

week the party would be scattered. The time for action had come, if action there was to be. Papers were dropped in Brutus's room, bidding him awake from his sleep. On the statue of Junius Brutus some hot republican wrote, "Would that thou wast alive!" The assassination in itself was easy, for Cæsar would take no precautions. So portentous an intention could not be kept entirely secret; many friends warned him to beware; but he disdained too heartily the worst that his enemies could do to him to vex himself with thinking of them,¹⁰ and he forbade the subject to be mentioned any more in his presence. Portents, prophecies, soothsayings, frightful aspects in the sacrifices, natural growths of alarm and excitement, were equally vain. "Am I to be frightened," he said, in answer to some report of the harus-¹⁵ pices,' "because a sheep is without a heart?"

An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the ides (the 15th) of the month. The Pontifices,' it was whispered, intended to bring on again the question of the kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion²⁰ would be appropriate. The Senate-house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend un-²⁵ armed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed,³⁰ or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be despatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, *it was thought, the sublimity* of their exploit. Some

of them liked Antony. None supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone. In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place—in the perorations of speeches and such like; Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretence of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theatre, to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "Last Supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one." When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after-years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical Palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her *husband was murdered*, and that she saw him ascending

into heaven and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

The house was full. The conspirators were in their places, with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom he trusted—the coincidence is striking—was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew that Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed. It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness, and rose to go. As he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the Empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for "his contempt of religion."

Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber,¹⁰ whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He start-¹⁵ed up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving him a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that²⁰ he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, con-²⁵gratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare³⁰ himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had *given one another* in their eagerness, followed, crying *that the tyrant* was dead, and that Rome was free; and

the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where, a few weeks before, Cicero had told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him.

XVIII.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.¹

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears : 5
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious : 10
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,) 15
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome, 20
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor hath cri'd, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ; 25
And Brutus is an honorable man.

XVI.

HÂTIM THE GIVER.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.¹

'Tis told of Hâtim how once he owned a steed
Swift-flying as the driving cloud, night-black,
With neigh of thunder, scattering in his stride
The desert-stones, as that thou wouldst have asked
“Is this a hail-storm breaks?” So fleet a steed
Men said the wind lagged after him; the foam
Blown from his scarlet nostrils lacked full time
To fleck the dust ere those strong clattering hoofs
Passed forth from ear-shot. And the fame of this—
Of Hâtim and his steed—came to Roum,
Into the Sultan's ear; for one had said,
“No man is like to him for open hand,
And nowhere such a horse to bear such man!”
Then to his Vazir² spake the King of Roum:
“Claim without proof is shame! let people go
And ask that horse from Hâtim; if he gives,
On wish of friendly liege, what best he hath,
Then shall men know that liberality
Rules perfect in his breast; but if he grudge,
This talk o' the world is but a drum-skin beat.”

So, to the tribe of Tai the envoy went
With ten to guard him; and at Hâtim's camp,
After long travel, and sore times of strait,
Late, on a night of evil weather, lighted,

As glad as who comes parched to Zinda's banks.
The chief's green tents were pitched amidst the
waste,
The herds were far, the grain sacks empty, guests
Nowise awaited. Not the less, with cheer
Goodly and free the stranger folk were fed;
Full trays were served under the sheltering cloth,
Roast meat and boiled meat, pillaw' and kabâb:
Sweetmeats he tied them in their skirts, and gave
Cakes in their hands; and all night long they slept
Safe upon Hâtim's carpets. When 'twas day
The Sultan's envoy spoke his lord's desire,
Saying with honeyed phrase, as one afeared,
"O Giver of the Age! whose fame flies wide
For lordliness of heart and open hand!
My master bids me ask thy steed from thee—
That wondrous horse, night-black, swifter than wind,
Which, if thou givest, liberality
Rules perfect in thy heart, but if thou grudge,
He saith this talk o' the earth is drum-skin noise."

But while the Sultan's messenger said this,
With forehead on the tent floor, and fair words,
Hâtim sat mute, gnawing the hand of Thought
With teeth of Lamentation. Presently
Outbrake he: "Would to God, Friend of my Tribe,
Thy message had been uttered overnight!
The rain beat, and the torrents ran death-deep
Between my tents and where our pastures spread;
No ox, nor goat, nor camel was in camp;
What should I do? How could I, being I,
Suffer my guests to sleep all hunger-racked?
How could I, being I, whose name is known,
Spare *what was dearest*, honor being more?

Look you: that Horse—my Friend! my Joy! my
Wealth!

That Duldul, who could leave the hawk behind,
Between whose hoofs I slept as in safe tent,
Black as a starless night, with mouth of silk—
I killed him for your suppers, tell the King!”

But when the Sultan heard this thing he cried:
“None is like Hâtim! I would pawn half Roum
To buy black Duldul’s life for him again.”

XVII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.¹

Sixty senators, in all, were parties to the immediate conspiracy. Of these, nine-tenths were members of the old faction whom Cæsar² had pardoned, and who, of all his acts, resented most that he had been able to pardon them. They were the men who had stayed at home, like Cicero,³ from the fields of Thapsus and Munda, and had pretended penitence and submission that they might take an easier road to rid themselves of their enemy. Their motives were the ambition of their order and personal hatred of Cæsar; but they persuaded themselves that they were animated by patriotism, and as in their hands the republic had been a mockery of liberty, so they aimed at restoring it by a mock tyrannicide. Their oaths and their professions were nothing to them. If *they were* entitled to kill Cæsar, they were entitled

equally to deceive him. No stronger evidence is needed of the demoralization of the Roman Senate than the completeness with which they were able to disguise from themselves the baseness of their treachery. One man only they were able to attract into co-operation, who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose.

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Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation¹⁰ to a prince—as wine to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humor of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a¹⁵ great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame, there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the vulgar how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to²⁰ discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion. 25

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common³⁰ speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is *almost empty* than when a crowd is at the door.

XX.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.¹

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been in troubled times harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the school-master, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas in the county¹⁰ of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes,¹⁵ almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep-walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to²⁰ perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high-road, on a dreary plain, which in wet weather is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting-car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels²⁵ *cannot be dragged.*

When Oliver was still a child his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent, in his seventh year, to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees,¹⁰ and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and Galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the¹⁵ aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose²⁰ harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which in his days the ruling minority in Ireland²⁵ too generally regarded the subject majority. So far, indeed, was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty³ could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to

several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark upon him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder¹⁰ which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of¹⁵ his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village."²⁰

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar.³ The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services, from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they²⁵ carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many³⁰ men of less parts than his have made their way to the wool-sack⁴ or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the *advantages of his situation*. He neglected the studies

of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some¹⁰ time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colors, of which¹⁵ he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes,²⁰ he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quit-
ted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork²⁵ on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him.³⁰ Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gambling-house, and *lost every shilling*. He then thought of medicine. A

small purse was made up ; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university—the third university at which he had resided—in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians ; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. . . .

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree ; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request ; there were no convents ; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player ; but his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher^b of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack ; but he soon found the

new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the school-master¹⁰ whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder¹⁵ of flag-stones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley-slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some²⁰ things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous wood-cuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of²⁵ Saint Paul's Church-yard; "An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe," which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a "Life of Beau Nash," which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very³⁰ readable, "History of England," in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing "Sketches of London Society," in a series of letters purporting to be ad-

dressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately: his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained¹⁰ little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have¹⁵ been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and on proper occasions pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always grotesque, his humor rich and joyous,²⁰ yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walk-²⁵ ers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living Eng-³⁰ lish writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered Parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by *the eloquence of his conversation*. With these emi-

nent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear¹⁰ that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He¹⁵ came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for²⁰ the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid, and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

But before "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in²⁵ print came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled "*The Traveller*." It was the first work to which he *had put his name*; and it at once raised him to the rank

of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of "The Dunciad." In one respect "The Traveller" differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In "The Traveller" the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our minds:

While the fourth edition of "The Traveller" was on the counters of the booksellers, "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. . . .

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote "The Good-natured Man"—a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, not less than £500—five times as much as he had made by "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." The plot of "The Good-natured Man" is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill-constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous; much more

ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled "False Delicacy," had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to anything more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in "The Good-natured Man," that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court-dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared "The Deserted Village." In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to "The Traveller," and it is generally preferred to "The Traveller" by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in "The Rehearsal," that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. . . . It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection *he had probably* seen in Munster; but by joining the

two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, "She Stoops to Conquer." The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. "The Good-natured Man" had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of "The Good-natured Man" was sober when compared with the rich drollery of "She Stoops to Conquer," which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "Turn him out," or "Throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer," he was employed on works of a very different kind—works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a "History of Rome," by which he made £300; a "History of England," by which he made £600; a "History of Greece," for which he received £250; a "Natural History," for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he *knew nothing with accuracy*. Thus in his "History

of England" he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into "The History of Greece" an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his "Animated Nature" he relates with faith and with perfect gravity all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says¹⁰ Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was¹⁵ vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis." "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving²⁰ his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary²⁵ book-makers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserve to be studied. In general, nothing is less at-³⁰tractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children *not as a task but as a pleasure.*

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom—in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson,¹⁰ Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace should have¹⁵ been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an²⁰ inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written "The Traveller." Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion,²⁵ that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such³⁰ men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and *delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has*

deposited a sediment ; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius ; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation ; he felt every failure keenly ; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue.¹⁰ His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation ; yet the next moment he began again. 15

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft, even to weakness ; he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just ; he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them ; and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade²⁵ was imputed to him—envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is that he³⁰ was not more envious, but merely less prudent, than his neighbors. His heart was on his lips. All those small *jealousies* which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of

the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. . . . He was neither ill-natured enough nor long-headed enough to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery¹⁰ before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of "The Traveller" he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income during the last seven years of his life certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400¹⁵ a year ranked among the incomes of that day at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there²⁰ had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany joined together would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid²⁵ court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered to the honor of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous³⁰ amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. *For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin*

by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000, and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at¹⁰ Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, pre-¹⁵scribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians, and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep; he could take no food. "You²⁰ are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in²⁵ the church-yard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears.³⁰ Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

XXI.

A CHAPTER FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.¹

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure.¹⁰ They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet¹⁵ their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

20

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a mead-

ow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us¹⁰ for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture.¹¹ There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled¹² in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in¹³ gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour¹⁴ for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbary Allen.¹⁰ The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinct-¹⁵ est, and best was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had con-²⁰ quered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy,³ because I formerly happened to say it became her. ²⁵

The first Sunday in particular their behavior served to mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my direc-³⁰ tions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out all in their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, *their faces patched*⁴ to taste, their trains

bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach;¹⁰ for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I,¹⁵ "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into²⁰ something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be²⁵ clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in³⁰ cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this *curtailing*.

XXII.

KING CANUTE.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.¹

“King Canute was one day by the sea-shore near Southampton; and when some of the men who were with him spake of his power and greatness, he bade a chair to be placed close to the water’s edge. Then said Canute ‘O Sea, I am thy lord; my ships sail over thee whither I will, and this land against which thou dashest is mine; stay then thy waves, and dare not to wet the feet of thy lord and master.’ But the waves came on, for the tide was now coming in; and they came round the chair on which Canute was sitting, and they wetted his feet and his clothes. Then spake King Canute to the men that were with him: ‘Ye see now how weak is the power of kings and of all men, for ye see that the waves will not hearken to my voice. Honor then God only, and serve him, for him do all things obey.’”—*Old Chronicle.*

KING CANUTE² was weary-hearted; he had reigned for
 years a score—15
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much,
 and robbing more;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild
 sea-shore.

’Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King³⁰
 with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks³ and
 goldsticks great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of
 state.

Sinding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose
to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers
dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in
loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear
to old and young:

Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favor-
ite gleemen sung;

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade
her hold her tongue.

“Something ails my gracious master,” cried the Keeper
of the Seal.

“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner,
or the veal?”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed the angry monarch; “Keeper, ’tis
not that I feel.

“’Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my
rest impair.

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no
care?

Oh, I’m sick and tired and weary.” Some one cried,
“The King’s arm-chair!”

Then towards the lackeys’ turning, quick my lord the
Keeper nodded,

Straight the King’s great chair was brought him, by
two footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it—it was comfortably wadded.

“Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he, “over
storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory
like to mine?”

Loudly all the courtiers echoed, “Where is glory like
to thine?”

“What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now
and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead
and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent
mould!

“Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears
and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all
the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at
nights.

“Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious
fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, vainly, for their
slaughtered sires.”

“Such a tender conscience,” cries the Bishop, “every
one admires.”

“Nay, I feel,” replied King Canute, “that my end is
drawing near.”

“Don’t say so,” exclaimed the courtiers (striving each
to squeeze a tear);

“Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live
this fifty year.”

“Live these fifty years!” the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

“Are you mad, my good lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do’t.

“Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,

Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn’t the King as well as they?”

10

“Fervently,” exclaimed the Keeper, “fervently I trust he may.”

“*He* to die!” resumed the Bishop; “he a mortal like to *us*!

Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*:

Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

“Did not once the Jewish captain⁵ stay the sun upon the hill,

25

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“ Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop ?”

Canute cried ;

“ Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride ?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

“ Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign ?”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “ Land and sea, my lord, are thine.”

Canute turned towards the ocean—“ Back !” he said, “ thou foaming brine.

“ From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat ;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master’s seat :

Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet !”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar, And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore ;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore ;

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey ;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

XXIII.

WEALTH VERSUS ENJOYMENT.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR.¹

SUPPOSE a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets? It is a bubble and a phantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use—a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig; and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get; all the shell-fishes that produce pearls produce them not for him; and the bowels of the earth hide their treasures in undiscovered retire-
ments; so that it will signify as much to this great proprietor to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the air; he is so far from possessing all its riches that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of its minerals.

I consider that he who is the greatest possessor in the world enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun,
and set one little star in his cabinet for his own use, or

secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament, and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields—all that he that wears them enjoys is that they keep him warm and clean and modest: and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from the others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders: the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy its own beauties but by reflection.¹⁵ It is I that am pleased with beholding his gayety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery,³ is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight; so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.²⁰

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in Cæsar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord; and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat³ from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Cæsar's: the birds²⁵ made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason and upon the same perception as the prince himself; save only that Cæsar paid for all that pleasure vast³⁰ sums of money, the blood and treasure of a province, which the poor man had for nothing.

And so it is if the whole world should be given to *any man*. *He knows not what to do with it; he can*

use no more but according to the capacities of a man; he can use nothing but meat and drink and clothes. He to whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister must have new capacities created in him; he needs the understanding of an angel to take the accounts of his estate; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave,⁴ for else he can eat no more than can one of his healthful subjects; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one¹⁰ of the orbs of heaven, the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon a heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels, better than which there is no man that sees at all but sees¹⁵ every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's or a woman's or a hawk's eye is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown.

Understanding and knowledge are the greatest instruments of pleasure; and he that is most knowing hath a capacity to become happy, which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not; and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure²⁰ rightly who rightly understand the nature and degrees and essences and ends of things, yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world; so that the relish, which could not be great but in a great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time: the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

XXIV.

THE POOR RELATION.

BY CHARLES LAMB.¹

A POOR RELATION is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's-head at your banquet—Agathocles's² pot—a Mordecai's³ in your gate—a Lazarus⁴ at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound⁵ of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a *chair*, and your visitor's two children are

accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. —— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder^b glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful¹⁰ of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition, and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter.^c He calieth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with¹⁵ your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more²⁰ state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up,²⁵ he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather, and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he³⁰ is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will *inquire the price of your furniture*, and insults you with

a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old teakettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humorist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the L——’s; or what does she at their house?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honor of taking wine

with her; she hesitates between port and madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*, and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon herself to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for the harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a notable instance of the disadvantages to which the chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to acquaintance* may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him.

This theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of *his coming*. I used to think him a prodigiously rich

man. All I could make out of him was that he and my father had been school-fellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a stately being led¹⁰ out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument touching their youthful¹⁵ days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school)²⁰ and the boys whose parental residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses.* My father had been a leading mountaineer, and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over²⁵ the *Below Boys* (so they were called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recom-³⁰mencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old minster; in the gen-

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eral preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill and the plain-born could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season, uttered the following memorable application: "Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time, but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it, "Woman, you are superannuated!" John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored; and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781), where he had long held what he accounted a comfortable independence; and with five pounds fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

XXV.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AT ELY.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.¹

WHEN William² heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

Ivo Taillebois came with him, hungry after those Spalding lands, the rents whereof Hereward had been taking for his men for now twelve months. William de Warrenne was there, vowed to revenge the death of Sir Frederic, his brother; Ralph Guader was there, flushed with his success at Norwich; and with them all the Frenchmen of the east, who had been either expelled from their lands, or were in fear of expulsion. ¹⁰

With them, too, was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the ¹⁵ jewels of all the monasteries around; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there—what was there not? And they grumbled when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to feel cautiously the strength of the place—which must be strong, or Hereward and the English ²⁰ would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill, and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed naught but a low upland park, with the ²⁵ minster tower among the trees; and between him and

them a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe, and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water, or "Ald-reche," of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road was sunk and gone long since, under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest¹⁰ space between dry land and dry land was a full half-mile; and how to cross that half-mile no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of¹⁵ meres, seas, reed-ronds, and floating alder-beds, through which only the fen-men wandered, with leaping-pole and log canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round²⁰ by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barroway, and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Ouse, lying deep and broad between Barroway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that²⁵ labyrinth might be a destruction.

So he determined on the near and straight path through Long Stratton and Willingham, down the old bridle-way from Willingham ploughed field—every village there, and in the isle likewise, had and has still its³⁰ "field," or ancient clearing of ploughed land—and then to try that terrible half-mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the *gnats under the hedge*.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earthwork which men now call Belsar's Hills; and down the bridle-way poured countless men, bearing timber and fagots cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half-mile.

They made a narrow, firm path through the reeds, and down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime.¹⁰ They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, says Leofric, and blown-up cattle-hides to float them.¹⁵

Soon they made a floating sow,³ and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up, says Leofric, a turf rampart on the island and shore, and "*antemuralia et propugnacula*," doubtless overhanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and cross-bow bolts.²⁵

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the West water, and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.³⁰

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But Hereward bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and Hereward let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. "Play the man this day, every one of you, and ere nightfall you will have taught the Norman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is me to remind him of it."

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself—as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants'-nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed-beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway and along the bridge a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail, footmen in leather coats; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord; but more and more mingled and crowded as they hurried forward, each eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and the water, calling vainly for help, while their comrades hurried on, unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil. On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army *intended to pour itself into the isle at once.*

"They are numberless," said Torfrida, in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "Let them come on, thick and threefold. The more their numbers the fatter will the fish below be before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men in places were ankle-deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly, and filled the sow, and swarmed up to its roof. 10

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge, which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backward, and slide down the slimy bank. The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing, to hurl grapnels into the rampart, to shoot off their quarrels and arrows. 15

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward, in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The Normans knew that well; and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two draw-bridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling-ladders. 20

They recoiled. Between the ends of the drawbridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' depth of black ooze. The catastrophe was come, and a shout of derision arose from the defenders above. 25

"Come on—leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on; for the pressure behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist-deep, trampled on, and disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn. 30

“Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling-ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades’ corpses.” Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding-beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling-ladders would not stand in the mire. If they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down; and still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting, “Dex Aie!” On to the gold of Ely!” And still the sow, under the weight, slipped farther and farther back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling-ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward’s strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the Normans were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder-top—man after man took his place—sometimes two at a time; sometimes scrambling over each other’s backs.

The English, cheered them with honest admiration. “You are fellows worth fighting, you French.”

“So we are,” shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword-hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees. A dozen men were upon him; but he was up again and shouting:

“To me, men-at-arms! A Dade! a Dade!” But no *man answered.*

“Yield!” quoth Hereward.

Sir Dade answered by a blow on Hereward’s helmet, which felled the chief to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

“Well hit,” said Hereward, as he rose. “Don’t touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honor. It is madness to throw away your life.”

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone. 10

“To none but Hereward.”

“Hereward am I.”

“Ah,” said the knight, “had I but hit a little harder!”

“You would have broken your sword into more splinters; my armor is enchanted; so yield like a reasonable and valiant man.” 15

“What care I?” said the knight, stepping onto the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. “I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day, and in Ely I am; so I have done my work.” 20

“And now you shall taste—as such a gallant knight deserves—the hospitality of Ely.”

It was Torfrida who spoke.

“My husband’s prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such *prudhommes*’ as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady’s bower can afford.” 25

Sir Dade was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart. 30

That which Hereward had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden and by the *falling tide*, had parted—not at the Ely end,

where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure, but at the end nearest the camp. One sideways roll it gave, and then, turning over, ingulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry, leaving a line, a full quarter of a mile in length, of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

Thousands are said to have perished. Their armor and weapons were found at times, by delvers and dikers, for centuries after; are found at times unto this day, beneath the rich drained corn-fields which now fill up that black half-mile, or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the West water, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, groaning from deep grief of heart; and so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

XXVI.

MAGNA CHARTA.

BY HENRY HALLAM.¹

IN the reign of John, all the rapacious exactions usual to the Norman kings were not only redoubled, but mingled with other outrages of tyranny still more intolerable. These, too, were to be endured at the hands of a prince utterly contemptible for his folly and cowardice. One is surprised at the forbearance displayed by the barons, till they took arms at length in that confederacy which ended in establishing the Great Charter of Liberties.² As this was the first effort towards a legal gov-

ernment, so is it beyond comparison the most important event in our history, except that revolution without which its benefits would rapidly have been annihilated. The constitution of England has indeed no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned. The institutions of positive law, the far more important changes which time has wrought in the order of society, during six hundred years subsequent to the Great Charter, have undoubtedly lessened its direct application to our present circumstances. But it is still the key-stone of English liberty. All that has since been obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary; and if every subsequent law were to be swept away, there would still remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic monarchy. 15

As far as we are guided by historical testimony, two great men, the pillars of our Church and State, may be considered as entitled beyond all the rest to the glory of this monument—Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Earl of Pembroke. To their temperate zeal for a legal government England was indebted, during that critical period, for the two greatest blessings that patriotic statesmen could confer—the establishment of civil liberty upon an immovable basis, and the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns—which rash men were about to exchange for the dominion of France. 25

By the Magna Charta of John, reliefs were limited to a certain sum, according to the rank of the tenant, the waste committed by guardians in chivalry restrained, the disparagement in matrimony of female wards forbidden, and widows secured from compulsory marriage. These regulations, extending to the subvassals of the Crown, *redressed the worst grievances* of every military 30

tenant in England. The franchises of the city of London and of all towns and boroughs were declared inviolable. The freedom of commerce was guaranteed to alien merchants. The Court of Common Pleas, instead of following the King's person, was fixed at Westminster. The tyranny exercised in the neighborhood of royal forests met with some check, which was further enforced by the charter of forests under Henry III.

But the essential clauses of Magna Charta are those which protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen, by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation. "No freeman" (says the twenty-ninth chapter of Henry III.'s charter, which, as the existing law, I quote in preference to that of John, the variations not being very material) "shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized³ of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny, or delay to any man judgment or right." It is obvious that these words, interpreted by any honest court of law, convey an ample security for the two main rights of civil society. From the era, therefore, of King John's charter, it must have been a clear principle of our constitution that no man can be detained in prison without trial. Whether courts of justice framed the writ of habeas corpus⁴ in conformity to the spirit of this clause, or found it already in their register, it became from that era the right of every subject to demand it. That writ, rendered more actively remedial by the statute of Charles II., but founded on the broad basis of Magna Charta, is *the principal bulwark of English liberty*; and if ever *temporary circumstances*, or the doubtful plea of politi-

cal necessity, shall lead men to look on its denial with apathy, the most distinguishing characteristic of our constitution will be effaced.

As the clause recited above protects the subject from any absolute spoliation of his freehold rights, so others restrain the excessive amercements which had an almost equally ruinous operation. The magnitude of his offence, by the fourteenth clause of Henry III.'s charter, must be the measure of his fine; and in every case the *contenement* (a word expressive of chattels necessary to each man's station, as the arms of a gentleman, the merchandise of a trader, the plough and wagons of a peasant) was exempted from seizure. A provision was made in the charter of John that no aid or escuage^b should be imposed, except in the three feudal cases of aid without¹⁵ consent of Parliament. And this was extended to aids paid by the city of London. But the clause was omitted in the three charters granted by Henry III., though Parliament seems to have acted upon it in most part of his reign. It had, however, no reference to tallages^c imposed²⁰ upon towns without their consent. Fourscore years were yet to elapse before the great principle of parliamentary taxation was explicitly and absolutely recognized.

A law which enacts that justice shall neither be sold, denied, nor delayed, stamps with infamy that govern-²⁵ment under which it had become necessary. But from the time of the charter, according to Maddox, the disgraceful perversions of right, which are upon record in the rolls of the Exchequer,^d became less frequent.

From this era a new soul was infused into the people³⁰ of England. Her liberties, at the best long in abeyance, became a tangible possession, and those indefinite aspirations for the laws of Edward the Confessor were changed into a steady regard for the Great Charter.

XXVIII.

A ROMAN SUPPER-PARTY.

BY WALTER PATER.¹

THE great Apuleius,² the poetic ideal of his boyhood, had come to Rome—was now visiting Tusculum³—and it was to a supper-party given in his honor that Marius had been invited.

It was with a feeling of half-humorous concession to his own early boyish hero-worship, and with some sense of superiority in himself, that he mounted to the little town on the hill-side, the streets of which were broad flights of easy steps, gathered round a single great house below Cicero's villa on the heights, now in ruins and "haunted." Through the tall openings of the stair-cased streets, up which, here and there, the cattle were going home slowly from the pastures below, the Alban heights seemed close upon him—a vaporous screen of dun violet against the setting sun—with those waves of surpassing softness in their boundary line, characterizing them as volcanic hills. The coolness of the little brown market-place, for the sake of which even the working-people were leaving the plain, in long file through the olive-gardens, to pass the night, was grateful, after the heats of Rome. And it was a very delicate poetry of its kind which seemed to infold him as, passing into the poet's house, he turned to glance for a moment towards the heights above; whereupon the numerous cascades of the precipitous garden of the villa, framed in the door-way of the hall, fell into a harmless picture, in its

Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow,
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athene,* that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes;
But, father, to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"

Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers;
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst. 15
He turned away—not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained, 20
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?" 25
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man* now entered, and without
One word stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm, cold eyes. 30
Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried:
"O father! grieve no more; the ships can sail."

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place among the pictures within, and hardly more real than they; a landscape-piece, in which the power of water—plunging into what unseen depths—done to the life, was pleasant and without its natural terrors.

At the farther end of this bland apartment, fragrant with the rare woods of the old inlaid panelling, the falling of aromatic oil from the ready-lighted lamps, the iris-root clinging to the dresses of the guests as with the odors of the altars of the gods, the supper-table was spread, in all the daintiness characteristic of the agree-¹⁰able *petit maître* who entertained. The host was already most carefully dressed; but, perhaps consciously, meant to change his attire once and again during the banquet; in the last instance for an ancient vesture, a toga, of altogether lost hue and texture. He wore it with the¹⁵ grace becoming the leader of a thrilling movement then on foot for the restoration of that disused garment, in which, laying aside the customary evening-dress, all the visitors were requested to appear, setting off the dainty sinuosities and well-disposed “golden ways” of²⁰ its folds with harmoniously tinted flowers. The opulent sunset, blending pleasantly with artificial light, fell past the quiet ancestral effigies of old consular dignitaries, across the wide floor strewn with sawdust of sandalwood, and lost itself in the heap of cool coronals lying²⁵ ready for the foreheads of the guests on a sideboard of old citron-wood. The crystal cups darkened with old wine, the hues of the early autumn fruit—mulberries, pomegranates, and grapes that had long been hanging under careful protection upon the vines—were almost³⁰ as much a feast for the eye as the dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses. A favorite animal, white as snow, brought by one of the visitors, purred its way gracefully among the wine-cups, coaxed onward from

place to place by those at table, as they reclined easily on their cushions of German eider-down, spread over the long-legged, carved couches.

A highly refined modification of the *acroama*—a musical performance during a meal for the diversion of guests—came presently, hovering round the place soothingly, and so unobtrusively that the company could not guess, and did not like to ask, whether or not it had been designed by their entertainer—inclining on the whole to think it some wonderful peasant-music peculiar to that wild neighborhood, turning, as it did now and then, to a solitary reed-note, like a bird's, while it wandered into the distance. It wandered quite away at last, as darkness with a bolder lamplight came on, and made way for another sort of entertainment. An odd, rapid, phantasmal glitter, advancing from the garden by torchlight, defined itself, as it came nearer, into a dance of young men in armor. With the utmost possible emphasis of dumb motion, their long swords weaving a silvery net-work in the air, they danced the *Death of Paris*. The young Commodus,^b already an adept in these matters, had mysteriously dropped from his place, to take his share in the performance; and at its conclusion reappeared, still wearing the dainty accoutrements of Paris, including a breastplate composed entirely of overlapping tiger's claws, skilfully gilt.

It was felt that with a guest like Apuleius the conversation should be learned and superior, and the host at last deftly led his company round to literature by way of bindings. Elegant rolls of manuscript from his fine library of ancient Greek books passed from hand to hand round the table. It was a sign for the visitors themselves to draw their own choicest literary curiosities from their bags as their contribution to the banquet; and

one of them, a famous reader, choosing his lucky moment, delivered in tenor voice the piece which follows, with a preliminary query as to whether it could indeed be the composition of Lucian of Samosata,⁶ understood to be the great mocker of that day :

“What sound was that, Socrates?” asked Chærephon.⁷ “It came from the beach under the cliff yonder, and seemed a long way off. And how melodious it was! Was it a bird, I wonder? I thought all sea-birds were songless.”

“It was a sea-bird,” answered Socrates, “a bird called the Halcyon, and has a note full of plaining and tears. There is an old story people tell of it. It was a mortal woman once, daughter of Æolus, god of the winds. Ceyx, the son of the morning-star, wedded her in her early maidenhood. The son was not less fair than the father; and when it came to pass that he died, the crying of the girl, as she lamented his sweet usage, was—just that! And some while after, as Heaven willed it, she was changed into a bird. Floating now on bird’s wings⁸ over the sea, she seeks her lost Ceyx there, since she was not able to find him after long wandering over the land.”

“That, then, is the Halcyon—the kingfisher,” said Chærephon. “I never heard a bird like it before. It⁹ has truly a plaintive note. What kind of a bird is it, Socrates?”

“Not a large bird, though she has received large honor from the gods on account of her singular conjugal affection; for whensoever she makes her nest, a¹⁰ law of nature brings round what is called Halcyon’s weather—days distinguishable among all others for their serenity, though they come sometimes amid the

storms of winter—days like to-day ! See how transparent is the sky above us, and how motionless the sea, like a smooth mirror !”

“ True ! A Halcyon-day, indeed, and yesterday was the same. But tell me, Socrates, what is one to think of those stories which have been told from the beginning, of birds changed into mortals, and mortals into birds ? To me nothing seems more incredible.”

“ Dear Chærephon,” said Socrates, “ methinks we are but half-blind judges of the impossible and the possible.¹⁰ We try the question by the standard of our human faculty, which avails neither for true knowledge, nor for faith, nor vision. Therefore many things seem to us impossible which are really easy ; many things unattainable which are within our reach ; partly through¹⁵ inexperience, partly through the childishness of our minds ; for, in truth, every man, even the oldest of us, is like a little child, so brief and babyish are the years of our life in comparison with eternity. Then how can we, who comprehend not the faculties of gods and the heavenly host, tell whether aught of that kind be possible or no ? What a tempest you saw three days ago ! One trembles but to think of the lightning, the thunder-claps, the violence of the wind ! You might have thought the whole world was going to ruin. And then,²⁰ after a little, came this wonderful serenity of weather, which has continued till to-day. Which do you think the greater and more difficult thing to do—to exchange the disorder of that irresistible whirlwind for a clarity like this, and to becalm the whole world again, or to refashion²⁵ the form of a woman into that of a bird ? We can teach even little children to do something of that sort ; to *take wax or clay*, and mould out of the same material *many kinds* of form, one after another, without diffi-

culty. And it may be that to the Deity, whose power is too vast for comparison with ours, all processes of that kind are manageable and easy. How much wider is the whole heaven than thyself? More than thou canst express.

“Among ourselves, also, how vast the differences we observe in men’s degrees of power! To you and me, and many another like us, many things are impossible which are quite easy to others. For those who are unmusical, to play on the flute; to read or write, for those who have not yet learned, is no easier than to make birds of women, or women of birds. From the dumb and lifeless egg Nature moulds her swarm of winged creatures, aided, as some will have it, by a divine and secret art in the wide air around us. She takes from the honey-comb a little memberless live thing; she brings it wings and feet, brightens and beautifies it with quaint variety of color; and lo! the bee in her wisdom, making honey worthy of the gods!

“It follows that we mortals, being altogether of little account, able wholly to discern no great matter, sometimes not even a little one, for the most part at a loss as to what happens even with ourselves, may hardly speak with security as to what those vast powers of the immortal gods may be concerning kingfisher or nightingale. Yet the glory of thy mythus, as my fathers bequeathed it to me, O tearful songstress! that will I, too, hand on to my children, and tell it often to my wives, Xanthippe and Myrto—the story of thy pious love to Ceyx, and of thy melodious hymns, and above all, of the honor thou hast with the gods!”

The reader’s well-turned periods seemed to stimulate, almost uncontrollably, the eloquent stirrings of the emi-

nent man of letters then present. The impulse to speak masterfully was visible, before the recital was quite over, in the moving lines about his mouth—by no means designed, as detractors were wont to say, merely to display the beauty of his teeth; and one of his followers, aware of his humors, made ready to transcribe what he would say—the sort of things of which a collection was then forming—the *Florida* or *Flowers*, so to call them, he was apt to let fall by the way; no *impromptu* ventures, but rather elaborate carved *ivories* of speech,¹⁰ drawn, at length, out of the rich treasury of his memory, and as with a fine savor of old musk about them. Discussing quite in our modern way the peculiarities of those suburban views, especially the sea-views, of which he was a professed lover, he was also every inch a priest¹¹ of Æsculapius, the patron-god of Carthage. There was a piquancy in this *rococo*,⁸ very African, and, as it were, perfumed personality, though he was now wellnigh sixty years old—a mixture of that sort of platonic spiritualism which could speak of the soul of man as but a sojourner in the prison of the body really foreign to it, with such a relish for merely bodily graces as availed to set the fashion in matters of dress, deportment, accent, and the like.

But a sign came from the imperial prince⁹ that it was time for the company to separate. He was entertaining his immediate neighbors at the table with a trick from the streets—tossing his olives in rapid succession into the air, and catching them as they fell between his lips. His dexterity in this caused the mirth around him to become noisy, disturbing the sleep of the furry visitor. The learned party broke up, and Marius withdrew, glad to escape into the open air.

XXIX.

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

THE scene is the exterior of the Castle or Preceptory² of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca.³ It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death is not peculiar to those dark ages, though in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general tourney they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own¹⁰ days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a mot,⁴ or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested except to see how matters are to be conducted. 15

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe with the purpose of witnessing the procession, while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tilt-yard belonging to that establishment. This enclos-²⁰ure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited²⁵ spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chiv-

alry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-seant*, which was the ensign as its name was the battle-cry of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of fagots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground,¹⁰ as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the ~~stake~~ ^{by} the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose color and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready ~~fuel~~ ^{fuel}. They looked not on the multitude; in fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their thick lips and showed their white fangs, as if they ~~grinned~~ ^{grinned} at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They ~~whispered~~ ^{whispered} to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period—not failing, of course, to give the devil *rather more than his due*. . . .

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of St. Michael of Templestowe, a venerable building situated in a hamlet at some distance from the Preceptory, broke short their argument. One by one the sullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving but sufficient space for each to die away in a distant echo ere the air was again filled by repetition of the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of the approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Master, the champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gate opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two-and-two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-a-pie*^b in bright armor, without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap,^c bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace—the white

dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honor of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amid whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stripped of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was¹⁰ supposed to bestow upon his victims to deprive them of the power of confession, even when under the torture. A coarse white dress of the simplest form had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look that, although in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath and a waged slave of the devil.¹¹

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence on the summit of which was the tilt-yard, and entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and, when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black

chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making, alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile, as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his Order were placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court was seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

“Valorous Lord and reverend Father,” said he, “here standeth the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence’s feet, hath become bound to do his *devoir* in combat this day to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a chapter of this most holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress; here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honorable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure.”

“Hath he made oath,” said the Grand Master, “that his quarrel is just and honorable?”

“Sir and most reverend Father,” answered Malvoisin, readily, “our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of *his* accusation in the hand of the good

knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath." . . .

The Grand Master, having allowed this apology, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" Here standeth the good knight Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful *essoine* of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head towards that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Damsel," said the herald, "the Honorable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned lest I become guilty of my own blood. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will

admit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. This listed space—that chair—these fagots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—a vision which appalls my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these fagots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but *brief passage* to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca—dreams!" answered the Templar; "idle visions rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond—mount, I say, behind me—in one short hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them speak the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out with blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my escutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my resting-place; surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of their conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain, advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And, despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. *His horse*, urged for many miles to its utmost speed,

appeared to reel from fatigue; and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced¹⁰ against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert as a traitor, murderer, and liar! as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight."¹⁵

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honorable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is²⁰ better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse, and it may be I will²⁵ hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists of Acre—remember the passage of³⁰ arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of thy gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honor thou hast lost! By

that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, in every Preceptory of thine Order, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe. 10

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honorably met with." 15

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept me as thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do!" fluttered by an emotion²⁰ which the fear of death had been unable to produce—"I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no, no! Thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man. Why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed²⁵ his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, *uplifted* his voice, repeating thrice, *Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers.*¹⁰ After the third cry, he withdrew to

one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*."

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists. 15

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him or die on the spot. Bois-²⁰ Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to ²⁵ unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment the eyes opened, but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Un-³⁰scathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upward—"Fiat voluntas tua!" ³²

XXX.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

BY THOMAS HOOD.¹

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,²
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle³ rather overwrought,
Is now all overcast.

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo⁴ wights
Who wore the plated vest?
Great Charlemagne⁵ and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur⁶ sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has plucked the plummy brow,
And none engage at turneys⁷ now
But those that go to law!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes and bills and partisans;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?

A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtle-axe⁹ is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate;
'Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of death, upon the shaft.⁹

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?¹⁰
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque*¹¹ is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place;
Though certain doctors still pretend
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labor through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften;
To rise would only make you weep,
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety-coffin!

XXXI.

SIMON DE MONTFORT.

BY DAVID HUME.¹

THE imprudent and illegal measures adopted by Henry the Third afforded a pretence to Simon de Montfort,² Earl of Leicester, to attempt an innovation in the government, and to wrest the sceptre from the feeble and irresolute hand which held it (1258). This nobleman was a younger son of that Simon de Montfort who had conducted with such valor and renown the crusade against the Albigenses, and who, though he tarnished his famous exploits by cruelty and ambition, had left a name very precious to all the zealots of that age. A ¹⁰ large inheritance in England fell by succession to this family; but, as the elder brother enjoyed still more opulent possessions in France, and could not perform fealty to two masters, he transferred his right to Simon, his younger brother, who came over to England, did homage ¹⁵ for his lands, and was raised to the dignity of Earl of Leicester. In the year 1238 he espoused Eleanor, dowager³ of William, Earl of Pembroke, and sister to the King; but the marriage of this princess with a subject and a foreigner, though contracted with Henry's consent, was ²⁰ loudly complained of by the Earl of Cornwall and all the barons of England; and Leicester was supported against their violence by the King's favor and authority alone. But he had no sooner established himself in his possessions and dignities than he acquired, by insinuation and ²⁵ address, a strong interest with the nation, and gained

equally the affections of all orders of men ; he lost, however, the friendship of Henry, from the usual levity and fickleness of that prince ; he was banished the court ; he was recalled ; he was intrusted with the command of Guienne, where he did good service and acquired honor ; he was again disgraced by the King, and his banishment from court seemed now final and irrevocable. Henry called him traitor to his face ; Leicester gave him the lie, and told him that if he were not his sovereign he would soon make him repent of that insult ; yet was¹⁰ this quarrel accommodated, either from the good-nature or timidity of the King ; and Leicester was again admitted into some degree of favor and authority. But, as this nobleman was become too great to preserve an entire complaisance to Henry's humors, he found more¹⁵ advantage in cultivating his interest with the public and in inflaming the general discontents which prevailed against the administration. He filled every place with complaints against the infringement of the Great Charter, the acts of violence committed on the people, the²⁰ combination between the pope and the King in their tyranny and extortions, Henry's neglect of his native subjects and barons ; and, though himself a foreigner, he was more loud than any in representing the indignity of submitting to the dominion of foreigners. By²⁵ his hypocritical pretensions to devotion he gained the favor of the zealots and clergy ; by his seeming concern for public good he acquired the affections of the public ; and, besides the private friendships which he had cultivated with the barons, his animosity against the favor-³⁰ites created a union of interests between him and that powerful order.

A recent quarrel which broke out between Leicester and *William de Valence*, Henry's half-brother, and chief

favorite, brought matters to extremity, and determined the former to give full scope to his bold and unbounded ambition, which the laws and the King's authority had hitherto with difficulty restrained. He secretly called a meeting of the most considerable barons, and represented to them the necessity of reforming the State, and of putting the execution of the laws into other hands than those which had hitherto appeared, from repeated experience, so unfit for the charge with which they were intrusted.

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Henry having summoned a parliament in expectation of receiving supplies for his Sicilian project, the barons appeared in the hall clad in complete armor, and with their swords by their side. The King, on his entry, struck with the unusual appearance, asked them what was their purpose, and whether they pretended to make him their prisoner. Roger Bigod replied, in the name of the rest, that he was not their prisoner but their sovereign; that they even intended to grant him large supplies, in order to fix his son on the throne of Sicily; that they only expected some return for this expense and service; and that, as he had frequently made submissions to the Parliament, had acknowledged his past errors, and had still allowed himself to be carried into the same path, which gave them such just reason of complaint, he must now yield to more strict regulations, and confer authority on those who were able and willing to redress the national grievances. Henry, partly allured by the hopes of supply, and partly intimidated by the union and martial appearance of the barons, agreed to their demand, and promised to summon another Parliament at Oxford, in order to digest the new plan of government, and to elect the *persons* who were to be intrusted with the chief authority.

XXXII.

CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.¹

*To a young gentleman who had firmly resolved never to wear any but a gray coat.*²

WHEN I had the pleasure of staying at your father's house, you told me, rather to my surprise, that it was impossible for you to go to balls and dinner-parties, because you did not possess such a thing as a dress-coat. The reason struck me as being scarcely a valid one, considering the rather high scale of expenditure adopted in the paternal mansion. It seemed clear that the eldest son of a family which lived after the liberal fashion of Yorkshire country gentlemen could afford himself a dress-coat if he liked. Then I wondered whether you¹⁰ disliked dress-coats from a belief that they were unbecoming to your person; but a very little observation of your character convinced me that, whatever might be your weaknesses (for everybody has some weaknesses), anxiety about personal appearance was not one of them.¹⁵

The truth is that you secretly enjoy this little piece of disobedience to custom, and all the disabilities which result from it. This little rebellion is connected with a larger rebellion, and it is agreeable to you to demonstrate the unreasonableness of society by incurring a²⁰ very severe penalty for a very trifling offence. You are always dressed decently, you offend against no moral rule, you have cultivated your mind by study and reflection, and it *rather pleases* you to think that a young

gentleman so well qualified for society, in everything of real importance, should be excluded from it because he has not purchased a permission from his tailor.

The penalties imposed by society for the infraction of very trifling details of custom are often, as it seems, out of all proportion to the offence; but so are the penalties of Nature. Only three days before the date of this letter an intimate friend of mine was coming home from a day's shooting. His nephew, a fine young man in the full enjoyment of existence, was walking ten paces in advance. A covey of partridges suddenly cross the road; my friend, in shouldering his gun, touches the trigger just a second too soon, and kills his nephew. Now, think of the long years of mental misery that will be the punishment of that very trifling piece of carelessness! My poor friend has passed, in the space of a single instant, from a joyous life to a life that is permanently and irremediably saddened. It is as if he had left the summer sunshine to enter a gloomy dungeon and begin a perpetual imprisonment. And for what? For having touched a trigger, without evil intention, a little too precipitately. It seems harder still for the victim, who is sent out of the world in the bloom of perfect manhood because his uncle was not quite so cool as he ought to have been. Again, not far from where I live, thirty-five men were killed last week in a coal-pit from an explosion of fire-damp. One of their number had struck a lucifer to light his pipe; for doing this in a place where he ought not to have done it, the man suffers the penalty of death, and thirty-four others with him. The fact is simply that Nature *will* be obeyed, and makes no attempt to proportion punishments to offences; indeed, what in our human way we call punishments are not punishments, but simple consequences.

So it is with the great social penalties. Society *will be obeyed*; if you refuse obedience, you must take the consequences. Society has only one law, and that is custom. Even religion itself is socially powerful only just so far as it has custom on its side.

Nature does not desire that thirty-five men should be destroyed because one could not resist the temptation of a pipe; but fire-damp is highly inflammable, and the explosion is a simple consequence. Society does not desire to exclude you because you will not wear evening-dress; but the dress is customary, and your exclusion is merely a consequence of your non-conformity. The view of society goes no further in this than the artistic conception (not very delicately artistic, perhaps) that it is prettier to see men in black coats, regularly placed between ladies round a dinner-table, than men in gray coats or brown coats. The uniformity of costume appears to represent uniformity of sentiment, and to insure a sort of harmony among the *convives*. What society really cares for is harmony; what it dislikes is dissent and non-conformity. It wants peace in the dining-room, peace in the drawing-room, peace everywhere in its realm of tranquil pleasure. You come in your shooting-coat, which was in tune upon the moors, but is a dissonance among ladies in full-dress. Do you not perceive that fustian and velveteen, which were natural among game-keepers, are not so natural on gilded chairs covered with silk, with lace and diamonds at a distance of three feet? You don't perceive it? Very well; society does not argue the point with you, but only excludes you.

It has been said that in the life of every intellectual man there comes a time when he questions custom at all points. *This seems to be a provision of Nature for*

the reform and progress of custom itself, which, without such questioning, would remain absolutely stationary and irresistibly despotic. You rebels against the established custom have your place in the great work of progressive civilization. Without you Western Europe would have been a second China. It is to the continual rebellion of such persons as yourself that we owe whatever progress has been accomplished since the times of our remotest forefathers. There have been rebels always, and the rebels have not been, generally speaking, the most stupid part of the nation.

But what is the use of wasting this beneficial power of rebellion on matters too trivial to be worth attention? Does it hurt your conscience to appear in a dress-coat? Certainly not, and you would be as good-looking in it as you are in your velveteen shooting-jacket with the pointers on the bronze buttons. Let us conform in these trivial matters, which nobody except a tailor ought to consider worth a moment's attention, in order to reserve our strength for the protection of intellectual liberty. Let society arrange your dress for you (it will save you infinite trouble), but never permit it to stifle the expression of your thought. You find it convenient, because you are timid, to exclude yourself from the world by refusing to wear its costume; but a bolder man would let the tailor do his worst, and then go into the world and courageously defend there the persons and causes that are misunderstood and slanderously misrepresented. The fables of Spenser are fables only in form, and a noble knight may at any time go forth, armed in the panoply of a tail-coat, a dress-waistcoat, and a manly moral courage, to do battle across the *dinner-table* and in the drawing-room for those who have *none to defend* them.

The great duty of the intellectual class, and its especial function, is to confirm what is reasonable in the customs that have been handed down to us, and so maintain their authority, yet at the same time to show that custom is not final, but merely a form suited to the world's convenience. And, whenever you are convinced that a custom is no longer serviceable, the way to procure the abolition of it is to lead men very gradually away from it, by offering a substitute at first very slightly different from what they have been long used to. If the English¹⁰ had been in the habit of tattooing, the best way to procure its abolition would have been to admit that it was quite necessary to cover the face with elaborate patterns, yet gently to suggest that these patterns would be still more elegant if delicately painted in water-colors. Then¹⁵ you might have gone on arguing—still admitting, of course, the absolute necessity for ornament of some kind—that good taste demanded only a moderate amount of it; and so you would have brought people gradually to a little flourish on the nose or forehead,²⁰ when the most advanced reformers might have set the example of dispensing with ornament altogether. Many of our contemporaries have abandoned shaving in this gradual way, allowing the whiskers to encroach imperceptibly, till at last the razor lay in the dressing-case²⁵ unused. The abominable black cylinders that covered our heads a few years ago were vainly resisted by radicals in costume, but the moderate reformers gradually reduced their elevation, and now they are things of the past.

30

Though I think we ought to submit to custom in matters of indifference, and to reform it gradually, while affecting submission in matters not altogether indifferent, still there *are other* matters on which the only

attitude worthy of a man is the most bold and open resistance to its dictates. Custom may have a right to authority over your wardrobe, but it cannot have any right to ruin your self-respect. Not only the virtues most advantageous to well-being, but also the most contemptible and degrading vices, have at various periods of the world's history been sustained by the full authority of custom. There are places where, forty years ago, drunkenness was conformity to custom, and sobriety an eccentricity. There are communities (it cannot be necessary to name them) in which successful fraud, especially on a large scale, is respected as the proof of smartness, while a man who remains poor because he is honest is despised for slowness and incapacity. There are whole nations in which religious hypocrisy is strongly approved by custom, and honesty severely condemned. The Wahabee Arabs may be mentioned as an instance of this, but the Wahabee Arabs are not the only people, nor is Nejed the only place, where it is held to be more virtuous to lie on the side of custom than to be an honorable man in independence of it. In all communities where vice and hypocrisy are sustained by the authority of custom, eccentricity is a moral duty. In all communities where a low standard of thinking is received as infallible common-sense, eccentricity becomes an intellectual duty. There are hundreds of places in the provinces where it is impossible for any man to lead the intellectual life without being condemned as an eccentric. It is the duty of intellectual men who are thus isolated to set the example of that which their neighbors call eccentricity, but which may be more accurately described as superiority.

XXXIII.

MRS. POYSER AND THE SQUIRE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.¹

“Ah, now this I like,” said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round at the damp temple of cleanliness, but keeping near the door. “I’m sure I should like my breakfast better if I knew the butter and cream came from this dairy. Thank you, that really is a pleasant sight. Unfortunately, my slight tendency to rheumatism makes me afraid of damp; I’ll sit down in your comfortable kitchen. Ah, Poyser, how do you do? In the midst of business, I see, as usual. I’ve been looking at your wife’s beautiful dairy—the best manager in the parish, is she not?”

Mr. Poyser had just entered in shirt-sleeves and open waistcoat, with a face a shade redder than usual from the exertion of “pitching.” As he stood—red, rotund, and radiant before the small, wiry, cool old gentleman—he looked like a prize apple by the side of a withered crab.²

“Will you please to take this chair, sir?” he said, lifting his father’s arm-chair forward a little; “you’ll find it easy.”

“No, thank you, I never sit in easy-chairs,” said the old gentleman, seating himself on a small chair near the door. “Do you know, Mrs. Poyser—sit down, pray, both of you—I’ve been far from contented for some time with Mrs. Satchell’s dairy management. I think she has not a good method, as you have.”

“Indeed, sir, I can’t speak to that,” said Mrs. Poyser, in a hard voice, rolling and unrolling her knitting, and looking icily out of the window, as she continued to stand opposite the Squire. Poyser might sit down if he liked, she thought: *she* wasn’t going to sit down; as if she’d give in to any such smooth-tongued palaver.³ Mr. Poyser, who looked and felt the reverse of icy, did sit down in his three-cornered chair.

“And now, Poyser, as Satchell is laid up, I am intending to let the Chase Farm to a respectable tenant. I’m¹⁰ tired of having a farm on my own hands—nothing is made the best of in such cases, as you know. A satisfactory bailiff⁴ is hard to find; and I think you and I, Poyser, and your excellent wife here, can enter into a little arrangement in consequence, which will be to our¹⁵ mutual advantage.”

“Oh,” said Mr. Poyser, with a good-natured blankness of imagination as to the nature of the arrangement.

“If I’m called upon to speak, sir,” said Mrs. Poyser,²⁰ after glancing at her husband with pity at his softness, “you know better than me; but I don’t see what the Chase Farm is t’ us—we’ve cumber enough wi’ our own farm. Not but what I’m glad to hear o’ anybody respectable coming into the parish; there’s some as ha’²⁵ been brought in as hasn’t been looked on i’ that character.”

“You’re likely to find Mr. Thurle an excellent neighbor, I assure you; such a one as you will feel glad to have accommodated by the little plan I’m going to mention, especially as I hope you will find it as much to your own advantage as his.”

“Indeed, sir, if it’s anything t’ our advantage, it’ll be *the first offer* o’ the sort I’ve heard on. It’s them as

take advantage that get advantage i' this world, *I* think; folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"The fact is, Poyser," said the Squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, "there is too much dairy land, and too little plough-land, on the Chase Farm to suit Thurle's purpose—in indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it; his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairy-woman like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange. If you were to have the Hollow Pastures, you might increase your dairy, which must be so profitable under your wife's management; and I should request you, Mrs. Poyser, to supply my house with milk, cream, and butter at the market prices. On the other hand, Poyser, you might let Thurle have the Lower and Upper Ridges—which, really, with our wet seasons, would be a good riddance for you. There is much less risk in dairy-land than corn-land."

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his head on one side, and his mouth screwed up—apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship. He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers. Unless it was on a point of farming, he would rather give up than have a quarrel any day; and, after all, it mattered more to his wife than to him. So, after a few moments' silence he looked up at her, and said, mildly, "What dost say?"

Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away *her head with a toss*, looked icily at the opposite

roof of the cow-shed, and spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

“Say? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o’ your corn-land afore your lease is up, which it won’t be for a year come next Michaelmas,* but I’ll not consent to take more dairy-work into my hands either for love or money, and there’s nayther love nor money here, as I can see, on’y other folks’s love o’ themselves, and the money as is to go into other folks’s¹⁰ pockets. I know there’s them as is born t’ own the land, and them as is born t’ sweat on’t”—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—“and I know it’s christened folks’s duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood ull bear it; but I’ll not make a martyr o’ myself,¹¹ and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi’ butter a-coming in’t, for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself.”

“No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not,” said the Squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion; “you must not overwork yourself; but don’t you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way? There is so much milk required at the Abbey that you will have little increase of cheese and butter-making from the addition to your dairy; and I believe¹² selling the milk is the most profitable way of disposing of dairy produce, is it not?”

“Ay, that’s true,” said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that this was not a purely abstract question. ¹³

“I dare say,” said Mrs. Poyser, bitterly, turning her head half-way towards her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—“I dare say it’s true for men as sit i’ th’ chimney-corner and make believe as everything’s cut

wi' ins an' outs to fit int' everything else. If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk 'll be wanted constant? What's to make me sure as the house won't be put o' board wage afore we're many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o' nights wi' twenty gallons o' milk on my mind—and Dingall ull take no more butter, let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we're obliged to beg the butcher on our knees to buy 'em, and lose half of 'em wi' the measles. And there's the fetching and carrying, as ud be welly half a day's work for a man an' hoss—*that's* to be took out o' the profits, I reckon? But there's folks ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water."

15

"That difficulty—about the fetching and carrying—you will not have, Mrs. Poyser," said the Squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser's part—"Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony."

"Oh, sir, begging your pardon, I've never been used t' having gentlefolks's servants coming about my back places, a-making love to both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public."

"Well, Poyser," said the Squire, shifting his tactics and looking as if he thought Mrs. Poyser had suddenly withdrawn from the proceedings and left the room, "you can turn the Hollows into feeding-land. I can easily make another arrangement about supplying my house. And I shall not forget your readiness to ac-

commodate your landlord as well as a neighbor. I know you will be glad to have your lease renewed for three years when the present one expires, otherwise I dare say Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they could be worked so well together. But I don't want to part with an old tenant like you."

To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really¹⁰ alarmed at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born—for he believed the old Squire had small spite enough for anything—was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell¹⁵ more stock, with—

"Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard" . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the work-house.²⁰

"Then, sir, if I may speak—as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's a fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one quarter o' the rent, and save the other quarter—I say, if Mr. Thurle's²⁵ so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the plagues o' Egypt in't—wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens—and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice³⁰ gnawing every bit o' cheese, and runnin' over our heads as we lie i' bed till we expect 'em to eat us up alive—as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. *I should like to see if there's another tenant besides*

Poyser as ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down—and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half—and being strung up wi' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that; a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir," continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old Squire beyond the door—for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and waving his hand towards her with a smile, had walked out towards his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

"You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is; but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creatures, to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna to two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

There are occasions on which two servant-girls and a wagoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware

that Molly and Nancy and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him — which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartet.

Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen,¹⁰ and unspearing her knitting, began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she re-entered the house.

"Thee'st done it now," said Mr. Poyser, a little alarmed, and uneasy, but not without some triumphant amusement at his wife's outbreak. 15

"Yis, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser; "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up foriver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I sha'n't repent saying²⁰ what I think if I live to be as old as the old Squire, and there's little likelihoods—for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world."

"But thee wotna like moving from th' old place this²⁵ Michaelmas twelvemonth," said Mr. Poyser, "and going into a strange parish, where thee know'st nobody. It'll be hard upon us both, and upo' father too."

"Eh, it's no use worreting; there's plenty o' things may happen between this and Michaelmas twelvemonth.³⁰ The Captain may be master afore then, for what we know," said Mrs. Poyser, inclined to take a hopeful view *of an embarrassment* which had been brought about by *her own merit*, and not by other people's fault.

"I'm none for worreting," said Mr. Poyser, rising from his three-cornered chair and walking slowly towards the door; "but I should be loath to leave th' old place, and the parish where I was bred and born, and father afore me. We should leave our roots behind us, I doubt, and niver thrive again."

XXXIV.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

BY LORD BYRON.¹

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho² lov'd and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos³ rose, and Phœbus sprung! 10
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian⁴ muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse: 15
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' "Islands⁵ of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon⁶
And Marathon looks on the sea; 20
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave
I could *not* deem myself a slave.

A king' sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah, no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian^o wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!^o

You have the Pyrrhic^o dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus^o gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of things like these!
 It was Anacreon's^o song divine:
 He serv'd—but serv'd Polycrates—
 A tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades.
 Oh that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan' blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—¹⁵

They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells.

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,

Would break your shield, however broad. 5

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves

To think such breasts must suckle slaves! 10

Place me on Sunium's¹⁶ marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine! 15

XXXV.

READING FOR PROFIT.

BY JOHN MORLEY.¹

It is not necessary for me to dwell upon any of the great commonplaces which the follower of knowledge does well to keep always before his eyes, and which represent the wisdom of many generations of studious experience. You may have often heard from others, or *may have found out*, how good it is to have on your

shelves, however scantily furnished they may be, three or four of those books to which it is well to give ten minutes every morning, before going down into the battle and choking dust of the day. Men will name these books for themselves. One will choose the Bible, another Goethe, one the "Imitation of Christ," another Wordsworth. Perhaps it matters little what it be so long as your writer has cheerful seriousness, elevation, and, above all, a sense of size and strength, which shall open out the day before you and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery.

Then, to turn to the intellectual side. You know as well as I, or any one can tell you, that knowledge is worth little until you have made it so perfectly your own as to be capable of reproducing it in precise and definite form. Goethe said that in the end we only retain of our studies, after all, what we practically employ of them. And it is at least well that in our serious studies we should have the possibility of practically turning them to a definite destination clearly before our eyes. Nobody can be sure that he has got clear ideas on a subject unless he has tried to put them down on a piece of paper in independent words of his own. It is an excellent plan, too, when you have read a good book, to sit down and write a short abstract of what you can remember of it. It is a still better plan, if you can make up your mind to a slight extra labor, to do what Lord Strafford and Gibbon and Daniel Webster did. After glancing over the title, subject, or design of a book, these eminent men would take a pen and write roughly what questions they expected to find answered in it, what difficulties solved, what kind of information imparted. Such practices keep us from reading with the eye only, *gliding vaguely* over the page; they help

us to *place* our new acquisitions in relation with what we knew before. It is almost always worth while to read a thing twice over, to make sure that nothing has been missed or dropped on the way, or wrongly conceived or interpreted. And if the subject be serious, it is often well to let an interval elapse. Ideas, relations, statements of fact, are not to be taken by storm. We have to steep them in the mind, in the hope of thus extracting their inmost essence and significance. If one lets an interval pass, and then returns, it is surprising¹⁰ how clear and ripe that has become which, when we left it, seemed crude, obscure, full of perplexity.

All this takes trouble, no doubt, but then it will not do to deal with ideas that we find in books or elsewhere as a certain bird does with its eggs—leave them in the¹⁵ sand for the sun to hatch and chance to rear. People who follow this plan possess nothing better than ideas half hatched, and convictions reared by accident. They are like a man who should pace up and down the world in the delusion that he is clad in sumptuous robes of²⁰ purple and velvet, when in truth he is only half covered by the rags and tatters of other people's cast-off clothes.

Apart from such mechanical devices as those I have mentioned, there are habits and customary attitudes of mind which a conscientious reader will practise if he²⁵ desires to get out of a book still greater benefits than the writer of it may have designed or thought of. For example, he should never be content with mere aggressive and negatory criticism of the page before him. The page may be open to such criticism, and in that case it³⁰ is natural to indulge in it; but the reader will often find an unexpected profit by asking himself: What does this *error teach me*? How comes that fallacy to be here? *How came the writer to fall into this defect of taste?*

To ask such questions gives a reader a far healthier tone of mind, in the long-run, more seriousness, more depth, more moderation of judgment, more insight into other men's ways of thinking—as well as into his own—than any amount of impatient condemnation and hasty denial.

Again, let us not be too ready to detect an inconsistency in our author, but rather let us teach ourselves to distinguish between inconsistency and having two sides to an opinion. “Before I admit that two and two are¹⁰ four,” some one said, “I must first know to what use you are going to put the proposition.” That is to say, even the plainest proposition needs to be stated with a view to the drift of the discussion in hand, or with a view to some special part of the discussion. When the¹⁵ turn of some other part of the matter comes, it will be convenient and often necessary to bring out into full light another side of your opinion, not contradictory but complementary, and the great distinction of a candid disputant, or of a reader of good faith, is his will-²⁰ ingness to take pains to see the points of reconciliation among different aspects and different expressions of what is substantially the same judgment.

Then, again, no one needs to be reminded that the great successes of the world have been affairs of a second,²⁵ a third, nay, a fiftieth trial. The history of literature, of science, of art, of industrial achievements, all testify to the truth that success is only the last term of what looked like a series of failures. What is true of the great achievements of history is true also of the little³⁰ achievements of the observant cultivator of his own understanding. If a man is despondent about his work, the best remedy that I can prescribe to him is to turn to a *good biography*; there he will find that other men

before him have known the dreary reaction that follows long-sustained effort, and he will find that one of the differences between the first-rate man and the fifth-rate lies in the vigor with which the first-rate man recovers from this reaction, and crushes it down, and again flings himself once more upon the breach. I remember the wisest and most virtuous man I have ever known, or am ever likely to know—Mr. Mill⁹—once saying to me that whenever he had written anything, he always felt profoundly dissatisfied with it, and it was only by reflecting¹⁰ that he had felt the same about other pieces of which the world had thought well, that he could bring himself to send the new production to the printer. The heroism of the scholar and the truth-seeker is not less admirable than the heroism of the man-at-arms.¹¹

Finally, the most central and important of all the commonplaces of the student is that the stuff of which life is made is Time; it is better, as Goethe said, to do the most trifling thing in the world than to think half an hour a trifling thing. Nobody means by this that¹² we are to have no pleasures. Where time is lost and wasted is where many people lose and waste their money—in things that are neither pleasure nor business—in those random and officious sociabilities which neither refresh nor instruct nor invigorate, but only fret and¹³ benumb and wear all the edge off the mind. All these things, however, you have all of you often thought about; yet, alas! we are so ready to forget, both in these matters and in other and weightier, how irrevocable are our mistakes.¹⁴

“The moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.”

XXXVI.

ZENOBIA.

BY EDWARD GIBBON.¹

AURELIAN² had no sooner secured the person and the provinces of Tetricus than he turned his arms against Zenobia,³ the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis,⁴ Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of dark complexion⁵ (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered with the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding⁶ was strengthened and adorned by studying Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.⁷ 11

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who from a private station raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert—lions, panthers, and bears—and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King,⁶ whom they twice pursued as far¹⁵ as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and the people of Rome revered²⁰ a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian⁷ accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrian prince returned to the city of Emesa in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason, and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle, and though admonished of²⁵ his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch, and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse—a mark of ignominy among the barbarians—and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement.

The offence was soon forgotten, but the punishment was remembered, and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she¹⁰ immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus that authority was at an end which the senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining¹⁵ both the senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals, who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia²⁰ was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she ap-²⁵peared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity, and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her an-³⁰cestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius³ acknowledged her merit, and was content that while *he* pursued the Gothic war *she* should *assert the dignity* of the empire in the East.

The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia,⁵ and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but¹⁰ doubtful title of Queen of the East.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia, against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and in-¹⁵trigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage²⁰ of the soldiers: a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius,⁹ the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the Emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from²⁵ necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrian queen. The unexpected mildness of such conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emesa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms. Zenobia would have ill³⁰ deserved her reputation had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar in almost every circumstance

that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by knowing that the first was fought near Antioch and the second near Emesa. In both the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt.

The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the mean time, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war.

After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.¹⁰

XXXVII.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.¹

THEY went till they came to the Delectable Mountains; which mountains belong to the Lord of that Hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards, and fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway-side. The Pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staves, as is common with weary pilgrims, when they stand to talk with any one by the way, they asked, "Whose Delectable Mountains are those? and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?"

SHEPHERDS. These mountains are Immanuel's land, and they are within sight of the City; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

CHRISTIAN. Is this the way to the Celestial City?

SHEP. You are just in your way.

CHR. How far is it thither?

SHEP. Too far for any but those who shall get thither indeed.

CHR. Is the way safe, or dangerous?

SHEP. Safe for those to whom it is to be safe, "but transgressors shall fall therein."

CHR. Is there in this place any relief for Pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

SHEP. The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge "not to be forgetful to entertain strangers"; therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the Shepherds perceived they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you? and how got you into the way? and by what means have you so persevered¹⁰ therein? for but few of them that begin to come hither do show their face on these mountains. But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, "Welcome to the Delectable Mountains!"¹⁵

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were *Knowledge*, *Experience*, *Watchful*, and *Sincere*, took them by the hand, and had them to their tents, and made them partake of what was ready at present. They said, moreover, "We would that you should stay here a while to²⁰ be acquainted with us, and yet more to solace yourselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains." Then they told them that they were content to stay; so they went to rest that night, because it was very late.²⁵

Then I saw in my dream that, in the morning, the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains; so they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds, one to another³⁰, "Shall we show these Pilgrims some wonders?" So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a hill called *Error*, which was very steep on the farthest side, and bid them look down to the

bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, "What meaneth this?" The Shepherds answered, "Have you not heard of them that were made to err by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus?" They answered, "Yes." Then said the Shepherds, "Those that you see dashed to pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied (as you see), for an example to others to take heed how they clamber too high, or how they come too near the brink of this mountain."

Then I saw that they had them to the top of another mountain, and the name of that is *Caution*, and bid them look afar off; which when they did they perceived, as they thought, several men walking up and down among the tombs that were there; and they perceived that the men were blind, because they stumbled sometimes upon the tombs, and because they could not get out from among them. Then said Christian, "What means this?"

The Shepherds then answered, "Did you not see, a little below these mountains, a stile that led into a meadow, on the left hand of this way?" They answered, "Yes." Then, said the Shepherds: "From that stile there goes a path that leads directly to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair; and these men (pointing to them among the tombs) came once on a pilgrimage, as you do now, even until they came to that same stile. And, because the right way was rough in that place, they chose to go out of it into that meadow, and there were taken by Giant Despair and cast into *Doubting Castle*; where, after they had a while been kept in *the dungeon*, he at last put out their eyes, and led them

among those tombs, where he has left them to wander to this very day, that the saying of the wise man might be fulfilled, ‘He that wandereth out by the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead!’” Then Christian and Hopeful looked one upon another with tears gushing out, but yet said nothing to the Shepherds. . . .

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forward, and the Shepherds a desire that they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains.¹⁰ Then said the Shepherds, one to another, “Let us here show the Pilgrims the Gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective-glass.” The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion; so they had them to the top of a high hill, called *Clear*, and¹⁵ gave them the glass to look.

Then they tried to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that the Shepherds had shown them made their hands shake; by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they²⁰ thought they saw something like the Gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Thus they went away and sang this song:

“Thus, by the Shepherds, secrets are revealed,
Which from all other men are kept concealed. 25
Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.”

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them *a note of the way*. Another of them bid *beware of the Flatterer*. The third bid them *take³⁰ heed that they slept not upon the Enchanted Ground*; and the fourth bid them *godspeed*.

So I awoke from my dream.

XXXVIII.

TO A SKYLARK.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.¹

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. c

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,²
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. 20

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 5

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-10
flowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see, 15
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought 20
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour 25
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bow-
er;

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,

Scattering un beholden'
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view ;

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd
 thieves. 10

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 15

Teach us, sprite' or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine ;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 20

Chorus hymeneal'
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 25

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 5

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 10

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 15

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear—
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear—
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near. 20

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 25

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now. 30

XXXIX.

CULTURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY DAVID MASSON.¹

THE fourteenth century in our island was not what we should now hold up as a model age, a soft age, a pleasant age for a lady or gentleman that has been accustomed to modern ideas and modern comforts to be transferred back into. It was the age of the three first Edwards, Richard II., and Henry IV. in England, and of the Wallace interregnum, Bruce, David II., and the two first Stuarts in Scotland. Much was done in it, as these names will suggest, that has come down as picturesque story and stirring popular legend. It is an age, on that account, in which school-boys and other plain uncritical readers of both nations revel with peculiar relish. Critical inquirers, too, and real students of history, especially of late, have found it an age worth their while, and have declared it full of important facts and powerful characters.

Not the less, the inveterate impression among a large number of persons of a rapid modern way of thinking is that all this interesting vision of the England and Scotland of the fourteenth century is mere poetical glamour or antiquarian make-believe, and that the real state of affairs was one of mud, mindlessness, fighting, and scramble generally; no tea and no newspapers, but plenty of hanging, and murder almost *ad libitum*. Now, these are most wrongheaded persons,

and they might be beaten black and blue by sheer force of records. But out of kindness one may take a gentler method with them, and try to bring them right by æsthetic suasion. It so chances, for example, that there are literary remains of the fourteenth century, both English and Scottish, and that the authors of the chief of these were Geoffrey Chaucer,² the father of English literature proper, and John Barbour,³ the father of the English literature of North Britain. Let us take a few bits from Chaucer and Barbour. Purposely, we shall¹⁰ take bits that may be already familiar.

Here is Chaucer's often-quoted description of the scholar, or typical student of Oxford University, from the Prologue to his "Canterbury Tales":

"A Clerk there was of Oxenford ⁴ also,	15
That unto logic haddè long ygo,	
As leanè was his horse as is a rake,	
And <i>he</i> was not right fat, I undertake;	
But lookèd hollow, and thereto soberly.	
Full threadbare was his overest courtepy; ⁵	20
For he had gotten him yet no benefice,	
Ne ⁶ was so worldly for to have office;	
For him was liefer ⁷ have at his bed's head	
A twenty bookès, clothed in black and red,	
Of Aristotle and his philosophie	25
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or sautrie. ⁸	
But, albe that he was a philosópher,	
Yet had he but a little gold in coffer;	
But all that he might of his friendès hent, ⁹	
On bookès and on learning he it spent,	30
And busily gan for the soulés pray	
Of hem that gave him wherewith to scholáy. ¹⁰	
Of study took he most cure and heed;	
Not oe word spak he morè than was need;	
And that was said in form and reverence,	35
And short and quick, and full of high sentence;	
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,	
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."	

Or take an out-doors scene from one of Chaucer's reputed minor poems. It is a description of a grove or wood in spring, or early summer :

“In which were oakés great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of hue,
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches broad, laden with leavès new,
That sprungen out agen the sunnè sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green.”

Or, for a tidy in-doors, take this from another poem :

“And, sooth to sayen, my Chamber was
Full well depainted, and with glass
Were all the windows well yglazed
Full clear, and not an hole ycrased,¹¹
That to behold it was great joy;
For wholly all the story of Troy
Was in the glazing ywrought thus,
Of Hector and of King Priamus,
Of Achilles and of King Laomedón,
And eke of Medea and Jasón,
Of Paris, Helen, and Lavine;
And all the walls with colors fine
Weren paint, both text and glose,¹²
And all the Rómaunt of the Rose:¹³
My windows weren shut each one,
And through the glass the sunnè shone
Upon my bed with bright beams.”

Or take a little bit of Chaucer's deep, keen slyness, when he is speaking smilingly about himself and his own poetry. He has represented himself as standing in the House or Temple of Fame, observing company after company going up to the goddess, and petitioning for renown in the world for what they have done. Some *she grants* what they ask, others she dismisses crest-*fallen*, and Chaucer thinks the levee over :

"With that I gan about to wend,
 For one that stood right at my back
 Methought full goodly to me spak,
 And said, 'Friend, what is thy name?
 Art *thou* come hither to have fame?' 5
 'Nay, forsoothè, friend,' quoth I;
 'I came not hither, gramercy,¹⁴
 For no such causè, by my head.
 Sufficeth me, as I were dead,
 That no wight have *my* name in hand: 10
 I wot¹⁵ myself best how I stand;
 For what I dree¹⁶ or what I think
 I will myselfè all it drink,
 Certain for the morè part,
 As farforth as I ken¹⁷ mine art!' " 15

Chaucer ranks to this day as one of the very greatest and finest minds in the entire literature of the English speech, and stands therefore on a level far higher than can be assumed for his contemporary Barbour. But Barbour was a most creditable old worthy too. Let us²⁰ have a scrap from his "Bruce." Who does not know the famous passage which is the very key-note of that poem? One is never tired of quoting it:

"Ah! freedom is a noble thing;
 Freedom makes man to have liking: 25
 Freedom all solace to man gives;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.
 A noble heart may have nane ease,
 Ne ellys nought that may him please
 Gif¹⁸ freedom faileth; for free liking 30
 Is yearnèd ower all other thing;
 Nor he that aye has livèd free
 May not know weel the propertie,
 The anger, ne the wretched doom,
 That is couplèd to foul thirldom; 35
 But, gif he had essayèd¹⁹ it,
 Then all perquère²⁰ he suld it wit,
 And suld think freedom mair to prize
 Than all the gold in the world that is."

My purpose in quoting passages from Chaucer and Barbour will have been anticipated. We hear sometimes in these days of a certain science, or rather portion of a more general science, which takes to itself the name of *Social Statics*, and professes, under that name, to have for its business the investigation of "possible social simultaneities." That is to say, there may be a science of what can possibly go along with what in any social state or stage; or, to put it otherwise, any one fact or condition of a state of society being given, there may be¹⁰ inferred from that fact or condition some of the other facts and conditions that must necessarily have coexisted with it. Thus at length, perhaps, by continued inference, the whole state of an old society might be imaged out, just as Cuvier, from the sight of one bone, could infer¹⁵ with tolerable accuracy the general structure of the animal. Well, will *Social Statics* be so good as to take the foregoing passages, and whir out of them their "possible social simultaneities?" Were this done, I should be surprised if the England and Scotland of the fourteenth²⁰ century were to turn out so very unlovely, so atrociously barbarian, after all. Where such sentiments existed and were expressed, where the men that could express them lived and were appreciated, the surrounding medium of thought, of institutions, and of customs, must have been²⁵ to correspond. There must have been truth, and honor, and courtesy, and culture, round those men; there must have been high heart, shrewd sense, delicate art, gentle behavior, and, in one part of the island at least, a luxuriant complexity of most subtle and exquisite circum-³⁰stance.

XL.

THE ART OF IMPROVING BEAUTY.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.¹

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives; the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form the good or ill of their lives seems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard anything else but commendations of her features and complexion — by which means she is no other than nature made her, a beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom admitted to a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favor, has studied no arts to please;

Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has only depended on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behavior, severe looks, and distant civilities were the highest favors he could obtain from Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good-humor, familiarity, and innocence of a sister, insomuch that he would often say to her, "Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia." She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasant mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humor he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her that he hoped she would be pleased with—"Faith, Daphne," continued he, "I am in love with *thee*, and despise thy sister sincerely." The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. "Nay," said he, "I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father." He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad; he had no care now left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know anything that has pleased me so much in a great while as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All

her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley,² and laugh at that premeditating murderer, her sister.

As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfection of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seems to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular—for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are,¹⁰ as a people, almost as insufferable as the professed wits:

“M. St. Evremond³ has concluded one of his essays with affirming that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned¹⁵ upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favorite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pretend to improve or preserve it meets with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of²⁰ many false helps and contraband wares of beauty which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South Britain who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favor of²⁵ her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years' study in the University, and a course of travels in most countries in Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

“This has given me occasion to consider how so uni-³⁰versal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion not altogether groundless, that nature may be *helped by art*, may be turned to their advantage.

And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing on themselves, by discovering to them the *true art and secret of preserving* beauty.

“In order to do this, before I touch upon it directly it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz. :

“That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

“That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

“That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

“And, that what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

“From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtue and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favorite works of Nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms, and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

“It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of the sex which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of the natural extent of their power, to put them on a level with the pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation

of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's^s innocence, piety, good-humor, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the¹⁰ eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

“When Adam is introduced by Milton describing Eve¹⁵ in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them and gave them their power of charming. 20

‘Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.’⁶

“Without this irradiating power the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed²⁵ and dead.”

I cannot better close this moral than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:³⁰

“Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die,
Which when alive did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live.”

XLI.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. JOHN BROWN.¹

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how or why.

When we got to the top of the street and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac² says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action.¹⁵ This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy, be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and not a wicked interest that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induc-

tion. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes"; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downward and inward to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thorough-bred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling¹⁰ a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had¹⁵ their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat, and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any²⁰ man, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from²⁵ the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his³⁰ might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend, who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds ; death not far off. " Snuff ! a pinch of snuff !" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck,* with an eye-glass in his eye. " Snuff, indeed !" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. " Snuff ! a pinch of snuff !" again observes the buck, but with more urgency ; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course ; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free ! ¹⁰

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, comforting him.

But the bull-terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him ; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief ; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I and our small men panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets ; he is old, gray,²⁰ brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearian dewlaps⁴ shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes,²⁵ roar ; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this ? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled !* The bailies⁶ had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could ; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin ; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness ; the strap across his mouth tense as a

bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob, and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped limp¹⁰ and dead. A solemn pause. This was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back, like a rat, and broken it. ¹⁵

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff.²⁰ He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candle-maker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his²⁵ gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something.

"Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart—his ears³⁰ down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be, thought I, to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eager-

ly told him the story which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man; puir Rabbie!" whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip was given to Jess, and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, of course.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog—Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week on the Wednesday, and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon I was leaving the hospital when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place—like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from

age, with her cart, and in it a woman carefully wrapped up, the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income, we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. 10

I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*,* delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch,⁶ white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees ¹⁵ only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it—her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful counte-²⁰ nance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing, and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside ²⁵ and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The con-³⁰ trast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly

* It is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

“As I was sayin’, she’s got a kind o’ trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak’ a look at it?” We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse on the same terms.¹⁰ Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and without a word showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once¹¹ been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so “full of all blessed conditions,” hard as a stone—a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet, resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome.¹² Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. “May Rab and me bide?” said James. “*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself.” “I’s e warrant he’s do that, doctor;” and in¹³ slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray, like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion’s; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort¹⁴ of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds weight at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night; a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming

out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud¹⁰ were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute¹⁵ supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity* of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men.²⁰ Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Rev. Andrew Fuller.† The same

* A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much more solemn than the other dogs, said, "Oh, sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him—he just never can get enuff²⁵ o' fechtin'."

† Fuller was, in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say that when he³⁰ was in the pulpit, and saw a *buirldly* man come along the passage, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists, and tending to "square." He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached—what "The Fancy"³⁵ would call "an ugly customer."

large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look—as of thunder asleep, but ready; neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day my master the surgeon examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She courtesied, looked at James, and said, “When?” “To-morrow,” said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James¹⁰ and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small, well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words,

“An operation to-day. J. B., *Clerk.*”

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. “What’s the case?” “Which side is it?”

Don’t think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work—and in them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These

rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste, dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous—forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled, and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then turning to the surgeon and the students, she courtesies, and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed

with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer stryngie nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang about on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell,⁹ peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small shrewd eyes out of the darkness fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild;¹⁰ declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short, kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.⁹

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my

patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; the mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle—

"The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way";

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "*fremyt*" voice, and he starting up sur-

prised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad.

James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed¹⁰—that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter; and yet she was not¹⁰ alone, for we know whose rod and staff¹¹ were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her child; holding it close, and brooding¹² over it, and murmuring foolish little words. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And

then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom. 10

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly"; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still, her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her¹⁵ calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing²⁰ quick, and passed away so gently that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the²⁵ mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James³⁰ had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some

time, saying nothing ; he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering, in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore !"

I believe he never did ; nor after either. "Rab !" he said, roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leaped up and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait¹⁰ for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down-stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window ; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid ; so I sat¹⁵ down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo* ; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out ; and there, at the²⁰ gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart, a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James ; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out²⁵—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off, yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets, having at their corners³⁰ "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and

after having walked many a mile over the hills may have seen her sitting, while “a’ the lave were sleepin’,” and by the firelight working her name on the blankets for her ain James’s bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face strode along the passage, and down-stairs, followed by Rab. I followed¹⁰ with a light; but he didn’t need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as ten-¹⁵ derly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only “A. G.”—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not no-²⁰ tice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart. I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that com-²⁵ pany going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past “haunted Woodhouselee”; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs,³⁰ and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again¹⁰ made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week of the new carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's¹⁵ Rab?" He put me off, and said, rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said²⁰ he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss¹⁹ wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempet him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak' naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and²⁵ he was aye gur gurrin', and grup grupp²⁶in' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg—his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends³⁰ gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

XLII.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Minstrel' came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?—
There is no breeze upon the fern,
Nor ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,²
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war³
That up the lake comes winding far!

To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frown'd,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd. 10
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake, 15
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward' scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe, 20
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its power to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow. 25
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen, 30
Dive through the pass the archer-men.
At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,

As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear:

For life! for life! their plight they ply—

And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,

And plaids and bonnets waving high,

And broadswords flashing to the sky,

Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,

Pursuers and pursued;

Before that tide of flight and chase

How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood?

"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe!"

Like reeds before the tempest's frown

That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay levell'd low;

And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide.

"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their tinchel' crows the game!

They come as fleet as forest deer—

We'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them, in their course,

The relics of the archer force,

Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,

Right onward did Clan Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright

Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below;

And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang !
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank—
“ My banner-man, advance !
I see,” he cried, “ their column shake.
Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance ! ”
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom ;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then ?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And reflux through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd ;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass :
None linger now upon the plain
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XLIII.

MY INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON.

BY JAMES BOSWELL.¹

AT last, on Monday, 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure,¹⁰ from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds² soon after he had published his dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua Reynolds kindly presented to me, and from¹⁵ which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."²⁰ "From Scotland!" cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland; but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry, to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the²⁵ expense of my country. But, however that might be,

this speech was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "Come from Scotland"—which I used in the sense of being of that country—and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and, when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick' longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.* I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced:

“People,” he remarked, “may be taken in once who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.”

“In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength, or great wisdom, is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities—such as those of birth and fortune and rank, that dissipate men’s attentions, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind.”

“Sir, this book [“The Elements of Criticism” which he had taken up] is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical.”

Speaking of one who, with more than ordinary boldness, attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, “I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief-justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen, and have him well ducked.”

“The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling.”

“Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory.⁷ Ridicule has gone down before him; and, I doubt Derrick is his enemy.”

“Derrick may do very well as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over.”

It is, however, but just to record that, some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying: "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

XLIV.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.¹

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new

irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient, and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be dis-

couraged by fancied impossibilities may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this it has probably proceeded that, among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amid the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus' was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment—hopes which always flattered and always deceived him—he yet found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books that he will stand forever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers by informing us that the “Praise of Folly,” one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy, “lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.”

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that *Time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abun-

dantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to be wasted by negligence, to be overruled with various talents of hand out for show rather than for use.

XLV.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCY.

THE flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings *seems* more rapid, and this flight startles us like guilty things, with a more affecting *sense* of rapidity, when a distant church-clock strikes in the night-time: or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss in such a case seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable until it is announced to us that *is* already they have perished.

We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries—a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside—seems also as in part a robbery, sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time; that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular *degree* in which we suffer by this robbery depends *much* upon the weakness with which we

ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energies with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts.

The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent rope-of-pearl necklace by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off forever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably while she was yet sleeping, and of many besides that must follow before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewelly hemorrhage.

A constant hemorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days, and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means—namely, the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lâcheté*. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor: "My friend, you make very free with your days! Pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?"

Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of twenty-five thousand five hundred and

fifty days ; to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a bonus on account of leap-years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item—namely, sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect, also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life—namely, above seven thousand days—before you can have obtained any skill of system or definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item, which among the Roman armies was indicated by the technical phrase “*corpus curare*,” tendance on the animal necessities—namely, eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise—deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties ; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of “forty days,” you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor.

25

A solid block of about eleven and a half years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After that the night comes, when no man can work ; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable ; or if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

XLVI.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

BY JOHN KEATS.¹

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards² had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad³ of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal⁴ song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,⁵
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus^o and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards. 10
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown 15
Through verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows: 20
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, 25
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.'

Darkling^o I listen, and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath. 30

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth,⁹ when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll¹⁰ me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades.

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music; do I wake or sleep?

XLVII.

SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

BY MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT.¹

LORENZO² fell ill in the early spring of the year 1492, and then occurred a scene which has been often told and retold, but which is one of the most striking and remarkable of that or any time. Lorenzo was still in the full vigor of his life and of his great powers, Florence at his feet, flatterers on every side, and everything going well with him when his summons came. So he had said and sung: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" words often lightly said, and gayly, though they embody the very soul and essence of despair. When¹⁰ that to-morrow comes, however, few of the believers in this so-called gay philosophy find much comfort in the eating and drinking, the revelry and enjoyment, of the past; and when it was Lorenzo's turn suddenly out of his sunshine to enter this gloom, conscience awoke with-¹⁵ in him. He thought upon certain things he had done, which no charitable interpretation could explain away, or cheerful sophistry account for, and an agony of desire to get himself pardoned arose in his mind. He was too able and clear-sighted not to see through those²⁰ parasites, the Fra Marianos, who flattered and humored him as much as his secular friends did. Only one man could the dying magnifico think of, whose absolution would be sufficiently real and true to carry comfort with it, and that one man was the friar³ who had repulsed²⁵ him, the *Mordecai*⁴ in his gates, the Dominican stranger,

who no doubt had appeared an arrogant and intolerant priest, notwithstanding his genius, to the genial prince who, for the sake of that genius, had condescended to seek him. That this should have been the case is a singular and touching testimony to the character of Lorenzo.

He sent to San Marco^o for the Prior when he felt his state desperate. "I am not the person he wants; we should not agree; and it is not expedient that I should go to him," said Savonarola. Lorenzo sent back^o his messenger at once, declaring his readiness to agree with the Prior in everything, and to do whatever his reverence bade; and upon this promise the prophet was induced to obey the summons.

It was in the village of Careggi, amid the olive gardens, that Lorenzo lay dying among all the beautiful things he loved. As the Prior took his way through the Porta San Gallo up the hill, with the companion whose duty it was to follow, he told this monk that Lorenzo was about to die. This was, no doubt, a very^o simple anticipation, but everything the prophet said was looked upon by his half-adoring followers as prophecy. When the two monks reached the beautiful house from which so often the magnificent Lorenzo had looked out upon his glorious Florence, and in which his life of luxury, learned and gay, had culminated, the Prior was led to the chamber in which the owner of all these riches lay, hopeless and helpless, in what ought to have been the prime of his days, with visions of sacked cities and robbed orphans distracting his dying mind, and no aid^o to be got from either beauty or learning.

"Father," said Lorenzo, "there are three things which drag me back and throw me into despair, and I know not if God will ever pardon me for them." These were

the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and the massacre of Pazzi. To this Savonarola answered by reminding his penitent of the mercy of God. We quote the dramatic climax of this scene from the detailed and simple narrative of Burlamacchi, who seems to us, at least, a satisfactory witness :

“ ‘Lorenzo,’ he said, ‘be not despairing, for God is merciful, and will be merciful to you, if you will do the three things I will tell you.’ Then said Lorenzo, ‘What are these three things?’ The Padre answered, ‘The first¹⁰ is that you should have a great and living faith that God can and will pardon you.’ To which Lorenzo answered, ‘This is a great thing, and I do believe it.’ The Padre added, ‘It is also necessary that everything wrongfully acquired should be given back by you, in¹⁵ so far as you can do this, and still leave to your children as much as will maintain them as private citizens.’ These words drove Lorenzo nearly out of himself; but afterwards he said, ‘This also will I do.’ The Padre then went on to the third thing, and said, ‘Lastly, it is²⁰ necessary that freedom, and her popular government, according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence.’ At this speech Lorenzo turned his back upon him, nor ever said another word. Upon which the Padre left him and went away without other con-²⁵ fession.”

We do not know where to find a more remarkable scene. Never before, so far as we can ascertain, had these two notable beings looked at each other face to face, or interchanged words. They met at the supreme³⁰ moment of the life of one, to confer there upon the edge of eternity and part, but not in a petty quarrel; each great in his way, the prince turning his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul, the friar drawing his cowl

over his head, solemn, unblessing, but not unpitiful—they separated after their one interview. “Talking of Lorenzo afterwards, the Padre would say that he had never known a man so well endowed by God with all natural graces; and that he grieved greatly not to have been sooner called to him, because he trusted in the grace of God that Lorenzo might then have found salvation.” Curious revenge of one great soul upon another: the prince had sought the unwilling preacher in vain when all was well with Lorenzo; but the preacher “grieved greatly” not to have been sooner called when at last they met; and Savonarola recognized in the great Medici a man worth struggling for—a fellow and peer of his own.

Thus Lorenzo died at forty-four, in the height of his days, with those distracting visions in his dying eyes—the sacked city, the murdered innocents of Pazzi blood, the poor maidens robbed in their orphanage:

“In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingle war’s rattle with groans of the dying.”

He had been victorious and splendid all his days, but the battle was lost at last, and the prophet by the side of his princely bed intimated to Lorenzo, in that last demand to which he would make no answer, the subversion of all his work, the downfall of his family, the escape of Florence from the skilful hands which had held her so long.

The spectator, looking on at this strange and lofty conflict of the two most notable figures of their time, feels almost as much sympathy for Lorenzo, proud and sad, refusing to consent to that ruin which was inevitable, as with the patriotic monk, lover of freedom as of truth, who could no more absolve a despot at his

end than he could play a courtier's part during his life. As that cowed figure traversed the sunny marbles of the loggia,⁶ in the glow of the April morning, leaving death and bitterness behind, what thoughts must have been in both hearts! The one, sovereign still in Florence, reigning for himself and his own will and pleasure, proudly and sadly turned his face to the wall, holding fast his sceptre, though his moments were numbered; the other, not less sadly, a sovereign too, to whom that sceptre was to fall, and who¹⁰ should reign for God and goodness, went forth into the spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, and the City of Flowers lying before him, white campanile⁷ and red dome glistening in the early light. Life with the one, death with the other; but Nature, calm and¹⁵ fair, and this long-lived, everlasting earth, to which men great and small are things of a moment, encircling both. Careggi still stands smiling on the wealthy slope, looking from its many windows and its painted loggia upon Florence, proving that its great master was wrong²⁰ when he sang, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" for this far-distant to-morrow has more knowledge of that death-bed scene of his than of all the festas and all the singing that has happened there since his time.

25

Lorenzo de' Medici died, leaving, as such men do, the deluge after him, and a foolish and feeble heir to contend with Florence roused and turbulent, and all the troubles and stormy chances of Italian politics; while the Prior of San Marco returned to his cell and his pul-³⁰pit—from which, for a few years thereafter, he was to rule over his city and the spirits of men—a reign more wonderful than any that Florence had ever seen.

XLVIII.

THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.¹

DR. JOHN BROWN'S pleasant story has become well known, of the countryman who, being asked to account for the gravity of his dog, replied, "Oh, sir, life is full of sairiousness to him—he can just never get eneugh o' fechtin!"² Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it—our men of letters. They are all very serious and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands—ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt,³ who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry:

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube-root with a feeling of enthusiasm, and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over 'Coke upon Lyttelton.'⁴ He who is not in some measure a pedant, though he may be a wise cannot be a very happy man."

Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may

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Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may

be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behalf literature exists—the class of readers—I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognize in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith⁵ makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister: “I say I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests¹⁰ of his country; and then you tell me that he is devoted to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the Master Percevals. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved the country.”

What can books do for us? Dr. Johnson, the least¹⁵ pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nutshell (a cocoanut-shell, if you will—Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great Doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires!), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life²⁰ or endure it. “Give us enjoyment!” “Teach us endurance!” Harken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever unsatisfied and always suffering humanity!

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand?

25

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick, of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival per-³⁰sonalities—hence the number and the popularity of novels. No lack of characters, and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept “moving on.”

When those who are addicted to what is called "improving reading" inquire of you, petulantly, why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion, they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason in the nature of things why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary. . . .

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce: toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books—these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases, the warrior place his men as he likes,¹⁵ the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can—when the dish is served we only ask, Is it good?—when the battle has been fought, Who won?—when the book comes out, Does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that²⁰ it is their first duty to write agreeably—some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing so, and there is therefore no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and²⁵ has, consequently, no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please; to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their³⁰ sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures; and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is, happily, legion.

XLIX.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
IN SEVEN PARTS.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.¹

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-feast
and detaineth
one.

“The Bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May’st hear the merry din.”

5

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he—
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

10

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-
guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
seafaring man,
and constrained 15
to hear his tale.

The Wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:

20

The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the light-house top.

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind and
 fair weather,
 till it reached
 the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he;
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea!
 Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-
 guest heareth
 the bridal mu-
 sic; but the
 Mariner contin-
 ueth his tale.

The Wedding-guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.
 The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-guest he beat' his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner:

The ship drawn
 by a storm tow-
 ards the south
 pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and 'he'
 Was tyrannous and strong;
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.
 With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head;
 The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold;
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts⁴
 Did send a dismal sheen;
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The land of ice,
 and of fearful
 sounds, where
 no living thing
 was to be seen. 5

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around;
 It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
 Like noises in a swound!⁵

10

At length did cross an Albatross;
 Thorough⁶ the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hail'd it in God's name.

Till a great sea-
 bird, called the
 Albatross, came
 through the
 snow-fog, and
 was received 15
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The helmsman steer'd us through!

20

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the
 Albatross prov-
 eth a bird of
 good omen, and
 followeth the
 ship as it re-
 turned north-
 ward through
 fog and floating
 ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perch'd for vespers nine;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmer'd the white Moonshine.

25

The ancient
Mariner inhospitably
killeth the pious bird of
good omen.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?”—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient
Mariner for
killing the bird
of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the
fog cleared off
they justify the
same, and thus
make them-
selves accom-
plices in the
crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
continues, the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward even till
it reaches the
line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

The ship hath
 been suddenly
 becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

5

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

10

Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross
 begins to
 be avenged.

15

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

20

About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires⁹ danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green and blue and white.

A spirit had followed them;
 one of the invisible inhabitants
 of this planet, neither departed
 souls nor angels; concerning
 whom the learned Jew,
 Josephus, and the Platonic
 Constantinopolitan, Michael
 Peellius, may be consulted. They
 are very numerous, and there is
 no climate or element without
 one or more.

And some in dreams assured were
 Of the spirit that plagued us so;
 Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
 From the land of mist and snow.

25

And every tongue, through utter drouth,
 Was wither'd at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates,
 in their sore dis-
 tress, would
 fain throw the
 whole guilt on
 the ancient
 Mariner; in
 sign whereof
 they hang the
 dead sea-bird
 round his neck.

Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the Cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
 Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time! A weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye!
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.

The ancient
 Mariner behold-
 eth a sign in the
 element afar
 off.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
 And then it seem'd a mist;
 It moved and moved, and took at last
 A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
 And still it near'd and near'd;
 And as if it dodged a water-sprite,
 It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him to
 be a ship; and
 at a dear ran-
 som he freeth
 his speech from
 the bonds of
 thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! ¹⁰ they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy;

5

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
 The day was wellnigh done;
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

10

15

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

20

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

25

The spectre-woman and her death-mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold;
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

5

Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 "The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within the courts of the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
 At one stride comes the Dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

10

We listen'd and look'd sidewise up;
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seem'd to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd
 white;

15

At the rising of the Moon,

From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

20

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
 And curs'd me with his eye.

25

His shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropp'd down one by one.

30

The souls did from their bodies fly—
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it pass'd me by,
 Like the whiz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-
 Death begins
 her work on the
 ancient Mari-
 ner.

PART IV.

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 I fear thy skinny hand;
 And thou art long and lank and brown,
 As is the ribb'd sea-sand.
 I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand so brown.”
 Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-guest!
 This body dropt not down.

The Wedding-
 guest feareth
 that a spirit is
 talking to him; 5

Alone, alone—all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide, wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

But the ancient
 Mariner assur-
 eth him of his
 bodily life, and
 proceedeth to
 relate his horri-
 ble penance. 10

The many men, so beautiful!
 And they all dead did lie;
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived on—and so did I.

He despiseth
 the creatures of
 the calm. 15

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away;
 I look'd upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.
 I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

And envieth
 that they
 should live and
 so many lie
 dead. 20

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
 sky,
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of
 the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they;
 The look with which they look'd on me
 Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-
 ness and fixed-
 ness he yearn-
 eth towards the
 journeying
 Moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward;
 and everywhere
 the blue sky be-
 longs to them,
 and is their ap-
 pointed rest,
 and their native
 country and
 their own natu-
 ral homes,
 which they en-
 ter unan-
 nounced, as
 lords that are
 certainly ex-
 pected, and yet
 there is a silent
 joy at their ar-
 rival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide;
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—
 Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway
 A still and awful red.

By the light of
 the Moon he
 beholdeth God's
 creatures of the
 great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd the water-snakes;
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they rear'd, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watch'd their rich attire;
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coil'd and swam; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare;
 A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
 And I bless'd them unaware!
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I bless'd them unaware!

Their beauty
 and their happi-
 ness.

He blesseth
 them in his
 heart.

10

The self-same moment I could pray,
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell be-
 gins to break.

15

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole;
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

20

The silly" buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remain'd,
 I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
 And when I awoke it rain'd.

By grace of the
 holy Mother,
 the ancient
 Mariner is re-
 freshed with
 rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

25

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.
 And soon I heard a roaring wind;
 It did not come anear,
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and com-
 motions in the
 sky and the
 element.

The upper air burst into life,
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about;
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain pour'd down from one black
 cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side;
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspirited,
 and the ship
 moves on;

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on;
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

5

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee;
 The body and I pull'd at one rope,
 But he said naught to me.

10

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
 Be calm, thou Wedding-guest!
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by de-
 mons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the in-
 vocation of the
 guardian saint. 15

For when it dawn'd, they dropp'd their arms,
 And cluster'd round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mix'd, now one by one.

20

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

25

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on 5
 A pleasant noise till noon;
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune. 10

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe;
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
 spirit from the
 south pole car-
 ries on the ship
 as far as the
 line, in obedi-
 ence to the an-
 gelic troop, but
 still requireth
 vengeance.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep, 15
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The Spirit slid: and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also. 20

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fix'd her to the ocean;
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backward and forward half her length, 25
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound;
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond. 30

PART VI.

And now this spell was snapt; once more The curse is
finally expiated.
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road 5
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. 10

But soon there breathed a wind on me
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek 15
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too: 20
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree? And the ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native country.
25

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
“O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.”

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve¹ my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This Hermit good lives in that wood

The Hermit of
the wood

Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

5

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
“Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?”

10

“Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit said—
“And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd, and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

15

“Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along,
When the ivy-tod^{'s} is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.”

20

“Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look”
(The Pilot made reply).
“I am a-fear'd”—“Push on, push on!”
Said the Hermit, cheerily.

25

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

the ship sud-
 dily sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drow—n'd
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd
 And fell down in a fit;
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 "Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
 The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
 I stood on the firm land!
 The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!”
 The Hermit cross'd his brow.
 “Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say
 What manner of man art thou?”

The ancient
 Mariner ear-
 nestly entreat-
 eth the Hermit
 to shrieve him;
 and the penance
 of life falls on
 him.

5

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale,
 And then it left me free.

10

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns;
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

And ever and
 anon through-
 out his future
 life an agony
 constraineth
 him to travel
 from land to
 land;

15

I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 The moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me:
 To him my tale I teach.

20

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
 The wedding-guests are there:
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are:
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

25

O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea:
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,
 by his own ex-
 ample, love
 and reverence to
 all things that
 God made and
 loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-guest,
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
 Turn'd from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
 And is of sense forlorn:
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

L.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.¹

ON Friday, the 3d of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion; but in a voyage of such expectation and importance every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose the 10 day after she left the harbor, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill-appointed as to be very im-15 proper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands,20 on the 6th day of September.

To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of25 the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they

put to sea he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line or instruments for observation were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on¹⁰ the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavored to conceal from them the real progress which they made.¹⁵ With this view, though they run eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the voyage. By the 14th of September the fleet was above²⁰ two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did²⁵ not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west, and as they proceeded this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far *from the usual course of navigation*; nature itself seemed *to be altered*, and the only guide which they had left

was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs. 5

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before 10 this steady gale with such uniform rapidity that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as 15 to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their further progress, and conceal 20 dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the 25 same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes. 30

Upon the first day of October, they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be *intimidated* by the prodigious length of the

navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues ; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea ; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible ; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious ; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity¹⁰ or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to¹¹ reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship.¹² From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals² and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner as to hazard the lives of so many of¹³ her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical³ scheme. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea ; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which¹⁴ had hitherto been so favorable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. *All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety de*

pended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst¹⁰ out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress¹⁵ he had made, and confident of success.⁴

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of²⁰ the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success²⁵ than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordina-³⁰ tion was lost: the officers who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their com-

mander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command, for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries

perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck,¹⁰ gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierrez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Guttierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!*²⁰ was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morn-²⁵ing dawned all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen, about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pin-³⁰ta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed

by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitude and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

LI.

LITERATURE, A STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.¹

IF Physical Science be dangerous, it is dangerous because it necessarily ignores the idea of moral evil; but Literature is open to the more grievous imputation of recognizing and understanding it too well. Some one will say to me, perhaps: "Our youth shall not be corrupted. We will dispense with all general or national Literature whatever, if it be so exceptionable; we will have a Christian Literature of our own, as pure, as true, as the Jewish." You cannot have it—I do not say you cannot form a select literature for the young, nay, even for the middle or lower classes; this is another matter altogether: I am speaking of University Education, which implies an extended range of reading, which has to deal with standard works of genius, or what are called the *classics* of a language: and I say, from the nature of the case, if Literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian Literature.

It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless Literature of sinful man. You may gather together something very great and high, something higher than any Literature ever was; and when you have done so, you will find that it is not Literature at all. You will have simply left the delineation of man, as such, and have substituted for it, as far as you have had anything to substitute, that of man as he is, or might be, under certain special advantages. Give up the study of man, as

such, if so it must be ; but say you do so. Do not say you are studying him, his history, his mind and his heart, when you are studying something else. Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises these various gifts in various ways, in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. He founds States, he fights battles, he builds cities, he ploughs the forest, he subdues the elements, he rules his kind. He creates vast ideas, and influences many generations. He takes a thousand shapes, and undergoes a thousand fortunes. Literature records them all to the life :

“ Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus.”²

He pours out his fervid soul in poetry ; he sways to and fro, he soars, dives, in his restless speculations ; his lips drop eloquence ; he touches the canvas, and it glows with beauty ; he sweeps the strings, and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning. He looks back into himself, and he reads his own thoughts and notes them down ; he looks out into the universe, and tells over and celebrates the elements and principles of which it is the product.

Such is man : put him aside, keep him before you ; but, whatever you do, do not take him for what he is not, for something more divine and sacred, for man regenerate. Nay, beware of showing God's grace and its work at such disadvantage as to make the few whom it has thoroughly influenced compete in intellect with the vast multitude who either have it not or use it ill. The elect are few to choose out of, and the world is inexhaustible. From the first, Jabal³ and Tubal-cain, Nimrod “ the stout hunter,” the learning of the Pharaohs, and the wisdom of the East country, are of the world. Every now and then they are rivalled by a Solomon or

a Beseleel, but the *habitat* of natural gifts is the natural man. The Church may use them, she cannot at her will originate them. Not till the whole human race is made new will its literature be pure and true. Possible, of course, it is in idea for nature, inspired by heavenly grace, to exhibit itself on a large scale, in an originality of thought or action, even far beyond what the world's literature has recorded or exemplified; but if you would in fact have a literature of saints, first of all have a nation of them.

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Human literature is about all things, grave or gay, painful or pleasant; but the Inspired Word views them only in one aspect, and as they tend to one scope. It gives us little insight into the fertile developments of mind; it has no terms in its vocabulary to express with exactness the intellect and its separate faculties: it knows nothing of genius, fancy, wit, invention, presence of mind, resource. It does not discourse of empire, commerce, enterprise, learning, philosophy, or the fine arts. Slightly, too, does it touch on the more simple and innocent courses of nature and their reward. Little does it say of those temporal blessings which rest upon our worldly occupations and make them easy; of the blessings which we derive from the sunshine day and the serene night, from the succession of the seasons and the produce of the earth. Little about our recreations and our daily domestic comforts; little about the ordinary occasions of festivity and mirth, which sweeten human life; and nothing at all about various pursuits and amusements, which it would be going too much into detail to mention. We read, indeed, of the feast when Isaac was weaned, and of Jacob's courtship, and of the religious merrymakings of holy Job; but exceptions such as these do but remind us what might be in Script-

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ure, and is not. If, then, by Literature is meant the manifestation of human nature in human language, you will seek for it in vain except in the world. Put up with it, as it is, or do not pretend to cultivate it; take things as they are, not as you could wish them.

LII.

THE WATER-GATE OF THE TOWER.

BY WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.¹

It is London, in the reign of Bluff King Hal²—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the King, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's Stair, stands a burly figure; tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a dagger by his side, a George³ upon his breast. It is the King, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains; fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front, and a long arrear of craft behind.

From the first barge lands the lord mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque City Companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling

out a welcome to the Queen ; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman, but a great day in the glory of English life. Now is the morning-time of a new era ; for on this bright May

“The Gospel light first shines from Boleyn’s eyes,”

11

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

The King catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in through the Byward Tower.

10

The picture fades from view and presently reappears. Is it the same ? The Queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the pretence is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair ; no guns disturb the sky ; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge ; no train of aldermen and masters wait upon the Queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years ; yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the King’s arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen cannot write ; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

When she alights on the Queen’s Stair she turns to Sir William Kingston, and asks, “Must I go into a dungeon ?” “No, madam,” says the constable ; “you will lie in the same room which you occupied before.” She falls on her knees. “It is too good for me,” she cries ; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the Sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart ; saying she is free from sin, and that she is and has always been, the King’s true wedded wife.

“Shall I die without justice?” she inquires. “Madam,” says Kingston, “the poorest subject would have justice.” The lady only laughs a feeble laugh.

Other and not less tragic scenes drew crowds to the Water-way from the Thames.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest peers—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth; William Wallace, David Bruce, Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the¹⁰ splendor, poetry, and sentiment of our national glory are embalmed. Most of them left it, high in rank and rich in life, to return by the same dark passage, in a few brief hours, poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of¹⁵ their fellows, already *dead*.

From this gate-way went the barge of that Duke of Buckingham, the rival of Wolsey, the last permanent High Constable of England. Buckingham had not dreamed that an offence so slight as his could bring into²⁰ the dust so proud a head; for his offence was nothing: some silly words which he had bandied in the “Rose,” a City tavern, about the young king’s journey into France. He could not see that his head was struck because it moved so high; nay, his proud boast that if his²⁵ enemies sent him to the Tower, ten thousand friends would storm the walls to set him free, was perhaps the occasion of his fall. When sentence of death was given he marched back to his barge, where Sir Thomas Lovel, then constable, stood ready to hand him to the seat of³⁰ honor. “Nay,” said the duke to Lovel, “not so now. When I came to Westminster I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, now I am but poor *Edward Stafford*.”

Landing at the Temple Stair, he was marched along Fleet Street, through St. Paul's Church-yard, and by way of Cheap to the Tower; the axe borne before him all the way; Sir William Sandys holding him by the right arm, Sir Nicholas Vaux by the left. A band of Augustine friars stood praying round the block; and when his head had fallen into the dust they bore his remains to St. Austin's Church.

On these steps, too, beneath this Water-gate, Elizabeth,⁴ then a young fair girl, with gentle, feminine face and¹⁰ golden hair, was landed by her jealous sister's servants. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir¹⁵ John Gage, the constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. "Are all these harnessed men for me?" she asked. "No, madam," said Sir John. "Yea," she replied, "I know it is so." Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone²⁰ steps she exclaimed, in a spirit prouder than her looks—for in her youth she had none of that leonine⁵ beauty of her later years—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it." Perhaps she was thinking²⁵ of her mother, who landed on the neighboring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she was accused. In those two attitudes of appeal one reads the nature of these two³⁰ proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees.

LIII.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.¹

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers—

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—

The old tree is leafless in the forest—

The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—

The old hope is hardest to be lost;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Father-land?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.

"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime."
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer: "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our head, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all the day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

"How long," they say, "how long, O' cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
 And your purple shows your path!
 But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence
 Than the strong man in his wrath!"

LIV.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1587.

BY WALTER BESANT.¹

It was Christmas Day—None Other—the Day when
 Peace and Good-Will should Reign among Men—that¹⁰
 our Peace was rudely interrupted. We awoke in the
 Morning and arose long before Daybreak, expecting
 Nothing more than a Day of Feasting and Rejoicing,
 with Twelve more Days to Follow, all of Mirth and
 Joy. Well: Feasting there was. As for the Rejoicing¹⁵
 —but you shall hear.

In the Morning all my Father's Tenants and the
 Servants gathered about Eight of the Clock in the Hall.
 Here we met them, and after Christmas Greetings—all
 the Old Customs did not Perish when the Religion was²⁰
 changed—the Black Jack went Round full of Strong
 October instead of Small Ale, and the Men sat down to
 the great Christmas Sausage with Toast and Cheese.

After Breakfast we all went together to Church.
 'Twas a still Morning, the Snow falling, and the Ditches²⁵
 frozen over. *Such a Christmas Morning one loves, when*

the World seems Hushed and Awed by the Tremendous Event of the Night. In every Church, methinks, on that Morning, is a Manger; every Star is the Star of Bethlehem; the Way of Walsingham,² as the People still call the Milky Way, points to the Church in every Parish. In this Night, they say, the Cock awoke and crow'd, "Christ is Born." Then the Raven awoke and croak'd, "When?" And the Crow reply'd, "This Night." And the Ox ask'd, "Where?" And the Sheep reply'd, "In Bethlehem."¹⁰

My Father led the Way, and after him I walked with my Brother, and all the People after, save the Maids, who were wanted by the Cook to dress and serve the Christmas Feast. That, to be sure, was ready long before, with its Store of Christmas Pye, Shrid Pye, Plum¹⁵ Pudding, and Plum Porridge; its Beef and Turkeys—none so good as those from Norfolk; its Capons, Fat Geese, and Manchets.

Sermon over, the People flock'd out, and we follow'd. But in the Porch, waiting for Speech with Sir Francis,²⁰ was none other than Sir Humphrey Hayes, and with him Will and two or three Grave Merchants of Wells. So Sir Humphrey went into the Church and talk'd for the Space of ten Minutes, and then they came forth. My Father, instead of walking through the People, who²⁵ were waiting in two Lines for us to pass, mounted the Steps of the old Church Cross, where he stood looking mighty³ Grave, so that all the World could tell that he had News to tell. Sir Humphrey remain'd in the Porch with Sir Anthony and the Merchants.³⁰

Then my Father spoke.

"My Friends," he say'd, "here is News which is likely to be a Mar-Feast. Yet needs must that I tell you. *It is such* News as I had hoped never to hear in my Life

time. Yet, since it has been threaten'd long, surely the Sooner it happens the Better, while we have Stomach for the Fight. You all know how the King of Spain, once the Consort of Queen Mary, doth continually devise Mischief to this Country. That has long been known. Nor will anything, we are convinc'd, assuage his Hellish Malice and Rage Insatiable. Briefly, then, he now Aims at Nothing short of the Subjugation of this Realm, the Enslaving of us all, and the Overthrow of our Free Religion. Doubtless he hath been more¹⁰ than commonly Enraged by the Great Havoc wrought among his Ships by our Brave Commander, Francis Drake.⁴ Wherefore, having few Ships of his own, he hath bought or borrow'd from Venice, Genoa, and other Ports so great a Fleet⁵ as was never before gotten to-¹⁵ gether, which he is now fitting out with Guns and Men and Muniments of War, intending to launch it against this Country as soon as the Winter is over. Nay, it is not so vast but what, with the Blessing of the Lord, we shall know how to meet it. But every Man who can²⁰ handle a Pike and carry a Harquebus will be wanted. Wherefore you will go Home to your Christmas Fare with the Knowledge that you must shortly Fight for your Liberties and your Religion. Keep the Feast joyfully, in the Firm Trust that the Lord will protect His²⁵ Servants.

“My Lads,” he continu'd, “I know that you will all play the Part of Men, seeing what is before you if you Play that of Cowards. Every Seaport will, according to its Means, contribute a Ship or more towards the³⁰ Fleet which the Queen will raise to meet this great Expedition. There is talk of Ten Ships or more from the City of London. Wells is but a small Port, but we will do our *Part*, and if we get Volunteers we will, with the

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Blessing of God, send one Tall Ship, well armed and equipped, to strike a Blow for Freedom and for Faith. My Lads"—here he raised his hat—"God save the Queen! Who volunteers?"

Roger and Will sprang forward the first, drawing their Swords with a Shout. Then one of the Village Lads—'twas a mere Stable Boy—stepped forth and lugged off his Hat and pulled his Forelock. "May it Please your Honor to take me," he said. And then another and another—oh, Brave Lads of Burnham!—till from our Little Village alone there were a Dozen at least. My Heart swells with Pride when I think of those Brave Lads. They had plodded in the Fields all their Days, with Plough and Flail, and Hook and Sickle: they had no more Knowledge of War than comes from a Wrestling Match and a Bout with Quarter Staff; and now they were Soldiers, going forth to fight upon the Ocean. They went because Roger led the way: our Brave English will go anywhere if they are led.

"Gentlemen," said my Father to the Merchants, "here are our Lads. If every Village does as well, we shall be well sped. Roger, bring your Troop to the Hall. Sir Humphrey, you will Feast with me this Day, and tomorrow we will take such Order as the Queen in Council hath directed."

So with a Shout the Men followed, headed by Roger, and with him Will, walking with Drawn Swords: and not a Lad among them but held up his Head and straighten'd his Back as if he was Marching to Battle. Nay, the Ancient Men, who would stay at Home, also straighten'd their Backs and stuck out their Legs, as if they too felt the Glow of War, and would Fain go forth to Fight. And the Boys cheer'd, and ran beside the Troop of Volunteers, and envied them. As for the Women, some

Wept, but not aloud; and some there were whose Cheeks were pale: and one, at least, among them would Fain have been alone in her Chamber to fall upon her Knees and Weep and Pray.

Never, I declare, was Christmas kept with more Lusty & Cheer or greater Rejoicing. One would have thought, from the Way that these Brave Fellows Feasted and Laugh'd and Sang, that the Prospect of Fighting was the most Joyful Thing in the Whole World. The Heavy Country Lads show'd themselves suddenly Nim-¹⁰ble-witted: those who only Yesterday would have sat Mum all the Evening over a Tankard of Ale and a Crab now Sang and Joked, and were as Merry as so many Players at the Fair. Even Sir Anthony himself, who, if King Philip won the Victory, would assuredly meet¹⁵ the Fate of St. Bilney on Mousehold Heath—even Sir Anthony, I say, Laugh'd and Crack'd his Fingers at the Jests of the Lord of Misrule.

They feasted all the Day. My Father sat in his great Arm-Chair; Sir Humphrey sat beside him: after the²⁰ Christmas Antics a Bowl of Punch was brought, and some sang Songs; and the Talk fell upon War and Battles and the Brave Deeds of English Men in Days gone by. Presently the Village Lads went away, singing noisily Outside, and the Maids went to Bed, and we²⁵ were alone, the Red Light of the Logs for Candles. Then we fell to more serious Talk. While we talk'd we heard the Voices of the Abbess and the three Sisters from the Chapel. They were singing a Triumphal Psalm. It was doubtless the Psalm appointed for the³⁰ Office of the Day; yet to me it seemed as if they were Singing for the Overthrow of the English Armaments, and my Heart fell, thinking of the Prophecy, and there *rose before me in the Embers a Shape which seemed to*

be the Skeleton of my Lover rolled about by the Waves at the Bottom of the Sea. The deep Man's Voice of Lady Katharine rose Loud above the Quaverings of the three Ancient Sisters.

The Others seemed not to hear.

"There are no Sailors," said Sir Anthony, "like the English Sailors, for Courage and for Holding on. The Dutch are Good, but the English are Best. There are none who can Handle a Ship like an Englishman. God grant we meet them on the Ocean!"

Alas! it was on the Ocean that Lady Katharine's Battle was to be fought; when the Ships should be Crush'd like Egg Shells, and sink down to the Bottom of the Deep with their Gallant Freight of Brave Hearts.

LV.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.¹

FAIR as the hopes of the English were at this time,¹¹ and admirable as their conduct had been from the hour that the Armada came in sight, it has been justly observed that the Spanish duke had thus far conducted his great expedition with as little evil and annoyance as could have been reasonably expected. The danger to England was still undiminished. The Armada² had arrived unbroken at the point intended for its junction with the force from Flanders; it still appeared invincible to all except the English and the Dutch, and except *those also* who, in the confidence of its invincibility, had embarked in it. While it lay off Calais, in this anxious

of them into the wide sea, and some among the shoals of Flanders." Little broken yet in strength, though now losing fast the hope and the confidence with which they had set forth, they ranged themselves again in order off Gravelines, and there they were bravely attacked. Drake and Fenner were the first who assailed them. Fenton, Southwell, Beeston, Cross, and Reyman followed; and then the lord admiral came up, with Lord Thomas Howard and Lord Sheffield. They got the wind of the enemy, who were now cut off from Calais roads, and preferred any inconvenience rather than change their array or separate their force, standing only upon their defence. "And albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there two or three and twenty among them all which matched ninety of the Spanish ships in bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore, using their prerogative of nimble steerage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, they came oftentimes very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder; and so, continually giving them one broadside after another, they discharged all their shot, both great and small, upon them, spending a whole day, from morning till night, in that violent kind of conflict."

"We had such advantage," says Lord Monmouth, "both of wind and tide, that we had a glorious day of them, continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till five or six at night." During the action the Spaniards, "lying close under their fighting-sails," passed Dunkirk with a south-west wind, close followed by their enemies. Their great ships were found vulnerable in the close action of that day; many of them were pierced

through and through between wind and water ; one was sunk by Captain Cross, in the *Hope* : from a few of her people who were saved it was learned that one of her officers, having proposed to strike, was put to death by another ; a brother of the slain instantly avenged his death, and then the ship went down. Two others are believed to have sunk. The *Saint Philip* and the *Saint Matthew*, both Portuguese galleons, were much shattered. Don Diego de Pimentel, in the latter, endeavored to assist the former, but in vain ; for, being "sore battered with many great shot by Seymour and Winter," and the mast shot away, the *Saint Philip* was driven on Ostend ! As a last chance, the officers endeavored to make for a Flemish port ; but finding it impossible to bring the ship into any friendly harbor, they got to Ostend in the boats, and the galleon was taken possession of from Flushing.

LVI.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.¹

YE mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years, 20
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow ; 25
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake' and mighty Nelson' fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

LVII.

TO HERODOTUS.

BY ANDREW LANG.¹

TO HERODOTUS' OF HALICARNASSUS, GREETING; Concerning the matters set forth in your histories, and the tales you tell about both Greeks and Barbarians, whether they be true, or whether they be false, men dispute not a little, but a great deal. Wherefore I, being concerned to know the verity, did set forth to make search in every manner, and came in my quest even unto the ends of the earth. For there is an island of the Cimmerians beyond the Straits of Heracles, some three days' voyage to a ship that hath a fair following wind in her sails; and there it is said that men know many things from of old: thither, then, I came in my inquiry. Now the island is not small, but large—greater than the whole of Hellas—and they call it Britain. In that island the east wind blows for ten parts of the year, and the people know not how to cover themselves from the cold. But for the other two months of the year the sun shines fiercely, so that some of them die thereof, and others die of the frozen mixed drinks: for they have ice even in the summer, and this ice they put to their liquors. Through the whole of this island, from the west even to the east, there flows a river called Thames; a great river and a laborious, but not likened to the River Egypt.

The mouth of this river, stepped out from the ship, is excruciatingly hot and savor by reason

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The mouth of this river, where I stepped out from my ship, is exceedingly foul and of an evil savor by reason

of the city on the banks. Now, this city is several hundred parasangs⁹ in circumference. Yet a man that needed not to breathe the air might go round it in one hour, in chariots that run under the earth; and these chariots are drawn by creatures that breathe smoke and sulphur, such as Orpheus⁶ mentions in his "Argonautica," if it be by Orpheus. The people of the town, when I inquired of them concerning Herodotus of Halicarnassus, looked on me with amazement, and went straightway about their business—namely, to seek out whatsoever new thing¹⁰ is coming to pass all over the whole inhabited world, and as for things old, they take no keep of them.

Nevertheless, by diligence I learned that he who in this land knew most concerning Herodotus was a priest, and dwelt in the priests' city on the river, which is called¹² the City of the Ford of the Ox. But whether Io,⁷ when she wore a cow's shape, had passed by that way in her wanderings, and thence comes the name of that city, I could not (though I asked all men I met) learn aught with certainty. But to me, considering this, it seemed²⁰ that Io must have come thither. And now farewell to Io.

To the City of the Priests there are two roads: one by land; and one by water, following the river. To a well-girdled man, the land journey is but one day's²⁵ travel; by the river it is longer, but more pleasant. Now, that river flows, as I said, from the west to the east; and there is in it a fish called chub, which they catch; but they do not eat it, for a certain sacred reason. Also there is a fish called trout, and this is the manner³⁰ of his catching: They build for this purpose great dams of wood, which they call weirs. Having built the weir, they sit upon it with rods in their hands, and a line on the rod, and at the end of the line a little fish. There,

then, they "sit and spin in the sun," as one of their poets says, not for a short time, but for many days, having rods in their hands and eating and drinking. In this wise they angle for the fish called trout; but whether they catch him or not, not having seen it, I cannot say; for it is not pleasant to me to speak things concerning which I know not the truth.

Now, after sailing and rowing against the stream for certain days, I came to the City of the Ford of the Ox. Here the river changes his name, and is called the Isis,⁹ after the name of the goddess of the Egyptians. But whether the Britons brought the name from Egypt, or whether the Egyptians took it from the Britons, not knowing, I prefer not to say. But to me it seems that the Britons are a colony of the Egyptians, or the Egyptians a colony of the Britons. Moreover, when I was in Egypt I saw certain soldiers in white helmets, who were certainly British. But what they did there (as Egypt neither belongs to Britain nor Britain to Egypt) I know not, neither could they tell me. But one of them replied to me in that line of Homer (if the *Odyssey* be Homer's), "We have come to a sorry Cyprus, and a sad Egypt." Others told me that they once marched against the Ethiopians, and having defeated them several times, then came back again, leaving their property to the Ethiopians.⁹ But as to the truth of this I leave it to every man to form his own opinion.

Having come into the City of the Priests, I went forth into the street, and found a priest of the baser sort, who for a piece of silver led me hither and thither among the temples, discoursing of many things.

Now, it seemed to me a strange thing that the city *was empty*, and no man dwelling therein, save a few *priests only*, and their wives, and their children, who

are drawn to and fro in little carriages dragged by women. But the priest told me that during half the year the city was desolate, for that there came somewhat called "The Long," or "The Vac,"¹⁰ and drave out the young priests. And he said that these did no other thing but row boats, and throw balls from one to the other; and this they were made to do, he said, that the young priests might learn to be humble, for they are the proudest of men. But whether he spoke truth or not I know not, only I set down what he told me. But to¹⁰ any one considering it, this appears rather to jump with his story—namely, that the young priests have houses on the river, painted of divers colors, all of them empty.

Then I was brought to the priest who had a name for knowing most about Egypt, and the Egyptians, and¹⁵ the Assyrians, and the Cappadocians, and all the kingdoms of the Great King. He came out to me, being attired in a black robe, and wearing on his head a square cap. But why the priests have square caps I know, and he who has been initiated into the mysteries²⁰ which they call "Matric" knows, but I prefer not to tell. Concerning the square cap, then, let this be sufficient. Now, the priest received me courteously, and when I asked him, concerning Herodotus, whether he was a true man or not, he smiled, and answered, "Abu Goosh,"²⁵ which, in the tongue of the Arabians, means "The Father of Liars." Then he went on to speak concerning Herodotus, and he said in his discourse that Herodotus not only told the thing which was not, but that he did so wilfully, as one knowing the truth but con-³⁰cealing it. For example, quoth he: "Solon never went to see Croesus, as Herodotus avers; nor did those about Xerxes ever dream dreams. But Herodotus, out of his abundant wickedness, invented these things.

“Now behold,” he went on, “how the curse of the gods fell upon Herodotus; For he pretends that he saw Cadmeian inscriptions at Thebes. Now, I do not believe there were any Cadmeian inscriptions there: therefore Herodotus is most manifestly lying. Moreover, this Herodotus never speaks of Sophocles the Athenian, and why not? Because he, being a child at school, did not learn Sophocles¹¹ by heart; for the tragedies of Sophocles could not be learned at school before they were written, nor can any man quote a poet whom he never learned¹² at school. Moreover, as all those about Herodotus knew Sophocles well, he could not appear to them to be learned by showing that he knew what they knew also.” But the priest seemed not to know that Herodotus and Sophocles were friends, which is proved by this, that¹³ Sophocles wrote an ode in praise of Herodotus.

Then he went on, and though I were to write with a hundred hands (like Briareus,¹⁴ of whom Homer makes mention) I could not tell you all the things that the priest said against Herodotus—speaking truly or not¹⁵ truly, or sometimes correctly and sometimes not, as often befalls mortal men. For Herodotus, he said, was chiefly concerned to steal the lore of those who came before him, such as Hecataëus,¹⁶ and then to escape notice as having stolen it. Also he said that, being himself¹⁷ cunning and deceitful, Herodotus was easily beguiled by the cunning of others, and believed in things manifestly false, such as the story of the Phoenix-bird.

Then I spoke, and said that Herodotus himself declared that he could not believe that story; but the priest regarded me not. And he said that Herodotus had never caught a crocodile with cold pig, nor did he ever visit Assyria, nor Babylon, nor Elephantine; but, *saying that he had been in these lands, said that which*

was not true. He also declared that Herodotus, when he travelled, knew none of the Fat Ones of the Egyptians, but only those of the baser sort. And he called Herodotus a thief and a beguiler, and "the same with intent to deceive," as one of their own poets writes. And, to be short, Herodotus, I could not tell you in one day all the charges which are now brought against you; but concerning the truth of these things, *you* know, not least, but most, as to yourself being guilty or innocent. Wherefore, if you have anything to show or set forth, whereby you may be relieved from the burden of these accusations, now is the time. Be no longer silent; but whether through the Oracle¹⁴ of the dead, or the Oracle of Branchidæ, or that in Delphi, or Dodona, or of Amphiaraus at Oropus, speak to your friends and lovers (where-¹⁵ of I am one from of old), and let men know the very truth.

Now, concerning the priests in the City of the Ford of the Ox, it is to be said that of all men whom we know they receive strangers most gladly, feasting them all day.²⁰ Moreover, they have many drinks, cunningly mixed, and of these the best is that they call Archdeacon, naming it from one of the priest's offices. Truly, as Homer says (if the *Odyssey* be Homer's), "when that draught is poured into the bowl then it is no pleasure to re-²⁵ frain."

Drinking of this wine, or nectar, Herodotus, I pledge you, and pour forth some deal on the ground, to Herodotus of Halicarnassus, in the House of Hades.

And I wish you farewell, and good be with you.³⁰ Whether the priest spoke truly or not truly, even so may such good things betide you as befall dead men.

LVIII.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.¹

THE curfew² tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion,³ or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly⁴ bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 5
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe^b has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!^c
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 10
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry,^d the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour. 15
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.^e

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted^f vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 20

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke^g the silent dust?
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 25
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden,¹¹ that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.¹²

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones¹³ from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd, 10
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?¹⁴

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, 15
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, 20

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech, 25
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.¹⁰
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain’d from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.*

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LIX.

BELLS IN THE DESERT.

BY ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE.¹

ON the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church-bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills!

My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church.” After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to be that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect

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me and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty sun for one, and for the other this poor, pale, solitary self of mine, that I always carry about with me. But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there, as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

LX.

HAND-WORKERS AND HEAD-WORKERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.¹

BETWEEN the men who work with the hand and those who work with the head there is an inevitable distinction. There *must* be work done by the arms or none of us could live. There *must* be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentle men must do it; and it is physically impossible that one class should do or divide the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honorableness of manual labor and the dignity of humanity. That is a grand

dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells. . . .

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small shining pebbles. The heat grew fierce; there was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun; “he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.” From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so *now*, and fiercely, too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command

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 to the workman about the honorableness of manual
 or and the dignity of humanity. That is a grand

old proverb of Sancho Panza's,² "Fine words butter no parsnips"; and I can tell you that all over England just now workmen are buying a great deal too much butter at that dairy. Rough work, honorable or not, takes the life out of us; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee-shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth—that man is not the same at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet¹⁰ room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures. If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is the more honorable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you; and in some sense¹⁵ I need not. The rough work is at all events real, honest, and generally, though not always, useful; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false as well as fine, and therefore dishonorable; but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is²⁰ the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble; and of all hand-work whatsoever, necessary for the maintenance of life, those old words, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," indicate that the inherent nature of it is one of calamity, and that the ground, cursed for our²⁵ sake, casts also some shadow of degradation into our contest with its thorn and its thistle; so that all nations have held their days honorable, or "holy," and constituted them "holydays" or "holidays," by making them days of rest; and the promise which, among all our³⁰ distant hopes, seems to cast the chief brightness over death, is that blessing of the dead who die in the Lord, *that "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."*

And thus the perpetual question and contest must arise, who is to do this rough work? and how is the worker of it to be comforted, redeemed, and rewarded? and what kind of play should we have, and what rest in this world, sometimes, as well as in the next? Well, my good working friends, these questions will take a little time to answer yet. They must be answered: all good men are occupied with them, and all honest thinkers. There's grand head-work doing about them; but much must be discovered, and much attempted in vain,¹⁰ before anything decisive can be told you. Only note these few particulars, which are already sure.

As to the distribution of the hard work. None of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought; but because we have chanced to¹⁵ fall into the way of it, and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that he cannot help doing: work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place. And, de-²⁰pend upon it, all work must be done at last, not in a disorderly, scrambling, doggish way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way—a lawful way. Men are enlisted for the labor that kills—the labor of war: they are counted, trained, fed, dressed, and praised for that. Let²⁵ them be enlisted also for the labor that feeds; let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed, praised for that. Teach the plough exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held as much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death, and³⁰ all is done: but neither this, nor any other right thing, can be accomplished—you can't even see your way to it—unless, first of all, both servant and master are resolved that, *come what will* of it, they will do each other

justice. People are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what it is *just* to do. And it is the law of Heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftenest — “Do justice and judgment.” That’s your Bible order; that’s the “Service of God,”¹⁰ not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything, and by the perversion of the Evil Spirit we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are “service.” If a child finds itself in want of anything,¹¹ it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and He likes to hear it: He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn’t¹² call that “serving Him.” Begging is not serving: God likes mere beggars as little as you do—He likes honest servants, not beggars.

Alas! unless we perform divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one¹³ divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. “Nay,” you will say, “charity is greater than justice.” Yes, it is greater—it is the summit of¹⁴ justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can’t have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon *justice*, for this main reason, that you have not, at first,

charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with ; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself. . . .

Supposing, then, we have it determined with appropriate justice *who* is to do the hand-work, the next questions must be how the hand-workers are to be paid, and how they are to be refreshed, and what play they are to have. Now, the possible quantity of play depends on the possible quantity of pay ; and the quantity of pay is not a matter for consideration to hand-workers only, but to all workers. Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best head-work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*? or Dante³ for his *Paradise*? only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon ; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home : it is very clear indeed that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing. Baruch,⁴ the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him, I fancy ; and St. Stephen⁵ did not get *bishop's pay* for that long sermon of his to the

Pharisees—nothing but stones; for, indeed, that is the world-father's proper payment. So surely as any of the world's children work for the world's good, honestly, with head and heart, and come to it saying, "Give us a little bread, just to keep the life in us," the world-father answers them, "No, my children, not bread; a stone if you like, or as many as you need to keep you quiet."

But the hand-workers are not so ill off as all this comes to. The worst that can happen to *you* is to break stones; not to be broken by them. And for you there will come a time for better payment; some day, assuredly, more pence will be paid to Peter the Fisherman, and fewer to Peter the Pope; we shall pay people not quite so much for talking in Parliament and doing nothing, as for holding their tongues out of it and doing something; we shall pay our ploughmen a little more and our lawyers a little less, and so on: but, at least, we may even now take care that whatever work is done shall be fully paid for—and the man who does it paid for it, not somebody else; and that it shall be done in an orderly, soldierly, well-guided, wholesome way, under good captains and lieutenants of labor; and that it shall have its appointed times of rest, and enough of them; and that in those times the play shall be wholesome play, not in theatrical gardens, with tin flowers and gas-sunshine, and girls dancing because of their misery; but in true gardens, with real flowers and real sunshine, and children dancing because of their gladness; so that truly the street shall be full (the "streets," mind you, not the gutters) of children playing in the midst thereof. ■

The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: 5
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness, 10
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy, 15
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The youth, who daily farther from the East
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid 20
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, 25
 And even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known, 30
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday.

'Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival.

My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

O evil day, if I were sullen
When Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling

On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm!

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;

The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: 5
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness, 10
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home.
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 Upon the growing boy, 15
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Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, 25
 And even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known, 30
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art—

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song.

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part,

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind—

Mighty prophet! seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height, 5
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight 10
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Oh joy, that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive! 15
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction; not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest, 20
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things, 25
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised: 30
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

To perish never,
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds—sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight—

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower?

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering,
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves, 5
 Think not of any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret, 10
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet;
 The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye 15
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give 20
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LXII.

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.¹

On the sea and at the Hogue,² sixteen hundred ninety-
two,

Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the
blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo³ on the
Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville:

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place,

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped
on board ;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass?” laughed they :

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty
guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow
way—

10

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

15

While rock stands or water runs

Not a ship will leave the bay!”

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate :

“Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!”

25

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

Not a minute more to wait!

“Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

30

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all
these—

A captain? A lieutenant? A mate — first, second,
third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete,
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed⁴ by Tourville for
the fleet—

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.⁵

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?"

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river
disembogues!

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the ly-
ing's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.⁶

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,
 Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head!" cries
 Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"¹⁰
 cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face¹⁵
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,²⁰
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,²⁵
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel holloas "Anchor!" sure as fate
 Up the English come—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave³⁰
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts *that bled* are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

“Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty’s done—
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run?—

Since ’tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!’

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!”

That he asked and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
 land bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the
 Belle Aurore!

LXIII.

PERORATION ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

BY EDMUND BURKE.¹

MY LORDS,—What is it that we want here to do a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings² has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do you want a tribunal? My lords, no example of *antiquity*, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the *range of human imagination*, can supply us with a tri-

bunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent of the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sov-¹⁰ ereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both of which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here—those who have their own honor, the honor of their an-¹⁵ cestors and of their posterity to guard, and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great²⁰ military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun; we have those who, by various civil merits, and various civil talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their²⁵ sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them, in sympathy, what they felt in common with them before. We³⁰ have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those

principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion—you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity; a religion which so much hates oppression that, when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person who was the Master of Nature chose to appear in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made himself “the servant of all.”

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this house. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons (*i.e. the people*) of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself,¹⁰ which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

LXIV.

AMERICA AND THE MOTHER-COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.¹

THERE is no parallel in all the records of the world to that British mother who has sent forth her innumerable¹⁵ children over all the earth, to be the founders of half a dozen empires. She, with her progeny, may almost claim to constitute a kind of Universal Church in politics. But among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative: it²⁰ is the American Republic. She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. And it may be well here to mention what has not always been²⁵ sufficiently observed, that the distinction between con-

tinuous empire, and empire severed and dispersed over sea, is vital. The development which the Republic has effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force. While other countries have doubled, or at most trebled, their population, she has risen during one single century of freedom, in round numbers, from two millions to forty-five. As to riches, it is reasonable to establish, from the decennial stages of the progress thus far achieved, a series for the future; and, reckoning upon this basis, I suppose that the very next census will exhibit her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all nations. The huge figure of a thousand millions sterling, which may be taken roundly as the annual income of the United Kingdom, has been reached at a surprising rate; a rate which may perhaps be best expressed by saying that if we could have started forty or fifty years ago from zero, at the rate of our recent annual increment, we should now have reached our present position. But while we have been advancing with this portentous rapidity America is passing us by as if in a canter. Yet even now the work of searching the soil and the bowels of the territory, and opening out her enterprise throughout its vast expanse, is in its infancy. The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world. But there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter, at some no very distant time, will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother.

But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall remain or *shall* become greater than the mere things that they *produce*, and shall know how to regard those things

simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending, then, from the ground-floor of material industry towards the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they can contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence. And for the political student all over the world it will be beyond anything curious, as well as useful, to examine with what diversities, as well as what resemblances of apparatus, the two greater branches of a race born to command have been minded or induced or constrained to work out, in their sea-severed seats, their political destinies, according to the respective laws appointed for them. 15

In many and the most fundamental respects the two still carry in undiminished, perhaps in increasing, clearness the notes of resemblance that beseem a parent and a child.

Both wish for self-government; and, however grave²⁰ the drawbacks under which in one or both it exists, the two have, among the great nations of the world, made the most effectual advances towards the true aim of rational politics.

They are similarly associated in their fixed idea that²⁵ the force, in which all government takes effect, is to be constantly backed, and, as it were, illuminated, by thought in speech and writing. The ruler of St. Paul's time "bare the sword" (Rom. xiii. 4)—bare it, as the apostle says, with a mission to do right; but he says³⁰ nothing of any duty, or any custom, to show by reason that he was doing right. Our two governments, whatsoever they do, have to give reasons for it; not reasons which will convince the unreasonable, but reasons which

on the whole will convince the average mind, and carry it unitedly forward in a course of action often, though not always, wise, and carrying within itself provisions, where it is unwise, for the correction of its own unwisdom before it grows into an intolerable rankness. They are governments not of force only, but of persuasion.

Many more are the concords, and not less vital than these, of the two nations, as expressed in their institutions. They alike prefer the practical to the abstract. They tolerate opinion, with only a reserve on behalf of decency; and they desire to confine coercion to the province of action, and to leave thought, as such, entirely free. They set a high value on liberty for its own sake. They desire to give full scope to the principle of self-reliance in the people, and they deem self-help to be immeasurably superior to help in any other form; to be the only help, in short, which ought not to be continually or periodically put upon its trial, and required to make good its title. They mistrust and dislike the centralization of power; and they cherish municipal, local, even parochial liberties, as nursery grounds, not only for the production here and there of able men, but for the general training of public virtue and independent spirit. They regard publicity as the vital air of politics; through which alone, in its freest circulation, opinions can be thrown into common stock for the good of all, and the balance of relative rights and claims can be habitually and peaceably adjusted. It would be difficult in the case of any other pair of nations, to present an assemblage of traits at once so common and so distinctive, as has been given in this probably imperfect enumeration.

LXV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.¹

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music—who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awaked?
Or do *they still*, as if with opium drugged,

Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

* * * * *

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered air with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way—
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group

The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.

5

No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds and leaves and sprigs
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.

10

15

20

The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest,
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord strikes out,
And the clear voice, symphonious yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds.

25

30

LXVI.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

BY HENRY EDWARD MANNING.¹

HITHERTO the British Empire has rested upon a two-fold divine base, both natural and supernatural. It was built up by our Saxon, Norman, and English forefathers, first upon the unity of Christendom; next, even they who saw this unity wrecked, or had a hand in wrecking it, preserved of the Law Christian all that it was still possible to save.

But lying deep below this Christian foundation of our Empire there are the lights and the laws of the natural order: the truths known to man by the light of reason¹⁰ and by the instincts of humanity. The whole civil society of men in all its ages, apart from the commonwealth of Israel—the monarchies of Assyria and Persia, the liberties of Greek civilization, the imperial law and sway of old Rome—all alike rested upon the Theism of the¹⁵ natural order.

I may be asked what is this Theism of the natural order. I answer: that God exists; that He is good, wise, just, and almighty: that He is our Law-giver and our Judge; that His law, both eternal and positive, is the rule of our life; that we have reason by which to know it in its dictates of truth and of morals; that this law binds us in duties to Him, to ourselves, and to all men; that this law is the sanction of all personal, domestic, social, civil, and political life: in a word, without God²⁰ there is no society of man, political, social, or domestic.

Society springs from God, and lives by His pervading will. Deny the existence of God, and nine thousand affirmations are no more than nineteen or ninety thousand words. Without God there is no law-giver above the human will, and therefore no law; for no will by human authority can bind another. All authority of parents, husbands, masters, rulers, is of God. This is not all. If there be no God, there is no eternal distinction of right and wrong; and if not, then no morals: truth, purity, chastity, justice, temperance are names, conventions, and impostures.

Sir William Blackstone,² after quoting Sir Edward Coke as saying "The power and jurisdiction of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds," goes on to say "It can transcend the ordinary course of laws; it can regulate the succession of the crown; it can alter the established religion of the land; it can change and create afresh the constitution of the kingdom." "So that it is a matter most essential to the liberties of this kingdom that such members be delegated to this important trust as are most eminent for their probity, their fortitude, and their knowledge; for it was a known apothegm of the great Lord Treasurer Burghley³ that England could never be ruined but by a Parliament." Judge Blackstone further quoted the President Montesquieu,⁴ who foretold that, "as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberty and perished, so the constitution of England will in time lose its liberty and will perish; it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive."

The purity of Parliament depends therefore upon the *eminent probity, fortitude, and knowledge of its mem-*

bers. And these qualities are tested, so far as is in man, by the oath or solemn declaration of allegiance by which every man intrusted with a share in the supreme power of legislation binds himself by a sanction higher than that of any mere human authority to be faithful to the Commonwealth. The oath of the Catholic members of Ireland, and of the Christian members of England and Scotland, and the affirmation of the members of the Hebrew religion, and the affirmation of the members for Birmingham and for Manchester, all alike bind their conscience by the highest sanctions of the divine law. So also, if there be any who, resting, as many in the last century did rest, on the Theism of the Old World, and on the lights and laws of nature, affirm their probity and their allegiance under the sanctions which trained the *prisca virtus* of the Roman Commonwealth—of such men, under the obligations of the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, enforced by the dictates of natural conscience and the eternal laws of morals, we feel sure. Their build and make is natural and human, in conformity with the common-sense and patriotic traditions of the Christian civilization of Europe, by which they were created, and by which they are sustained, in a higher moral life than a defective belief can account for. *

And such is the mixed foundation of the British Empire, a mingled system of gold and silver, brass and iron, and the good honest clay of the order of human nature as God made it, with its rights and laws, like our English mother-earth, in which our secular oaks root deep and outlive generations and dynasties, but not the monarchy of England.

LXVII.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.¹

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne: 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,⁴
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus⁵ then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys⁶ breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew
the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heav'n and earth defied,
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse: 15
He sung Darius' great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood: 15
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast look the joyless victor sate, 20
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see 25
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian^s measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures. 30

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning, 5
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee—
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause. 10
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 15
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 20
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around. 25
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies^o arise:
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 30
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts¹⁰ that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.¹¹

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;¹²
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.¹³

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,¹⁴
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia¹⁵ came,¹⁶
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.¹⁷
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

LXVIII.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.¹

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine!² descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus' rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel' dared the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian' rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion' to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflam'd with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 To arms! to arms! to arms!

IV.

But when, through all the infernal bounds
 Which flaming Phlegethon' surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coast!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus,⁹ stands still,
Ixion⁹ rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies¹⁰ sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian¹¹ flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armèd shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine¹² relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell—
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Though Fate had fast bound her
 With Styx¹³ nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:¹⁴
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus¹⁵ wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodopé's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest rage disarm;
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.¹⁶

LXIX.

AN INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON ON THE EVE OF
 HIS THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND, 1804.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.¹

THE peril of England² was now growing fast; all the faster from being in the dark. The real design of the enemy escaped the penetration even of Nelson,³ and our Government showed more anxiety about their great *adversary* landing on the coast of Egypt than on that of England. Naval men laughed at his flat-bottomed

boats, and declared that one frigate could sink a hundred of them; whereas it is probable that two of them, with their powerful guns and level fire, would have sunk any frigate we then possessed. But the crafty and far-seeing foe did not mean to allow any frigate, or line-of-battle ship, the chance of inquiring how that might be.

His true scheme, as everybody now knows well, was to send the English fleet upon a wild-goose chase, whether to Egypt, the west coast of Ireland, or the West Indies, as the case might be; and then, by a rapid¹⁰ concentration of his ships, to obtain command of the English Channel, if only for twenty-four hours at a time. Twenty-four hours of clearance from our cruisers would have seen a hundred thousand men landed on our coast, throwing up intrenchments, and covering the¹⁵ landing of another hundred thousand, coming close upon their heels. Who would have faced them? A few good regiments, badly found, and perhaps worse led, and a mob of militia and raw volunteers, the reward of whose courage would be carnage. But as a chip smells like²⁰ the tree, and a hair like the dog it belongs to, so Spring-haven was a very fair sample of the England whereof (in its own opinion) it formed a most important part. Contempt for the body of a man leads rashly to an underestimate of his mind; and one of the greatest men that²⁵ ever grew on earth—if greatness can be without goodness—was held in low account because not of high inches, and laughed at as “little Boney.”

However, there were, as there always are, thousands of sensible Englishmen then; and rogues had not yet³⁰ made a wreck of grand institutions to scramble for what should wash up. Abuses existed, as they always must; but the greatest abuse of all (the destruction of every good usage) was undreamed of yet. And the

right man was even now approaching to the rescue, the greatest Prime-minister⁴ of any age or country.

Unwitting perhaps of the fine time afforded by the feeble delays of Mr. Addington, and absorbed in the tissue of plot and counterplot now thickening fast in Paris—the archplotter in all of them being himself—the First Consul had slackened a while his hot haste to set foot upon the shore of England. His bottomless ambition for the moment had a top, and that top was the crown of France; and as soon as he had got that on his¹⁰ head, the head would have no rest until the crown was that of Europe.

But before any crown could be put on at all, the tender hearts of Frenchmen must be touched by the appearance of great danger—the danger which is of all¹⁵ the greatest, that to their nearest and dearest selves. A bloody farce was in preparation, noble lives were to be perjured away, and, above all, the only great rival in the hearts of soldiers must be turned out of France. This foul job worked—as foul Radical jobs do now—for the²⁰ good of England. If the French invasion had come to pass, as it was fully meant to do, in the month of February, 1804, perhaps its history must have been written in French for us to understand it.

So, at any rate, thought Caryl Carne, who knew the²⁵ resources of either side, and the difference between a fine army and a mob. He felt quite sure that his mother's country would conquer his father's without much trouble, and he knew that his horn would be exalted in the land when he had guided the conqueror into it.³⁰ Sure enough then he would recover his ancestral property with interest, and be able to punish his enemies *well*, and reward his friends if they deserved it. Thinking of these things, and believing that his own prepara-

tions would soon be finished, he left Widow Shanks to proclaim his merits, while under the bold and able conduct of Captain Renaud Charron he ran the gantlet of the English fleet, and was put ashore southward of Cape Grisnez. Here is a long reach of dreary exposure, facing the west unprofitably, with a shallow slope of brown sand, and a scour of tide, and no pleasant moorings. Jotted as the coast was all along (whereon dry batteries grinned defiance, or sands just awash smiled treachery) with shallow transports, gunboats, prames, scows, bilanders, brigs, and schooners, row-galleys, luggers, and every sort of craft that has a mast, or gets on without one, and even a few good ships of war pondering malice in the safer roadsteads, yet here the sweep of the west wind, and the long roll from the ocean following, kept a league or two, northward of the mighty defences of Boulogne, inviolate by the petty enmities of man. Along the slight curve of the coast might be seen, beyond Ambleteuse and Wimereux, the vast extent of the French flotilla, ranged in three divisions, before the great lunette of the central camp, and hills jotted with tents thick as limpets on a rock.

Carne (whose dealings were quite unknown to all of the French authorities save one, and that the supreme one) was come by appointment to meet his commander in a quiet and secluded spot. It was early February now, and although the day was waning, and the wind, which was drawing to the north of west, delivered a cold blow from the sea, yet the breath of Spring was in the air already, and the beat of her pulse came through the ground. Almost any man, except those two concerting to shed blood and spread fire, would have looked about a little at the pleasure of the earth, and felt a touch of happiness in the goodness of the sky.

Caryl Carne waited in the shelter of a tree, scarcely deserving to be called a tree, except for its stiff tenacity. All the branches were driven by the western gales, and scourged flat in one direction—that in which they best could hold together, and try to believe that their life was their own. Like the wings of a sea-bird striving with a tempest, all the sprays were frayed alike, and all the twigs hackled with the self-same pile. Whoever observes a tree like this should stop to wonder how ever it managed to make itself any sort of trunk at all, and how it was persuaded to go up just high enough to lose the chance of ever coming down again. But Carne cared for nothing of this sort, and heeded very little that did not concern himself. All he thought of was how he might persuade his master to try the great issue at once.

While he leaned heavily against the tree, with his long sea-cloak flapping round his legs, two horsemen struck out of the Ambleteuse road, and came at hand-gallop towards him. The foremost, who rode with short stirrups, and sat his horse as if he despised him, was the foremost man of the world just now, and for ten years yet to come.

Carne ran forward to show himself, and the master of France dismounted. He always looked best upon horseback, as short men generally do, if they ride well; and his face (which helped to make his fortune) appeared even more commanding at a little distance. An astonishing face, in its sculptured beauty, set aspect, and stern haughtiness, calm with the power of transcendent mind, and a will that never met its equal. Even Carne, void of much imagination, was the slave of that face when *in its presence*, and could never meet steadily those *piercing eyes*. And yet, to the study of a neutral dog,

or a man of abstract science, the face was as bad as it was beautiful.

Napoleon—as he was soon to be called by a cringing world—smiled affably, and offered his firm white hand, which Carne barely touched, and bent over with deference. Then the foaming horse was sent away in charge of the attendant trooper, and the master began to take short quick steps, to and fro, in front of the weather-beaten tree; for to stand still was not in his nature. Carne, being beckoned to keep at his side, lost a good deal of what he had meant to say, from the trouble he found in timing his wonted stride to the brisk pace of the other.

“You have done well—on the whole very well,” said Napoleon, whose voice was deep, yet clear and distinct as the sound of a bell. “You have kept me well informed; you are not suspected; you are enlarging your knowledge of the enemy and of his resources; every day you become more capable of conducting us to the safe landing. For what, then, this hurry, this demand to see me, this exposing of yourself to the risk of capture?”

Carne was about to answer; but the speaker, who undershot the thoughts of others before they were shaped—as the shuttle of the lightning underweaves a cloud—raised his hand to stop him, and went on:

“Because you suppose that all is ripe. Because you believe that the slow beasts of islanders will strengthen their defences more by delay than we shall strengthen our attack. Because you are afraid of incurring suspicion if you continue to prepare. And most of all, my friend, because you are impatient to secure the end of a long enterprise. But, captain, it must be longer yet. It is not for you, but for me, to fix the time. Behold me! *I am come from a grand review.* We have again

rehearsed the embarkation. We have again put two thousand horses on board. The horses did it well, but not the men; they are as brave as eagles, but as clumsy as the ostrich, and as fond of the sand without water. They will all be sea-sick. It is in their countenances, though many have been practised in the mouths of rivers. Those infamous English will not permit us to proceed far enough from our native land to acquire what they call the legs of the sea. If our braves are sea-sick, how can they work the cannon, or even navigate well for the accursed island? They must have time. They must undergo more waves and a system of diet before embarkation. Return, my trusted captain, and continue your most esteemed services for three months. I have written these new instructions for you. You may trust me to remember this addition to your good works."

Carne's heart fell, and his face was gloomy, though he did his best to hide it. So well he knew the arrogance and fierce self-will of his commanding officer that he durst not put his own opposite view of the case directly before him. This arrogance grew with the growth of his power; so that in many important matters Napoleon lost the true state of the case through the terror felt by his subordinates. So great was the mastery of his presence that Carne felt himself guilty of impertinence in carrying his head above the level of the general's plume, and stooped unconsciously—as hundreds of tall men are said to have done—to lessen this anomaly of Nature.

"What sort of fellow is that Sheeseman?" asked Napoleon, with his wonderful memory of details. "Is he more to be confided in as a rogue or as a fool?"

"As both, sir; but more especially as a rogue, though *he has* the compunctions of a fool sometimes. But he

is as entirely under my thumb, as I am under that of my commander."

"That is very good," answered the First Consul, smiling with the sense of his own power; "and at an hour's notice, with fifty chosen men landed from the *London Trader*—ah, I love that name; it is appropriate—you could spike all the guns of that pretentious little battery, and lock the commander of the Coast Defence in one of his own cellars. Is it not so, my good captain? Answer me not. That is enough. One question more,¹⁰ and you may return. Are you certain of the pilotage of the proud young fisherman who knows every grain of sand along his native shore? Surely you can bribe him, if he hesitates at all, or hold a pistol at his ear as he steers the leading prame into the bay! Charron would¹⁵ be the man for that. Between you and Charron there should be no mistake."

"He requires to be handled with much delicacy. He has no idea yet what he is meant to do; and if I understand his nature, neither bribes nor fear would move²⁰ him. He is stubborn as a Breton, and of that simple character."

"One can always befool a Breton; but I hate that race," said Napoleon. "If he cannot be made useful, tie a round-shot to him, throw him overboard, and get a²⁵ gentler native."

"Alas! I fear that we cannot indulge in that pleasure," said Carne, with a smile of regret. "It cost me a large outlay of skill to catch him, and the natives of that place are all equally stubborn. But I have a plan for making³⁰ him do our work without being at all aware of it. Is it your wish, my general, that I should now describe that plan?"

"Not now," replied Napoleon, pulling out a watch of
16*

English make, "but in your next letter. I start for Paris in an hour's time. You will hear of things soon which will add very greatly to the weight and success of this grand enterprise. We shall have perfidious Albion caught in her own noose, as you shall see. Courage, my friend! The future is with you. Our regiments are casting dice for the fairest English counties. But your native county is reserved for you. You shall possess the whole of it—I swear it by the god of war—and command the Southern army. Be brave, be wise, be vigilant, and above all things be patient."

The great man held up his hand, as a sign that he wanted his horse, and then offered it to Caryl Carne, who touched it lightly with his lips, and bent one knee. "My Emperor!" he said, "my Emperor!"

"Wait until the proper time," said Napoleon, gravely, and yet well pleased. "You are not the first, and you will not be the last. Observe discretion. Farewell, my friend!"

In another minute he was gone, and the place looked empty without him. Carne stood gloomily watching the horsemen as their figures grew small in the distance, the large man behind pounding heavily away, like an English dragoon, on the scanty sod, of no importance to anybody—unless he had a wife or children—the little man in front (with the white plume waving, and the well-bred horse going easily), the one whose body would affect more bodies, and certainly send more souls out of them, than any other born upon this earth as yet, and—we hope—as long as ever it endureth.

Caryl Carne cared not a jot about that. He was anything but a philanthropist; his weaknesses, if he had any, were not dispersive, but thoroughly concentric. He gathered his long cloak round his body, and went

to the highest spot within his reach, about a mile from the watch-tower at Cape Grisnez, and thence he had a fine view of the vast invasive fleet and the vaster host behind it.

An Englishman who loved his country would have turned sick at heart and faint of spirit at the sight before him. The foe was gathered together there to eat us up on every side, to get us into his net and rend us, to tear us asunder as a lamb is torn by wolves. For forty square miles there was not an acre without a¹⁰ score of tents upon it, or else of huts thrown up with slabs of wood to keep the powder dry, and the steel and iron bright and sharp to go into the vitals of England. Mighty docks had been scooped out by warlike hands, and shone with ships crowded with guns and¹⁵ alive with men. And all along the shore for leagues, wherever any shelter lay, and great batteries protected them, hundreds of other ships tore at their moorings, to dash across the smooth narrow line, and blacken with fire and redden with blood the white cliffs of the land²⁰ they loathed.

And what was there to stop them? The steam of the multitude rose in the air, and the clang of armor filled it. Numbers irresistible, and relentless power, urged them. At the beck of the hand that had called²⁵ the horse, the gray sea would have been black with ships, and the pale waves would have been red with fire. Carne looked at the water-way touched with silver by the soft descent of the winter sun, and upon it, so far as his gaze could reach, there were but a dozen little objects³⁰ moving—puny creatures in the distance—mice in front of a lion's den. And much as he hated with his tainted heart the land of his father, the land of his birth, some *reluctant pride* arose that he was by right an Englishman.

LXX.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.¹

SEBASTIAN CABOT, who landed even before Columbus on the main-land of North America, was born at Bristol and bred in England. In the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VII. we find this curious entry: "To the man who found the new isle, £10." The man was Cabot; the isle Newfoundland! And what is America now? A mighty civilization, destined, perhaps, to surpass ours; a land of illimitable hopes, with her thirteen Colonies, her thirty-eight States, her eight Territories, spreading our race and tongue from a narrow island to a boundless continent; freed from us, as Washington said, by "reiterated and astonishing interpositions of Providence." "You are the advance-guard of the human race," said Madame de Staël² to an American; "you have the future of the world." If glorious has been our legacy to her, glorious too have been her gifts to us. She has given us a type of manhood supplied "neither by the recusants of Maryland nor the cavaliers of Virginia, but by the Puritans of New England"; a type of manhood "at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic, prudent and self-sacrificing"—in which righteousness, conduct, conscience was a main factor. It was God's will, it was best for the world, that at Lexington the embattled farmers should have reared the banner of freedom, and "fired the shot heard round the world."³ Henceforth we are brother nations—brothers in amity; brothers by the tongue that Milton and Shakespeare

spoke; brothers by the memories of one common Bible; brothers for the progress and freedom of the world; brothers "to discover and to traffic, to colonize and to civilize, until no wind can sweep the earth which does not bear the echoes of an English voice." She has given us in her history the spectacle of an army of a million and a half of brave soldiers reabsorbed without a struggle into the currents of a peaceful life. She has given us not only a magnificent type of the grandeur of collective humanity, but also noble types of individual humanity. To the *viaticum* of good examples her contribution has not been wanting. In historical literature she has given us Motley and Bancroft and Prescott; in fiction Poe and Hawthorne; in eloquence Channing and Clay and Webster and Everett; in poetry Emerson and Longfellow and Whittier and Holmes and Bryant and Lowell; and, in manhood, specimens of men pre-eminently righteous, fearless, incorrupt. Such were the blameless, unselfish Washington; Franklin, who wrenched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants; the blunt, homely, patient Lincoln; the calm, wise, manly Garfield; the fire and courage of Theodore Parker; the burning faith and magnificent endurance of William Lloyd Garrison. Worthy descendants these of the English Puritan and the French Huguenot; of men who shook off the oppression of the Stuarts and spurned the tyranny of the Grand Monarque; of men whose fathers fought at Naseby and Marston Moor, at Bunker Hill and Saratoga. And she, too, has suffered as we have suffered. She has washed away sins in blood of civil war. She too, like us, like France, like Germany, like Russia, has seen her leaders "thrust, for no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder" from life

to death. Like us, too, more than other nations, she has, thank God, still kept the faith. But she has still a vast work to do. She has won Liberty; will she keep her name inviolate? Will she love her so well as to show the world that without order there is no liberty; without obedience, no dominion? Will England and America, for their own sake, and for the world's sake, save liberty from being degraded from a divine ideal into a monstrous idol? Will her politicians and ours tremble lest for votes they should trample on principles or palter with God for gold? Will they remember the great words of Chatham: "Where law ends, tyranny begins?" The shield of liberty is broad and terrible, and it is the ægis of the nations; but it is the shield of men—not of vipers, not of hyenas that thirst for blood. If murder and rebellion crouch beneath that shield, let them be dragged out of its sacred shadow. It is the shield of innocence, not of outrage; of obedience, not of assassins. Men have their rights; nations have their rights; loyalty and faith and virtue have their rights against the fiendishness of execrable men. A brave statesman said, two days ago, that never had governments more need to be strong than now; strong for freedom against the anarchy which would fain assume her aspect and would sharpen its brutal daggers in her name. Yes, the day has come when neither in panic, nor with thirst for vengeance, but girding her loins for work in all nations, firm yet merciful, Freedom must grasp the sword of her sister Justice, not forgetting that it is a sword of celestial temper and forged in the armory of God. And the day may come when, not in blind passion, but with the sternness of inexorable duty, she must *with that sword* stand ready to smite once and smite no more.⁶

LXXI.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

[*Inscribed to Robert Aiken, Esq.*]

BY ROBERT BURNS.¹

**"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.**

My loved, my honor'd, much-respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feeling strong, the guileless ways :
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I
 ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end—
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward
bend.'

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A canny errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
Or déposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet,
Each tells the uncós that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command
The youngers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play.

“And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!”

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame 10
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless
 rake. 15

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, 20
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the
 lave. 25

Oh happy love!—where love like this is found!
 Oh heartfelt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare:--
 “If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, 30
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, insnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts!—dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,—
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scòtia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glid
He wales a portion with judicious care;
' "Let us worship God!" he says, with sober

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name,
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos vanished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by
Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole :
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
 Oh, never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

LXXII.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

BY JOHN MILTON.¹

I DENY not but that it is of the greatest concernment
 in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye²⁰
 how books demean themselves as well as men, and
 thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice
 on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely
 dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to
 be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay,²⁵

they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth ; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book ; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a¹⁰ burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a¹⁵ rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be²⁰ thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom ; and, if it extended to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality²⁵ rather than a life.

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably ; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances³⁰ hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was

from out the rind of one apple, tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.¹⁵ Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that Vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus² or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in²⁵ with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.³ Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the region of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva' framed and fabricked already to our hands.¹⁰ Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be many who envy and oppose, if it comes not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when, as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,"¹¹ early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged,¹² scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument—for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge¹³ of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

LXXIII.

REVOLUTIONS.

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.¹

OUT of the Tinker's bag Leonard Fairfield had drawn a translation of Condorcet's² "Progress of Man," and another of Rousseau's³ "Social Contract." Works so eloquent had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's⁴ was a joke — tracts so mild and mother-like in their language that it required a much more practical experience than Leonard's to perceive that you have to pass a river of blood¹⁰ before you can have the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invite you to repose — tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffadillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pas-¹⁵ toral ballet in which St. Simon⁵ pipes to the flock he shears; or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom that

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,"

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substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier's symmetrical phalanstere,⁶ or Mr. Owen's architectural parallelogram. It was with some such tract that Leonard was seasoning his crusts and his radishes when Riccabocca,²⁵

bending his long dark face over the student's shoulder, said, abruptly :

"My dear young friend! what on earth have you got there? Just let me look at it, will you?"

Leonard rose respectfully, and colored deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political not to have passed over that venerable *pons asi-¹⁰ norum* on which Fourier and St. Simon sit straddling, and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

"All this is as old as the hills," quoth Riccabocca, irreverently; "but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!" and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. "Did you ever read Sir David Brewster's on 'Optical Delusions?' No! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?"

"Why, sir," said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, "I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable."

"Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his who believes in such visions as these?"

Leonard bit his lip.

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca, kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would

lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca; and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian, mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amid the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued:

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even *Lycurgus*⁸ is proved to be a myth who never existed. *Such organic changes* are but in the day-dreams of

philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions one would no more take on a plain matter of life than one would look upon Virgil's 'Eclogues' as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful; but attempt to shape the world according to the poetry, and fit yourself for a mad-house. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amid the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world to open them in his dreamy Atlantis.⁹ Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his 'Utopia.'¹⁰ Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris,¹¹ the sages of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks, it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state in which talent, and action, and industry are a certain capital—why, Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers, had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! What

ever disturbs society—yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle—falls first upon the market of labor, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested, literature is neglected, people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice: You¹⁰ are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowl-¹⁵ edge excites, and that sense of poverty which those desires convert either into a hope and emulation or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books²⁰ call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided among a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickaxe it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain²⁵ is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. It is now more than two thousand years since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever.”³⁰

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.

LXXIV.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.¹

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant :²
Fear not to touch the best ;
The truth shall be thy warrant :
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood ;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
If court and church reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action ;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction :
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply, 5
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust: 10
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honor how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favor how it falters: 15
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness; 20
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness; 25
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie. 30

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay ;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming :
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city ;
Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell manhood shakes off pity ;
Tell virtue least preferreth :
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

LXXV.

LESSONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FREDERICK HARRISON.¹

WHEN we multiply the appliances of human life, we do not multiply the years of life, nor the days in the year, nor the hours in the day. Nor do we multiply the powers of thought, or of endurance; much less do we multiply self-restraint, unselfishness, and a good heart. What we really multiply are our difficulties and doubts. Millions of new books hardly help us when we can neither read nor remember a tithe of what we have. Billions of new facts rather confuse men who do not know what to do with the old facts. Culture, thought, art, ease and grace of manner, a healthy society, and a high standard of life, have often been found without any of our modern resources in a state of very simple material equipment. Read the delightful picture of Athenian life in the Dialogues of Plato, or in the comedies of Aristophanes, or of Roman life in the epistles of Horace, or of Mediæval life in the tales of Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or of Oriental life in the Arabian Nights, or in the books of Confucius and Mencius, or the tales of old Japan, or go back to the old Greek world in the Odyssey of Homer, and the odes of Pindar, Theocritus, and Hesiod. In all of these we get glimpses of societies which are to us ideal in their charm—humane, happy, wise, and bright. No one wishes to return to them. We are better off as we are. *These idyllic ages of poetry and story had their own vice, folly, ignorance, narrowness, crime.* They

wanted things indispensable to civilization in its highest form. But they had this: They had wisdom, beauty, happiness, though they had none of our material appliances—neither steam, nor railways, nor factories, nor machinery, nor coal, nor gas, nor electricity, nor printing-presses, nor newspapers, nor underground railways, nor penny-post, nor even post-cards. And what they fell short of they would not have got by all the steam-engines and telegraphs and post-offices on earth.

Steam and factories, telegraphs, posts, railways, gas,¹⁰ coal, and iron, suddenly discharged upon a country as if by a deluge, have their own evils that they bring in their train. To cover whole counties with squalid buildings, to pile up one hundred thousand factory chimneys vomiting soot, to fill the air with poisonous vapors till every leaf within ten miles is withered, to choke up rivers with putrid refuse, to turn tracts as big and once as lovely as the New Forest into arid, noisome wastes—cinder-heaps, cesspools, coal-dust, and rubbish; rubbish, coal-dust, cesspools, and cinder-heaps—and overhead, by day¹¹ and by night a murky pall of smoke—all this is not an heroic achievement, if this Black Country is only to serve as a prison-yard or workhouse-yard for the men, women, and children who dwell there.

To bury Middlesex and Surrey under miles of flimsy¹² houses, crowd into them millions and millions of over-worked, underfed, half-taught, and often squalid men and women; to turn the silver Thames into the biggest sewer recorded in history, to leave us all to drink the sewerage water, to breathe the carbonized air, to be¹³ closed up in a labyrinth of dull, sooty, unwholesome streets; to leave hundreds and thousands confined there, with gin, and bad air, and hard work, and low wages, breeding contagious diseases, and sinking into despair

of soul and feebler condition of body, and then to sing pæans, and shout, because the ground shakes and the air is shrill with the roar of infinite engines and machines, because the blank streets are lit up with garish gas-lamps, and more garish electric lamps, and the post-office carries billions of letters, and the railways every day carry one hundred thousand persons in and out of the huge factory we call the greatest metropolis of the civilized world—this is surely not the last word in civilization.

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Something like a million of paupers are kept year by year from absolute starvation by doles ;² at least another million of poor people are on the border-line, fluttering between starvation and health, between pauperism and independence. Not one, but two, or three, or four millions of people in these islands are struggling on the minimum pittance of human comfort and the maximum of human labor ; something like twenty millions³ are raised each year by taxation of intoxicating liquors ; something like one hundred thousand deaths each year of²⁰ disease distinctly preventable by care and sufficient food, and sanitary precaution and due self-restraint ; infants dying off from want of good nursing, like flies ; families herded together like swine—eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting, dying, in the same close and foul den ; the kick-²⁵ing to death of wives, the strangling of babies, the drunkenness, the starvation, the mendicancy, the thieving, the cheating, the pollution of our vast cities in masses, waves of misery and vice, chaos and neglect—all this counted, not here and there in spots and sores (as such³⁰ things in human society always will be), but in areas larger than the entire London of Elizabeth, masses of population equal to the entire English people of her age. *I will sum it up in words not my own, but written the*

other day by one of our best and most acute living teachers, who says: "Our present type of society is, in many respects, one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history—boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea islander." Such is another refrain to the cantata of the nineteenth century and its magnificent achievements in industry, science, and art.

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What is the good of carrying millions of people through the bowels of the earth, and at fifty miles an hour, if millions of working-people are forced to live in dreary, bleak suburbs, miles and miles away from all the freshness of the country, and away miles and miles even from the life and intelligence of cities? What is the use of electric lamps and telephones and telegraphs, newspapers by millions, letters by billions, if seamstresses, stitching their fingers to the bone, can hardly earn fourpence by making a shirt, and many a man and woman is glad of a shilling for twelve hours' work? What do we all gain if, in covering our land with factories and steam-engines, we are covering it also with want and wretchedness? And if we can make a shirt for a penny, and a coat for sixpence, and bring bread from every market on the planet, what do we gain if they who make the coat and the shirt lead the lives of galley-slaves, and eat their bread in tears and despair, disease and filth?

We are all in the habit of measuring success by *products*, while the point is: how are the products consumed, and by whom, and what sort of lives are passed by the *producers*? So far as mechanical improvements pour more wealth into the lap of the wealthy, more luxury

into the lives of the luxurious, and give a fresh turn to the screw which presses on the lives of the poor ; so far as our inventions double and treble the power of the rich, and double and treble the helplessness of the poor, giving to him that hath, and taking away from him⁵ that hath not even that which he has—so far these great material appliances of life directly tend to lower civilization, retard it, distort, and deprave it. And they *do* this, so far as we spend the most of our time in extending and enjoying these appliances, and very little time¹⁰ in preparing for the new conditions of life they impose on us, and in remedying the horrors that they bring in their train.

It may be said that there is no necessary connection between great mechanical improvements and these social¹⁵ diseases and horrors. No *necessary* connection, perhaps, but there is a plain historical connection. Fling upon a people at random a mass of mechanical appliances which invite them and force them to transform their entire external existence—to turn home work into factory²⁰ work, hand work into machine work, man's work into child work, country life into town life ; to have movement, mass, concentration, competition, where quiet individual industry had been the habit for twenty generations, and these things follow. Wherever the great²⁵ steam system, factory system, unlimited coal, iron, gas, and railway system, has claimed a district for its own, there these things are. The Black Country and the Coal Country, the Cotton Country, the central cities, the great ports, seem to grow these things as certainly³⁰ as they turn their streams into sewers, and their atmosphere into smoke and fog. Read Fielding, or Swift, or Chaucer ; and, though we find in the England of the *eighteenth century* and the fourteenth century plenty

of brutality and ignorance and cruelty, we do not find these huge mountains of social disease which seem inevitable the moment we have sudden material changes in life produced by vast mechanical discoveries.

There are thus two ways in which a sudden flood of mechanical inventions embarrasses and endangers civilization in the very act of advancing it. Science, philosophy, education, become smothered with the volume of materials before they have learned to use them, bewildered by the very multitude of their opportunities. Art, manners, culture, taste, suffer by the harassing rapidity wherewith life is whirled on from old to new fashion, from old to new interest, until the nervous system of the race itself is agitated and weakened by the never-ending rattle. Suppose that a few more discoveries yet enabled us, as Jules Verne's⁴ heroes, to pass at will like gnomes through the centre of the earth, or the depths of the sea, and the regions of space; to make a holiday tour to the volcanoes of the moon, and the fiery whirlpools of the sun; to take soundings in a comet's tail,²⁰ and to hold scientific meetings in the nebulae⁵ of Orion—we should seem to one another madmen; for we should have no common point of interest or action, of rest or affection. Rest and fixity are essential to thought, to social life, to beauty; and a growing series of mechanical inventions, making life a string of dissolving views, is a bar to rest and to fixity of any sort.

But amid all the dangers of these material appliances, flung at random upon a society unprepared for them, let us beware how we join in the impatience which protests that we are better without them. Let Mr. Carlyle pronounce anathemas on steam-engines, and Mr. Ruskin seek, by the aid of St. George, to abolish factories from *England*: all this is permitted to a man of genius, for

all is permitted to genius, and it is perhaps a grim way of giving us ample warning. But men of practical purpose have a different aim. The railways, the factories, the telegraphs, the gas, the electric wonders of all kinds, are here. No latter-day sermons or societies of St. George can get rid of them, or persuade men to give up what they find so enormously convenient. Nay, the case is far stronger than this. These things are among the most precious achievements of the human race, or rather, they will be, when we have learned how to use them without all the evils they bring with them. Man, in his desperate struggle with the forces of nature, is far too slightly armed to dispense with any one of the appliances that the genius of man can discover. He needs them all to get nearer to the mystery of the world, to furnish his material wants, to raise and beautify his personal and social life. There is one way in which they may be made a curse, not a blessing, and that is to exaggerate their value, to think that new material appliances to life form a truly higher life; that a man is *ipso facto* a nobler being because he can travel a thousand miles in twenty-four hours and hear the words that a man is speaking in New York. What has happened to the nineteenth century is what happens to a country when a gold-field is suddenly discovered. Civilized life for the time seems dancing mad; and though men will give a hundred dollars for a glass of champagne, degradation and want are commoner even than nuggets. It is significant that the most powerful pictures of degradation which the American continent has produced were drawn in the Western gold-fields, and the most serious scheme of modern communism has been thought out in the same ground. But the nugget (the sudden acquisition of vast material resources) makes havoc in

London and Manchester as much as in San Francisco or Melbourne. It does not follow, as some prophets tell us, that gold is not a useful metal, only we may buy gold too dear.

Socially, morally, and intellectually speaking, an era of extraordinary changes is an age that has cast on it quite exceptional duties. A child might as well play with a steam-engine or an electric machine as we could prudently accept our material triumphs with a mere "rest and be thankful." To decry steam and electricity,¹⁰ inventions and products, is hardly more foolish than to deny the price which civilization itself has to pay for the use of them. There are forces at work now, forces more unwearied than steam, and brighter than the electric arc, to rehumanize the dehumanized members of¹⁵ society; to assert the old immutable truths, to appeal to the old indestructible instinct, to recall beauty; forces yearning for rest, grace, and harmony; rallying all that is organic in man's social nature, and proclaiming the value of spiritual life over material life. But²⁰ there never was a century in human history when these forces had a field so vast before them, or issues so momentous on their failure or their success. There never was an age when the need was so urgent for synthetic habits of thought, systematic education, and a common²⁵ moral and religious faith.

There is much to show that our better genius is awakened to the task. Stupefied with smoke, and stunned with steam-whistles, there was a moment when the century listened with equanimity to the vulgarest³⁰ of its flatterers. But if Machinery were really its last word, we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine.

LXXVI.

LYCIDAS.

BY JOHN MILTON.¹

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,²
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And, with forc'd³ fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear⁴
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas⁵ is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew 10
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well⁶ 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nurs'd⁷ upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening⁸ our flocks with the fresh dew of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering⁹ wheel. 5
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns¹⁰ with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damoetas¹¹ lov'd to hear our song. 10

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone—
 Now thou are gone and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding¹² vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn. 15
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker¹³ to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze, 20
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
 When first the white-thorn blows,
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs,¹⁴ when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 25
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,¹⁵
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva¹⁶ spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me, I fondly¹⁷ dream! 30
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus¹⁸ bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?¹⁹

Alas! what boots²⁰ it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 5
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?²¹
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 10
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon²² when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury²³ with th' abhorred shears, 15
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus²⁴ replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies, 20
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse,²⁵ and thou honor'd flood, 25
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat²⁶ proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea²⁷
That came in Neptune's plea. 30
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.

They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotades²⁸ their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd :
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope²⁹ with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus,³⁰ reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r³¹ inscrib'd with woe.
"Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;³²
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
"How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow³³ of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are
sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine³⁴ at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.” 5

Return, Alpheus,³⁵ the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use 10
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers. 15
 Bring the rathe³⁶ primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
 The white pink and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine, 20
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. 25
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd:
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, 30
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous³⁷ world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus³⁸ old,

Where the great vision of the guarded mount²⁹
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more, 5
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 10
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
waves,

Where, other groves and other streams along, 15
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies, 20
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good 25
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray.
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay; 30
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

LXXVII.

WORK.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.¹

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish,² mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel³ in this world is, Know thy Work and do it. "Know thyself;"⁴ long enough has that poor¹⁰ "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan. 15

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in work," and man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and, withal, the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby.²⁰ Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all

these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man ; but he bends himself with free valor against his task ; all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright, blessed flame ?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder ; ranges itself, by mere force¹⁰ of gravity, into strata, spherical courses ; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World.⁶ What would become of the Earth did she cease to revolve ? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves ; all irregularities are¹¹ incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest of objects—old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older ? Rude lumps of clay ; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes ! And fancy the most¹² assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking ! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin ! Of an idle, unrevolving man the¹³ kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch ; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish ; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor ! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no *other* blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he

has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of a pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge — “self-knowledge” — and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken—to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there, and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher⁶ in the middle of black ruined stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape⁷ Officials, idle Nell Gwynn Defenders⁸ of the Faith, and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all *things and persons*, from the mutinous masons and Irish

hodmen up to the idle Nell Gwynn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics' not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him: will be wholly against him if he constrains her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far scattered, distant, unable to speak and say, "I am here;" must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible, like the gods; impediments, contradictions manifold, are so loud and near! Oh, brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these! by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these, and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last top-stone of that Paul's edifice; thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland stone¹⁰ there!

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent: see whether under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to

Heaven ; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor Localities and town and country parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen.

Work is of a religious nature : work is of a *brave* nature ; which it is the aim of all religion to be. “All work of man is as the swimmer’s :” a waste ocean threatens to devour him ; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him,¹⁰ bears him as its conqueror along. “It is so,” says Goethe, “with all things that man undertakes in this world.”

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all !—it is no friendly environ-¹⁵ment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely²⁰ there on thy behalf ! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major¹¹ to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the Kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling²⁵ wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine,³⁰ there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, *saving* thyself by dexterous science of *defence the while* ; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou

strike in when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself: how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the world Marine-Service—thou wilt have to be *greater* than¹⁰ this tumultuous, unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down, and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

Religion, I said; for, properly speaking, all true Work¹⁵ is Religion; and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks—*“Laborare est Orare, Work is Worship.”*²⁰

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work—and²⁵ burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee? What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable—obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity, and Thee. The

thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered. . . .

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the¹⁰ brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler¹² calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms, up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called Divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then, I say,¹⁵ the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workman there, in God's Eternity; surviving²⁰ there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods—they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes²⁵ of Time! To thee, Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home*, in honor to thy far-distant Home, in honor,³⁰ doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien;¹⁸ thou everywhere art a denizen! *Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.*

LXXVIII.

ON TRUE VALOR.

BY BEN JONSON.

Scene : A Room in the Inn.

Lovel. Good Colonel Glorious, while we treat of valor
Dismiss yourself. Go drink,
And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters,
The under-officers of your regiment ;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant. 5

Lord Beaufort. How does that differ from true valor?

Lovel. Thus :

In the efficient, or that which makes it ;
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment.
Then brute beasts have it—wicked persons ; there 10
It differs in the subject, in the form ;
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence.

Then in the end, where it respects not truth,
Or public honesty, but mere revenge.

Now, confident and undertaking valor 15

Sways from the true, two other ways, as being

A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,

And not the right, or conscience of the cause,

That works it : then in the end, which is the victory,

And not the honor. 20

Lord Beaufort. But the ignorant valor,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
To escape the infamy merely—

Lovel. Is worst of all.

That valor lies in the eyes o' the lookers-on,
And is called valor with a witness.

The things true valor's exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity, 5
Banishment, loss of children, long disease :
The least is death. Here valor is beheld,
Properly seen ; about these it is present :
Not trivial things, which but require our confidence.
And yet to those we must object ourselves, 10
Only for honesty ; if any other
Respects be mixed we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
Or separate from justice, is called craft
Rather than wisdom, so a mind affecting 15
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any self-pretext not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valor,
And over-daring is as great a vice
As over-fearing. 20

Lord Latimer. Yes, and often greater.

Lovel. But as it is not the mere punishment,
But cause, that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man 25
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways :
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt to his other virtues ;
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-maids, 30
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet ;
He can assure himself against all rumor,

Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil !

Lady Frampul. Most manly uttered all !
As if Achilles had the chair in valor,
And Hercules were but a lecturer.
Who would not hang upon those lips forever
That strike such music !

LXXIX.

ON DISCOURSE.

BY SIR FRANCIS BACON.¹

SOME in their discourse desire rather commendation¹⁰ of wit,² in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true ; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want variety ; which kind¹⁵ of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate and to pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to²⁰ vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest ; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade³ anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought²⁵ to be privileged from it ; namely, religion, matters of

state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick; and, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he hath need to be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much and content⁴ much, but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself to gather knowledge; but let his questions be not troublesome, for that is fit for a poser;⁵ and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak: nay, if there be any¹⁵ that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off and bring others on, as musicians used to do with those that dance too long galliards.⁶ If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought²⁰ another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself"; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself²⁵ with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch⁷ towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noble³⁰ men of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, "*Tell truly, was there never a flout⁸ or dry blow*

given?" to which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed": the lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech without a speech of interlocation shows slowness; and a good reply or second speech without a good settled speech showeth shallowness and weakness: as we see in beasts that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn, as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one comes to the matter is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

LXXX.

UNA AND THE LION.

BY EDMUND SPENSER.¹

NOUGHT is there under heav'n's wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind, 15
 Than beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd, 20
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,

To thinke how she, through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre. 5

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strayd, 10
 To seek her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter
 wrought,
 Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought; 15
 Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight; 20
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace. 25

It fortun'd, out of thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
 Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily, 30
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse:

But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ; 5
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long, 10
Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint, 15
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne, 20
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard : 25
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent. 30

LXXXI.

DEMOCRACY.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE experiment of a great democratic republic for the first time in the history of the world—for Rome in its best times was an aristocracy—will be looked on by all lovers of their species with the most kindly curiosity and the most hopeful sympathy. In the United States of America we have the stout, self-reliant, sober-minded Anglo-Saxon stock, well trained in the process of the ages to the difficult art of self-government; we have a constitution framed with the most cautious consideration, and with the most effective checks against the dangers of an overriding democracy; and we have a people as free from any imminent external danger as they have unlimited scope for internal progress. Under no circumstances could the experiment of self-government, on a great scale, have been made with a more promising start. No doubt they have a difficult and slippery problem to perform. The frequent recurrence of elections to the supreme magistracy has always been, and must ever be, the breeder of faction, the nurse of venality, and the spur of ambition. Once already has this Titanic confederacy, though only a hundred years old, by going through a process of a long, bitter, and bloody civil war, shown that the unifying machinery so cunningly put together by the conservative genius of a Washington, an Adams, and a Madison was insufficient to hold in check the rebellious forces at war within its

womb. No doubt also it were in vain to speak America free from those acts of gigantic jobbing, blushless venality, and overriding of the masses in various ways, which were working the ruin of Rome in the days of Jugurtha. The aristocracy of gold and the tyranny of capitalists in Christian New York has shown itself no less able to usurp the public land, and defraud the people of their share in the soil, than the lordly aristocracy and the slave-dealing magnates of heathen Rome.

Nevertheless, we need not despair. The sins of American democracy may serve as a useful hint to us not rashly to tinker our own mixed constitution without waiting for a verdict on issues, which, as Socrates wisely says, lie with the gods; nor, on the other hand, is there any wisdom in ascribing to the American form of government evils which, as belonging to human nature, crop up with more or less abundance under all forms of government, and which may be specially rife among ourselves. We also have our Glasgow banks, our bubble companies of all kinds, our heady speculations, our hot competitions, our over-productions, our haste to be rich, our idol worship of mere material magnificence—these are evils, and the root of all evil, with the production of which no form of government has anything to do, and against which every form of government will be in vain invoked to contend.

We must bear in mind that democracy, or social self-government, is the most difficult of all human problems, and must be approached, not with inflated hopes and rosy imaginations, but with sobriety and caution and a sound mind, and at critical times not without prayer and fasting. Before entering on any scheme for rebuilding our social edifice on a democratic model, we should consider seriously what a democracy really implies, and what we

may reasonably promise ourselves from its possible success. Of the two rallying cries which have made it a favorite with persons given to change, "equality" and "liberty," the one is no more true than that all the mountains in the Highlands are as high as Ben-Nevis, and can only mean, at the best, that all men have an equal right to be called men, and to be treated as men; while the other is only true so far as concerns the removal of all artificial barriers to the free exercise of each man's function, according to his capacity and opportunities. But this is a mere starting-point in the social life of a great people. When the bird is out of the cage, which it must be in order to be a perfect bird, the more serious question emerges, what use it shall make of its newly acquired liberty. Here certainly to men, as to birds, there are great dangers to be faced; and with nations the progress of society is measured to a much larger extent by the increase of limitations than by the extension of liberties. Then, again, the fundamental postulate of extreme democracy, that the majority have everywhere a right to govern, is manifestly false. No man, as a member of society, has a natural right to govern: he has a right to be governed, and well governed; and that can only be when the government is conducted by the wisest and best men who compose the society. If the numerical majority is composed of sober-minded, sensible, and intelligent persons, who will either govern wisely themselves, or choose persons who will do so, then democracy is justified by its deeds; but if it is otherwise, and if, when an appeal is made to the multitude, they will choose the most daring, the most ambitious, and the most unscrupulous, rather than the most sensible, the most moderate, and the most conscientious, *then democracy is a bad thing.*

It is manifest, therefore, that of all forms of government democracy is that which imperatively requires the greatest amount of intelligence and moderation among the great mass of the people, especially among the lower classes, who have always been the most numerous; and as history can point to no quarter of the world where such a happy condition of the numerical intelligence has been realized, it cannot look with any favor on schemes of universal suffrage, even when qualified with a stout array of effective checks. The system, indeed, of representing every man individually, and giving every member of society a capitation vote—as they have a capitation tax in Turkey—however popular it may be with the advocates of extreme democracy, seems quite unreasonable. What requires to be represented in a reasonable representative system is not so much individuals as qualities, capacities, interests, and types. Every class should be represented, rather than every man in a class. Besides, the equality of votes, which democracy demands, on the principle that I am as good as you—and perhaps a little better—is utterly false, and tends to nourish conceit and impertinence, to banish all reverence, and to ignore all distinctions in society. And let it never be forgotten—what democracies are far too apt to forget—that minorities have rights as well as majorities; nay, that one of the great ends to be achieved by a good government is to protect the few against the natural insolence of a majority. Never too frequently can we repeat, in reference to all public acts, no less than to the conduct of individuals in private life, the great Aristotelian maxim that ALL EXTREMES ARE WRONG; that every force, when in full action, tends to an excess which for its own salvation must be met by a counterpoising force; that all good government, as all healthy existence, is the bal-

ance of opposites and the marriage of contraries; and that the more mettlesome the charger, the more need of a firm rein and a cautious rider. He who overlooks this prime postulate of all sane action in this complex world may pile his democratic house tier above tier and enjoy his green conceit for a season; but the day of sore trial and civic storm is not far, when the rain shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon that house, and it will fall, because it was founded upon a dream.

10

LXXXII.

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

15

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

20

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LXXXIII.

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SAL-
ARINO, SALERIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but, since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He's ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that ;
 But say it is my humor. Is it answer'd ?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;
 Some, when they hear the bagpipe.

Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer :
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts, 5
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer, 10
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice. 15

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day. 20

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet! 25
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. 30
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

* * * * *

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Duke. Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informèd throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name. 10

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

[*To ANTONIO.*] You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Ant. Ay, so he says. 15

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ; 20
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ; 25
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, 30
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority;
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error by the same example
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast: 35
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. 30

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say ?

Ant. But little ; I'am arm'd and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend to me your honorable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

* * * * *

Shy. We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! Come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are *a pound of flesh* :

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it! 5
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien 10
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ; 15
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too 20
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself : 25
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it. 30
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's :
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it, 10
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift, 15
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ? 20

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it. 25

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.]

LXXXIV.

THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.¹

THERE is a characteristic saying of Dr. Johnson, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." The saying is cynical, many will call it brutal; yet it has in it something of plain, robust sense and truth. We do often see men passing themselves off as patriots who are in truth scoundrels; we meet with talk and proceedings laying claim to patriotism which are these gentlemen's last refuge. We may all of us agree in praying to be delivered from patriots and patriotism of this sort. Short of such, there is, undoubtedly, sheltering itself¹⁰ under the fine name of patriotism, a good deal of self-flattery and self-delusion which is mischievous. "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" In that uncompromising sentence of Bishop¹⁵ Butler's is surely the right and salutary maxim for both individuals and nations.

Yet there is an honorable patriotism which we should satisfy if we can, and should seek to have on our side. At home I have said so much of the characters of our²⁰ society and the prospects of our civilization that I can hardly escape the like topic elsewhere. Speaking in America, I cannot well avoid saying something about the prospects of society in the United States. It is a *topic where one is apt to touch people's patriotic feel-*²⁵

ings. No one will accuse me of having flattered the patriotism of that great country of English people on the other side of the Atlantic, among whom I was born. Here, so many miles from home, I begin to reflect with tender contrition that perhaps I have not—I will not say flattered the patriotism of my own countrymen enough, but regarded it enough. Perhaps that is one reason why I have produced so very little effect upon them. It was a fault of youth and inexperience. But it would be unpardonable to come in advanced life¹⁰ and repeat the same error here. You will not expect impossibilities of me. You will not expect me to say that things are not what, in my judgment, they are, and that the consequences of them will not be what they will be. I should make nothing of it; I should be a too¹⁵ palpable failure. But I confess that I should be glad if in what I say here I could engage American patriotism on my side, instead of rousing it against me. And it so happens that the paramount thoughts which your great country raises in my mind are really and truly of a kind²⁰ to please, I think, any true American patriot, rather than to offend him.

The vast scale of things here, the extent of your country, your numbers, the rapidity of your increase, strike the imagination, and are a common topic for admiring²⁵ remark. Our great orator, Mr. Bright,² is never weary of telling us how many acres of land you have at your disposal, how many bushels of grain you produce, how many millions you are, how many more millions you will be presently, and what a capital thing this is for you.³⁰ Now, though I do not always agree with Mr. Bright, I find myself agreeing with him here. I think your numbers afford a very real and important ground for satisfaction.

Not that your great numbers, or indeed great numbers of men anywhere, are likely to be all good, or even to have the majority good. "The majority are bad," said one of the wise men of Greece; but he was a pagan. Much to the same effect, however, is the famous sentence of the New Testament, "Many are called, few chosen." This appears a hard saying: many are the endeavors to elude it, to attenuate its severity. But turn it how you will, manipulate it as you will, the few, as Cardinal Newman well says, can never mean the many. Perhaps you will say that the majority is sometimes good—that its impulses are good generally, and its action is good occasionally. But it lacks principle, it lacks persistence; if to-day its good impulses prevail, they succumb to-morrow; sometimes it goes right, but it is very apt to go wrong. Even a popular orator, or a popular journalist, will hardly say that the multitude may be trusted to have its judgment generally just, and its action generally virtuous. It may be better, it is better, that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people. But still, the world being what it is, we must surely expect the aims and doings of the majority of men to be at present very faulty, and this in a numerous community no less than in a small one. So much we must certainly, I think, concede to the sages and to the saints.

Sages and saints are apt to be severe, it is true; apt to take a gloomy view of the society in which they live,

and to prognosticate evil to it. But then it must be added that their prognostications are very apt to turn out right. Plato's account of the most gifted and brilliant community of the ancient world, of that Athens of his to which we all owe so much, is despondent enough. "There is but a very small remnant," he says, "of honest followers of wisdom, and they who are of these few, and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession is wisdom, and who can fully see, moreover, the madness of the multitude, and that there is no one, we may say, whose action in public matters is sound, and no ally for whosoever would help the just, what," asks Plato, "are they to do? They may be compared," says Plato, "to a man who has fallen among wild beasts; he will not be one of them, but he is too unaided to make head against them, and before he can do any good to society or his friends he will be overwhelmed and perish uselessly. When he considers this he will resolve to keep still, and to mind his own business; as it were standing aside under a wall in a storm of dust and hurricane of driving wind; and he will endure to behold the rest filled with iniquity, if only he himself may live his life clear of injustice and of impiety, and depart, when his time comes, in mild and gracious mood, with fair hope."

Plato's picture here of democratic Athens is certainly gloomy enough. We may be sure the mass of his contemporaries would have pronounced it to be monstrously overcharged. We ourselves, if we had been living then, should most of us have by no means seen things as Plato saw them. No, if we had seen Athens even nearer its end than when Plato wrote the strong words which I have been quoting, Athens in the last days of Plato's life, we should most of us probably have considered that things were not going badly with Athens.

There is a long sixteen years' administration—the administration of Eubulus—which fills the last years of Plato's life, and the middle years of the fourth century before Christ. A temperate German historian thus describes Athens during this ministry of Eubulus: "The grandeur and loftiness of Attic democracy had vanished, while all the pernicious germs contained in it were fully developed. A life of comfort and a craving for amusement were encouraged in every way, and the interest of the citizens was withdrawn from serious¹⁰ things. Conversation became more and more superficial and frivolous. Famous courtesans formed the chief topic of talk; the new inventions of Thearion, the leading pastry-cook in Athens, were hailed with loud applause; and the witty sayings which had been uttered¹⁵ in gay circles were repeated about town as matters of prime importance."

No doubt, if we had been living then to witness this, we should from time to time have shaken our heads gravely, and said how sad it all was. But most of us²⁰ would not, I think, have been very seriously disquieted by it. On the other hand, we should have found many things in the Athens of Eubulus to gratify us. "The democrats," says the same historian whom I have just quoted, "saw in Eubulus one of their own set at the²⁵ head of affairs," and I suppose no good democrat would see that without pleasure. Moreover, Eubulus was of popular character. In one respect he seems to have resembled your own "heathen Chinees"; he had "guileless ways," says our historian, "in which the citizens³⁰ took pleasure." He was a good speaker, a thorough man of business, and, above all, he was very skilful in matters of finance. His administration was both popular and prosperous. We should certainly have said, most

of us, if we had encountered somebody announcing his resolve to stand aside under a wall during such an administration, that he was a goose for his pains; and if he had called it "a falling among wild beasts" to have to live with his fellow-citizens who had confidence in Eubulus, their country, and themselves, we should have esteemed him very impertinent.

Yes; and yet at the close of that administration of Eubulus came the collapse, and the end of Athens as an independent State; and it was to the fault of Athens¹⁰ herself that the collapse was owing. Plato was right, after all; the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent.

So fared it with that Athenian State, with the brilliant people of art and intellect. Now let us turn to the people of religion. We have heard Plato speaking of the very small remnant which honestly sought wisdom. *The remnant*—it is the word of the Hebrew prophets also, and especially is it the word of the greatest of them all, Isaiah. Not used with the despondency of Plato—used with far other power informing it, and with a farⁿ other future awaiting it, filled with fire, filled with hope, filled with faith, filled with joy, this term itself, *the remnant*, is yet Isaiah's term as well as Plato's. The texts are familiar to all Christendom. "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." Even this remnant, a tenth of the whole, if so it may be, shall have to come back into the purging fire, and be again cleared and further reduced there. Nevertheless, "as a terebinth-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, though they be cut down, so the stock of that burned tenth shall be a holy seed."

The small remnant should be a holy seed, but the great majority, as in democratic Athens, so in the kingdoms

of the Hebrew nation, were unsound, and their State was doomed. This was Isaiah's point. The actual commonwealth of the "drunkards" and the "blind," as he calls them, of Israel and Judah, of the dissolute grandees and gross and foolish common people, of the great majority, must perish; its perishing was the necessary stage towards a happier future. And Isaiah was right, as Plato was right. No doubt to most of us, if we had been there to see it, the kingdom of Ephraim or of Judah, the society of Samaria and Jerusalem, would have¹⁰ seemed to contain a great deal else besides dissolute grandees and foolish common people. No doubt we should have thought parts of their policy serious, and some of their alliances promising. No doubt, when we read the Hebrew prophets now, with the larger and¹⁵ more patient temper of a different race and an augmented experience, we often feel the blame and invective to be too absolute. Nevertheless, as to his grand point, Isaiah, I say, was right. The majority in the Jewish State, whatever they might think or say, whatever their²⁰ guides and flatterers might think or say, the majority were unsound, and their unsoundness must be their ruin.

Isaiah, however, does not make his remnant confine itself, like Plato's, to standing aside under a wall during this life, and then departing in mild temper and good²⁵ hope when the time for departure comes; Isaiah's remnant saves the State. Undoubtedly he means to represent it as doing so. Undoubtedly he imagines his Prince of the house of David, who is to be born within a year's time, his royal and victorious Immanuel; he imagines³⁰ him witnessing as a child the chastisement of Ephraim and the extirpation of the bad majority there; then witnessing as a youth the chastisement of Judah and the *extirpation of the bad majority there also*; but finally,

in mature life, reigning over a State renewed, preserved, and enlarged, a greater and happier kingdom of the chosen people.

Undoubtedly Isaiah conceives his remnant in this wise; undoubtedly he imagined for it a part which, in strict truth, it did not play, and could not play. So manifest was the non-fulfilment of his prophecy, taken strictly, that ardent souls feeding upon his words had to wrest them from their natural meaning, and to say that Isaiah directly meant something which he did not directly mean. Isaiah, like Plato, with inspired insight, foresaw that the world before his eyes, the world of actual life, the State and city of the unsound majority, could not stand. Unlike Plato, Isaiah announced with faith and joy a leader, and a remnant certain to supersede them. But he put the leader's coming, and he put the success of the leader's and the remnant's work far, far too soon; and his conception, in this respect, is fantastic. Plato betook himself for the bringing in of righteousness to a visionary republic in the clouds; Isaiah—and it is the grand glory of him and of his race to have done so—brought it in upon earth. But Immanuel and his reign, for the eighth century before Christ, were fantastic. For the kingdom of Judah they were fantastic. Immanuel and the remnant could not come to reign under the conditions there offered to them; the thing was impossible.

The reason of the impossibility is quite simple. The scale of things in petty States like Judah and Athens is too small; the numbers are too scanty. Admit that for the world, as we hitherto know it, what the philosophers and prophets say is true: that the majority are *unsound*; even in nations with exceptional gifts, even in the Jewish State, the Athenian State, the majority are *unsound*. But there is the "remnant." Now the

important thing, as regards States such as Judah and Athens, is not that the remnant bears but a small proportion to the majority, the remnant always bears a small proportion to the majority. The grave thing for States like Judah and Athens is that the remnant must in positive bulk be so small, and therefore so powerless for reform. To be a voice outside the State, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual State to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. To reform the State in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader—a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions. This considerable body of workers for good is what is wanting in petty States such as were Athens and Judah. It is said that the Athenian State had in all but 350,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the population of the kingdom of Judah did not exceed a million and a quarter. The scale of things, I say, is here too small, the numbers are too scanty, to give us a remnant capable of saving and perpetuating the State. The remnant, in these cases, may influence the world and the future, may transcend the State and survive it; but it cannot possibly transform the State and perpetuate the State; for such a work it is numerically too feeble.

Plato saw the impossibility. Isaiah refused to accept it, but facts were too strong for him. The Jewish State could not be renewed and saved, and he was wrong in thinking that it could. And therefore I call his grand point this other, where he was altogether right: that the actual world of the unsound majority, though it fancied itself solid, and though most men might call it solid, could not stand. Let us read him again and again, *until we fix in our minds this true conviction of his,*

to edify us whenever we see such a world existing: his indestructible conviction that such a world, with its prosperities, idolatries, oppression, luxury, pleasures, drunkards, careless women, governing classes, systems of policy, strong alliances, shall come to naught and pass away; that nothing can save it. Let us do homage, also, to his indestructible conviction that States are saved by their righteous remnant, however clearly we may at the same time recognize that his own building on this conviction was premature.

10

* * * * *

In these United States you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere, so likewise here, the majority of people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter; they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has passed hitherto, the majority is and must be in general unsound everywhere—even in the United States, even in New York itself. Where is the failure? I have already, in the past, speculated in the abstract about you too much. But I suppose that in a democratic community like this, with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality, the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. “Whatsoever things are *elevated*”—*whatsoever* things are nobly serious, have true *elevation*—that, perhaps, in our catalogue of maxims which

are to possess the mind, is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate, let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of States, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant*. "The remnant shall return"; shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions, and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be, surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast either, nor make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitude will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian Empire had multitude, the Roman Empire had multitude; yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant any more than Athens or Judah could produce it, and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions, mainly sprung, as we

in England are mainly sprung, from that German stock which has faults, indeed—faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction and the interest of its history, and which seems, moreover, just now, from all I can see and hear, to be passing through a not very happy moment, morally, in Germany proper. Yet of the German stock it is, I think, true, as my father said more than fifty years ago, that it has been a stock “of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues.” You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have. Then you have had, as we in England have also had, but more entirely than we, and more exclusively, the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline; certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long; but as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor, inattentive, and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate and make part of his being divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value. Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty millions—you are fifty millions sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say—what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant—you may fairly hope, with your numbers, if things go happily, to have!

NOTES

FOR THE USE OF TEACHERS AND PUPILS.

ABBREVIATIONS: Ar.—Arabic; A. S.—Anglo-Saxon; Du.—Dutch; Fr.—French; Gael.—Gaelic; Ger.—German; Gr.—Greek; Lat.—Latin; Mid. E.—Middle English; Mid. Lat.—Middle Latin; O. Eng.—Old English; O. Fr.—Old French; pro.—pronounced; Span.—Spanish.

I.—THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN.

Page 11, Note 1.—JOHN RICHARD GREEN was born at Oxford, England, in 1837. He was educated at Magdalen Grammar School and Jesus College, Oxford. When about sixteen years of age, Gibbon's "Rome" fell into his hands; and "from that moment the enthusiasm of history took hold of him." In 1860 he left Oxford to perform the duties of curate in one of the poorest parishes of London. Here he learned, as perhaps no other historian had ever learned it before, what the life of the people meant; and here he planned and wrote his "History of the English People," a work which wrought a revolution in the methods of historical research and study. The book was published in 1874. Mr. Green died in 1883. "I know what men will say of me," he said; "they will say, 'He died learning.'"

2.—TEUTONIC FAMILY. The ancient Teutons, or Germans, including the Anglo-Saxons, Scandinavians, and the ancestors of the modern Germans.

3.—TACITUS (tās' i tus). Caius Cornelius Tacitus, a Roman historian, born A.D. 55, died at about the age of sixty years. Among the best translations of his works is that by Church and Brodribb (1868).

4.—CEORLS. Churls, countrymen, common-folk. — EORLS. Earls, chiefs, leaders.

5.—MOOT. Assembly. From A. S. *motian*, to meet, to assemble.

6.—CHRISTIANITY. The conversion of the English to Christianity did not occur until after their settlement in Britain. Its beginning dates with the mission of St. Augustine, and the baptism of Ethelbert, King of Kent, about the end of the sixth century. But the English people did not entirely abandon paganism until a much later period.

7.—WEYLAND'S SMITHY. See the episode of Wayland the Smith, in "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott.

8.—CLODESLEY. See the ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William Cloudeley," in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." The

legend of William Tell, especially that portion of it which relates to his wonderful skill in archery, probably originated in the ancient myth of Ægil.

PRONUNCIATION.—Hōl' stein (hōl' stīne); Fries land (frēez'-land); Elbe (ělb); ġeōrls; eōrls; wīt' an; Ēos' tre; Wýrd; wēird; Nīc' or; Tiw (tū); Ægil (ē' ġil).

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Knight's "History of England," vol. i., chap. i.; the first chapter in Thierry's "Norman Conquest"; Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"; Green's "The Making of England."

II.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Page 17, Note 1.—SAMUEL SMILES was born in Haddington, Scotland, in 1816. He was educated for a surgeon, but after practising for some time in Leeds he became editor of the *Leeds Times*. He was afterwards, for many years, secretary of the Southeastern railway. He has written several interesting and valuable works, chiefly on industrial and social themes, among which the most popular are "Self-Help," "Thrift," "Duty," "Life and Labor." He has also written several biographical works: "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," "The Life of George Stephenson and his Son, Robert Stephenson," "Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso," etc.

2.—DR. GUTHRIE. Thomas Guthrie, a celebrated Scotch preacher and philanthropist (1803–1873). He was the author of several religious works, and for some years editor of the *Sunday Magazine*.

3.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (lä rosh fōō kō'). A French writer and philanthropist (1747–1827).

4.—WALTER BAGEHOT (băj'ot). An English writer on economics and philosophical subjects (1826–1877).

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III.—THE LADY CLARE.

Page 20, Note 1.—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, England, in 1809. His first volume of poetry appeared in 1830, and was republished in 1842. Since then his fame as a poet has steadily increased. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as poet-laureate of England. His more important longer poems are "The Princess, a Medley" (1847); "In Memoriam" (1850); "Maud" (1855); "The Idylls of the King" (1858); "Enoch Arden" (1869). The selection here presented is a specimen of the poet's work in lighter vein. It was first published in 1842.

2.—TROW (trō). Believe, trust. From A. S. *treowian*, to believe.

3.—DOWN. A tract of poor, naked, hilly land, chiefly used for pasturing sheep. From A. S. *dūn*, a heap, a hillock.

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IV.—SOME LESSONS LEARNED IN NATURE'S SCHOOL.

Page 24, Note 1.—HUGH MILLER, the celebrated geologist, was born in Cromarty, Scotland, in 1805. The only education he received was at the burgh school of his native town, and yet his writings are so easy and graceful, his descriptions exhibit such a happy blending of poetry and fancy, that he has been compared, in style, to Goldsmith. He began life as a stonemason, but his devotion to science and his literary proclivities early displaying themselves, he was promoted to occupations more congenial—first to a clerkship in a bank, then to the editorship of a newspaper in Edinburgh. His works are “My Schools and School-masters” (from which this extract is selected), “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland,” “The Old Red Sandstone,” “The Testimony of the Rocks,” etc. At the time of his death, in 1857, he was the editor of *The Witness*, an Edinburgh newspaper.

2.—FRITH OF CROMARTY. An inlet in the north-eastern part of Scotland.

3.—TANGLE. A species of sea-weed growing at or below low-water mark, and sometimes used for food.

4.—STRAITEN. Make tense or tight.

5.—PRESTO. Quickly, suddenly. From Sp. *presto*, quick.

6.—LAMINARIA AND FUCI. Different kinds of sea-weed.

7.—CAVIARE (ka veer'). The roes of certain large fish, prepared and salted. A popular article of food in Russia.

8.—ANNELID. An articulate animal having an elongated body formed of numerous rings or ring-like segments.

9.—SETÆ (sē' tā). Bristles; stalk-like appendages.

10.—CYCLOPEAN (cŷ clo pē' an). Relating to the Cyclops; vast, gigantic. Cyclopean walls are massive ancient walls, built of unhewn stone.

11.—Tyrian purple was a celebrated dye, formerly prepared at Tyre from certain shell-fish. The secret of its manufacture has been lost.

12.—See Shakespeare's “Macbeth,” act v. scene 5, l. 44.

13.—CONGENER (cōn' je ner). A thing of the same genus.

14.—CALIPH VATHEK (kā' lif vāth' ek). The hero of “Vathek, an Arabian Tale,” by William Beckford (1760–1844). The story was originally written in French in 1782, and was completed by the author in three days and two nights. It was one of the most popular tales of its time.

15.—For the story of Samson and the honey, see Judges xiv. 5–9.

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V.—THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

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acter. Mr. Jerrold was one of the leading contributors to *Punch*. He is best known in America as the author of "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures." In 1852 he became editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which post he held till his death, in 1857. His collected works are published in six volumes.

2.—SCHOOLMEN. The philosophers of the Middle Ages, who devoted their attention chiefly to points of abstract and useless speculation.

3.—SHEPHERDS. See Luke ii. 8. 4.—GLEBE. Ground, soil. From Lat. *gleba*, clod. 5.—PER DIEM (Lat.), per day.

6.—LAZARUS. The rich man may uncover his head to the pauper.—DIVES, from Lat. *dives*, rich. For the parable of Lazarus and Dives, see Luke xvi.

PRONUNCIATION.—Halfpence (hā' pençe); mōor; effrón' tery; Chertsey (chës' sy).

VI.—MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Page 36, Note 1.—ROBERT BURNS was born in 1759 in Ayrshire, Scotland; died in 1796. "The most convincing proof that the gift of poesy is not the result of 'learning overmuch' is found in the fact that Burns was born a peasant, and that his education was only in accordance with his station." He threshed in the barn, reaped, mowed, and held the plough before he was fifteen. In 1784, after his father's death, he attempted farming at Mossgiel, but was not very successful. He resolved to leave Scotland, and received an appointment to a clerkship in Jamaica; but just on the eve of his departure he learned of the success of a volume of his poems, which had just been published at Kilmarnock, and, instead of embarking for the West Indies, he proceeded at once to Edinburgh. There he was received, with great show of favor, into the best society of the time. "His name and fame flashed like sunshine over the land: the shepherd on the hill, the maiden at her wheel, learned his songs by heart, and the first scholars of Scotland courted his acquaintance." He settled down upon a farm at Ellisland, in Nithsdale; but his habits were such that he failed in its management. He was then appointed exciseman at Dumfries; and there, five years afterwards, he died.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: George William Curtis's oration on Robert Burns (Harper's Fifth Reader, p. 260); Whittier's and Longfellow's poems on Robert Burns; Carlyle's "Essay on Robert Burns."

VII.—THE SCHOOL AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

Page 39, Note 1.—CHARLES DICKENS was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, England, in 1812. He received but an indifferent education in the common schools and in an attorney's office. His first literary work was a series of sketches written for the *Morning Chronicle* in 1834, over the signature "Boz." The first number of the "Pickwick Papers" appeared in 1837; "*Martin Chuzzlewit*" was published in 1844; "*Dombey and Son*" in 1846; and "*David Copperfield*," the best of his novels, in 1849. In 1850 Mr. Dickens became editor of *Household Words*, a weekly periodical, published in London. This paper being discontinued in 1859, was succeeded by a similar

publication, entitled *All the Year Round*. Many of Dickens's novels appeared serially in these periodicals. He died at Gadshill in 1870.

The story of "Nicholas Nickleby" was published in 1838-39. The gross mismanagement of some private boarding schools in Yorkshire having been reported to Mr. Dickens, he resolved to visit these institutions and determine the truth by observation. Upon his return to London he wrote this novel, the main incidents of which are represented as having occurred in one of these schools for unfortunate boys.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Ward's "Life of Charles Dickens" (English Men of Letters); selections from "Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," and "David Copperfield."

VIII.—JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

Page 48, Note 1.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI (Lord Beaconsfield) was born in London in 1805. He was educated at home and by private tutors. His first novel, "Vivian Grey," was written in 1826, and at once made him famous. In 1838 he was elected member of Parliament. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, and became Prime-minister in 1868, and again in 1874. He died in 1880. Among his numerous novels the best known are "Coningsby," "Tancred," "Lothair," and "Endymion."

This selection is from "Tancred." Lord Beaconsfield's ancestors were Jews, and this fact may explain some of the passages in this extract so eulogistic of the Hebrew race.

2.—MOUNT OLIVET. A hill on the east side of Jerusalem, separated from the city by the brook Kedron. The garden of Gethsemane (*gēth sēm' a ne*) was the place in which Christ spent the night preceding his crucifixion.—JEHOSHAPHAT. The name of a deep valley near the wall of the city.

3.—SION AND CALVARY. Celebrated hills of Jerusalem, the former being the site of David's tower, the latter that of the crucifixion of Christ.—CAPITOLINE AND AVENTINE. Two of the seven hills of Rome.—MALVERN AND CHILTERN. Ranges of hills in England.

4.—CHILD OF HAGAR. Ishmael. Here denotes the Arabs, the descendants of Ishmael. The temple referred to is the celebrated Mosque of Omar. "Sarah's chosen one," the Jews, the descendants of Isaac.

5.—BETHESDA'S POOL. A pool in Jerusalem whose waters were believed to possess healing qualities.

6.—Tradition relates that Christ twice sank under the burden of the cross.

7.—Almost nothing is known of Melchizedek, his entire story being comprised in two or three verses of the Scriptures. Gen. xiv. 18.

8.—TITUS. Jerusalem was destroyed in the year 69, by the Romans under Titus, the son of the Emperor Vespasian.

9.—THE LAW-GIVER. Moses.—THE MONARCH. Solomon.—THE TEACHER. Jesus Christ.

10.—THE MOST CIVILIZED OF ITS KINGDOMS. France, during the time of the Revolution and the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte (1793-1815).—CLOVIS. Founder of the Frankish monarchy (465-511).

11.—The church of Notre Dame, in Paris.

12.—Godfrey de Bouillon (1060–1100), the hero of the first crusade; Baldwin (1058–1118), brother of Godfrey, and king of Jerusalem; Guy de Lusignan, another hero of the Crusades.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The description of Jerusalem in Thomson's "Southern Palestine and Jerusalem"; selections from "Lothair," "Con-
tarini Fleming," or "Endymion."

IX.—PLEASANTNESS.

Page 54, Note 1.—SIR ARTHUR HELPS was born in 1817. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. After having held several official appointments, he was made Clerk of the Privy Council in 1859. The work which made him famous as an author, "Friends in Council," appeared in 1847. It was followed by a similar work, entitled "Companions of my Solitude" (1851). His chief historical work, "The Spanish Conquest of America," was published in 1857. In 1859 a second series of "Friends in Council" was issued. All of the works of Mr. Helps are remarkable for their philosophical and moral tone, and for the purity and clearness of the language in which they are written. He died in 1875.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from "Friends in Council."

X.—THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

Page 57, Note 1.—JEAN INGELOW was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1830. The first volume of her poems was published in 1863, and at once secured her recognition as a poet of much more than average ability and merit. Besides poetry, she has written several novels and short stories in prose. For many years she resided in London, where it was her custom to give, three times a week, a "copyright dinner," as she called it, to twelve poor people lately discharged from the hospitals.

In the selection which we present the poet imitates the archaic spelling and modes of expression supposed to be in vogue in the sixteenth century.

2.—UPPE. Old form of *up*; so, also, *myne* for *my* or *mine*, etc.—BOSTON. A town in Lincolnshire, England, on Witham River.

3.—NAUGHT OF STRANGE. Nothing strange.

4.—LINDIS. A small stream in Lincolnshire.

5.—MELICK. Melic-grass, a kind of grass eaten by cattle.—MEADS. Meadows.

6.—BIN. Were. From A. S. *beon*, were, been.

7.—WARPING. Turning aside out of a straight course.

8.—SCORPE. Probably from *scarp*, a steep slope, as a cliff or perpendicular shore; a sea-wall. 9.—WELKIN. The air or sky. From A. S. *welcn*, sky.

10.—BAIRNS. Children. From A. S. *bearn*.

11.—EYGRE (*é ger*). Eagre, the flood-tide moving up a river with great force and violence. From A. S. *egor*, the sea; Norse, *ægir*, the god of the sea.

12.—AWSOM. Awesome, appalling.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: "Divided," and "Songs of Seven," poems by Miss Ingelow.

XL.—THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

Page 68, Note 1.—JOSEPH ADDISON was born in Wiltshire, England, in 1672. He was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself for his Latin verses. In his twenty-second year he published his first English poem; and in 1713 his tragedy of "Cato" was presented in one of the London theatres, where it met with great favor; but it is to his essays in *The Spectator* (1711, 1712) that the permanency of Addison's fame is due. "Never," says Macaulay, "had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. As a moral satirist he stands unrivalled. His humor is of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire." Addison died at Holland House in 1719.

See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Macaulay's "Essays"; and Thackeray's "Humorists of the Eighteenth Century."

THE SPECTATOR is the title of a series of essays which first appeared in the form of a daily paper, beginning March 1, 1711. Most of these essays were written by Addison and Steele, while a few were contributed by Swift, Budgell, and others. The paper was discontinued December 6, 1712, but was resumed as a tri-weekly in 1714, and eighty additional numbers were published.

Our selection is a copy of the 159th *Spectator*, and is printed with the spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of the original paper unchanged.

"The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was the 'Vision of Mirza.'"—*Robert Burns*.

2.— "The clouds which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove."—Virgil, *Æneid*, ii., 604.

3.—**GRAND CAIRO.** A name formerly applied to Cairo, Egypt.

4.—A reference to the great age of the patriarchs. See page 124, line 7.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following papers from *The Spectator*: No. 2. Description of the Club; No. 26. Two Visits to the Abbey; No. 98. Journal of a Retired Citizen; No. 215. On Education; No. 329. On Head-dresses; No. 517. Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.

XII.—ON RIGHT LIVING.

Page 67, Note 1.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born at Cheapside, near London, in 1605. He was educated at Winchester and at Pembroke College, Oxford. Having taken a medical degree, he settled as a physician at Norwich in 1636. His first work was "Religio Medici" (1642), which was received with extraordinary favor. His "Inquiries into Vulgar Errors" appeared in 1646, and his "Hydriotaphia, or Urn-burial," in 1658. He was called the "philosopher of Norwich," and in that city he died in 1682.

2.—**PYTHAGOREAN** (pīth a gō' re an) **CONCEIT.** The theory of the transmigration of souls, or metempsychosis—that is, the doctrine which teaches that after death the soul of man passes into the body of another man or of some lower animal.—**METEMPSYCHOSIS**, from Gr. *meta*, beyond, and *psychē*, life.

burgh. He died in Edinburgh in 1854. His writings, which are numerous, embrace poems, prose sketches, novels, and essays. His most popular, and perhaps his best, works are included in the collection of essays entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ." "If ever there was a man of genius, and of really great genius," says Professor Masson, "it was the late Professor John Wilson. He was intellectually as well as physically one of those Goths of great personal prowess, much of whose prowess went to waste for want of stringent self-regulation, and who were often beaten by men of more moderate build."

Read selections from "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and from "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

2.—TREE-GNOMONS (nō' mons). The shadows of the trees by which the time of day is indicated. Gr. *gnómon*, the index of a sun-dial.

3.—SCREES. Small stones or pebbles.

4.—STRATH. A valley, through which a river runs.

5.—SNOODED. Having their hair bound up with a snood or fillet, which is worn only by unmarried women.

6.—WAUKEN. Awake. Other Scottish words used in this lesson are: *Bairn*, child; *puir*, poor; *wee*, little; *wean*, baby; *bonnie*, pretty; *bit*, little; *maun*, must; *hae*, have; *lang*, long; *claes*, claws; *nane*, none; *wark*, work; *kirk*, church.

XVI.—HÂTIM THE GIVER.

Page 84, Note 1.—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD was born in June, 1831. He was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a student. After serving for a short time as Second Master of a school in Birmingham, he was appointed to the presidency of the Sanskrit College at Poonah, India, a position which he resigned in 1860. His best work is a narrative poem entitled "The Light of Asia," the subject of which is Gautama, the founder of Buddhism. He has also written "Pearls of the Faith," "With Sa'di in the Garden," and other poems, most of which relate to Oriental subjects.

2.—VAZIR (vā' zir). Councillor of State in Oriental countries. Usually written *Vizier* (vīz' yer). Ar. *wazīr*, a porter, a bearer of burdens.

3.—PILLAW (pīl laú). A dish consisting of boiled rice and mutton-fat.—KABÂB (ka böb'). A small piece of meat roasted on a skewer; a leg of mutton stuffed with sweet herbs. Both these words are derived from the Persian.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from "The Light of Asia."

XVII.—THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

Page 86, Note 1.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (frōod) was born in Devonshire, England, in 1818. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford. His first work, called "The Shadows of the Clouds," was published in 1847. He has since written many volumes, chiefly upon historical subjects, the most notable of which are "Short Studies on Great Subjects"; "A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth"; "The English in Ireland"; and "Cæsar, a Sketch." He was the authorized editor, also, of

Napoleon. This was written in 1863. Had the author lived until 1870 he might have seen the "completion of that filmy orb."

4.—**THEATRE.** See Note 6 on "histrionical," page 456.

5.—**ELYSIAN.** The Elysian Fields, the abode of the blessed after death. In the older Greek writers, called the Isles of the Blest.

Homer describes them thus:

"There do men
Lead easiest lives. No snow, no bitter cold,
No beating rains are there; the ocean-deeps
With murmuring breezes from the west refresh
The dwellers."—*Odyssey*, iv., 562.

6.—**PAN.** The god of flocks and shepherds, and inventor of the flute or syrinx. He is said to have taught Apollo music.

7.—**TIMOUR.** Or Tamerlane, a Tartar chieftain and conqueror (1336–1405). See Marlowe's tragedy, "Tamburlaine the Great."—**GENGHIS KHAN** (jěŋ ġis kawn). A celebrated Tartar warrior and chieftain (1160–1227).

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Other selections from "Dreamthorp."

XIV.—THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

Page 74, Note 1.—**THOMAS MOORE** was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 28, 1779. He had but few early advantages; his father was a grocer and liquor dealer, and not interested in learning. Moore came to London in 1799, and in 1803 went to Bermuda as Admiralty Registrar. Soon resigning his office, he visited the United States and then returned to England. He wrote "Odes of Anacreon" (1800); "Irish Melodies" (1807–1834); "The Loves of the Angels" (1823); and a "Life of Lord Byron" (1830). "Lalla Rookh," the longest and most remarkable of his poems, was published in 1817. It consists of four tales in verse, connected by a short prose narrative, in which it is related how Lalla Rookh, daughter of the Emperor Arungzebe, journeys to Bucharia to meet her intended husband, who, unknown to her, accompanies the caravan, and, disguised as a minstrel, sings the stories comprised in the poem.

This selection is from the opening verses of "The Light of the Haram," the fourth story in "Lalla Rookh."

2.—**MINARET.** A small tower on the mosques in Mohammedan countries, surrounded by a balcony from which the people are summoned to prayer.—**MAGIAN.** A priest of the Fire-worshippers.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Moore's "Irish Melodies," "Paradise and the Peri."

XV.—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Page 77, Note 1.—**JOHN WILSON** ("Christopher North") was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1785. He was educated at Glasgow and at Oxford, and was for many years Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edin-

burgh. He died in Edinburgh in 1854. His writings, which are numerous, embrace poems, prose sketches, novels, and essays. His most popular, and perhaps his best, works are included in the collection of essays entitled "Noctes Ambrosianæ." "If ever there was a man of genius, and of really great genius," says Professor Masson, "it was the late Professor John Wilson. He was intellectually as well as physically one of those Goths of great personal prowess, much of whose prowess went to waste for want of stringent self-regulation, and who were often beaten by men of more moderate build."

Read selections from "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and from "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

2.—**TREE-GNOMONS** (nō' mons). The shadows of the trees by which the time of day is indicated. Gr. *gnómon*, the index of a sun-dial.

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4.—**STRATH**. A valley, through which a river runs.

5.—**SNOODED**. Having their hair bound up with a snood or fillet, which is worn only by unmarried women.

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Carlyle's "Reminiscences" and Correspondence, and has long been regarded as occupying a place in the front ranks of contemporary English writers.

2.—CÆSAR. Caius Julius Cæsar was born B.C. 100. He was nearly fifty-six years old at the time of his assassination, March 15, B.C. 44.

3.—CICERO. Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born B.C. 106. In the war between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero at first gave adherence to Pompey, and was with that general in the disastrous battle of Pharsalia. Despairing of the success of the Pompeian party, he soon afterwards returned to Italy, where he was greeted by Cæsar with the greatest kindness and respect, and allowed to resume his former honors at Rome.

4.—CATO. Marcus Cato, commonly called Cato the Younger, was five years younger than Cæsar. He was noted for his rigid morality, and stern, unyielding character, and at an early age distinguished himself in oratory and philosophy. In the war between Cæsar and Pompey he united his fortunes with those of Pompey, and was that general's strongest adherent. After the defeat at Pharsalia, Cato retired with a remnant of Pompey's army to Utica. When he found that submission to Cæsar was inevitable, he resolved to die rather than fall alive into the hands of the conqueror. Therefore, after spending the greater part of the night in reading Plato's "Phædo," he put an end to his life by stabbing himself. He was forty-nine years old.

Read Addison's "Cato." (See note on Addison, page 455.)

5.—PRÆTOR (prē' tor). A civil officer, judge, or magistrate among the Romans.

6.—LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS (born about B.C. 500) was the son of Tarquinia, the sister of Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh king of Rome. His elder brother was murdered by Tarquinius, and Lucius escaped the same fate only by feigning idiocy. He afterwards roused the Romans to expel the Tarquins, and after the banishment of the latter he was elected first consul of the Roman republic.

Marcus Brutus, who aided in the assassination of Cæsar, had been educated by his uncle Cato, and, like him, had been an adherent of Pompey. After the death of Cæsar he took possession of the province of Macedonia, where he was joined by Cassius. Being defeated by Antony and Octavianus in the second battle of Philippi (B.C. 42), he put an end to his own life.

7.—HARUSPICES (ha rū's'pī çes). Those who professed to discover the will of the gods by observing certain phenomena of nature, or by examining the entrails of animals that were sacrificed.

8.—PONTIFICES (pon tīf' i çes). Officers, or high-priests, who had supreme jurisdiction over matters of religion. From Lat. *pons*, bridge, and *facere*, to make, because the first bridge built in Rome was constructed and consecrated by the high-priest.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The history of Julius Cæsar in "Student's History of Rome"; Abbott's "Julius Cæsar"; Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

XVIII.—ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Page 93, Note 1.—SHAKESPEARE, see Note 1, Page 500. This article is a selection from the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," act iii., scene 2.

ANTONY. Marcus Antonius was born in 83 B.C., and had long been one of Cæsar's most active partisans. He was consul with Cæsar at the time of

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Goldsmith's "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village."

XXII.—KING CANUTE.

Page 121, Note 1.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born in Calcutta, India, in 1811. He was educated at Cambridge, but did not take a degree. At about the age of thirty he determined to adopt literature as a profession, and his first work was a series of sketches written for *Fraser's Magazine*. In 1851, when the publication of "Vanity Fair" had made him famous, he delivered in London his lectures on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century." In the following year he visited America, where he lectured on "The Four Georges." In 1859 he became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He died in 1863. Thackeray's best sketches are included in the volume entitled "Roundabout Papers." His best novels are "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes." His lectures on "The Four Georges," and the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," are works of enduring interest and value.

Read Hannay's "Studies on Thackeray," and Trollope's "Thackeray," in English Men of Letters.

2.—CANUTE (Ka nūte') King of Denmark and of England (995–1055).

3.—SILVERSTICKS. Field-officers of the English life-guards.—GOLDSTICKS. Colonels of the life-guards, whose duty it is to attend the sovereign on state occasions. So called from the rods presented to these officers when they receive their commission.

4.—LACKEY. An attending servant; a footman.

5.—JEWISH CAPTAIN. Joshua. See Joshua x. 12.

XXIII.—WEALTH *versus* ENJOYMENT.

Page 126, Note 1.—JEREMY TAYLOR was born in 1613 at Cambridge. He was noted alike for his learning and his piety, and in 1640 was appointed chaplain to the King, Charles I. After the overthrow of that monarch he retired into Wales, where he taught a school and continued his ministry under the patronage of the Earl of Carbury. His sermons were noted for their fervency of tone and the rich imagery of their language. Upon the restoration of the monarchy in 1660 he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, and Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1667. Among his numerous works the best is that entitled "Holy Living and Holy Dying" (1650), of which Hazlitt says: "It is a divine pastoral. He writes to the faithful followers of Christ as the shepherd pipes to his flock. . . . When the name of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade!"

2.—BRAVERY. This word is here used in a sense now almost obsolete, meaning magnificence, showy appearance. The older writers frequently used it in this sense:

"Like a stately ship . . .

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim."—MILTON.

3.—To EAT. The active form used instead of the passive—to be eaten.

4.—Fire and the grave are two things which are never satisfied.

Supreme Court of Calcutta. Upon his return he was appointed Secretary of War under the administration of Lord Melbourne. He was returned to Parliament in 1839. In 1857 he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Macaulay. He died in 1859.

Macaulay's best literary and critical essays were written for the *Edinburgh Review* (1825-1844); his best biographical essays were contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (1857-58). His fame as a poet was established in 1842, when he published his "Lays of Ancient Rome." Of his great work, the "History of England," he lived to publish only four volumes—a fragment of the fifth being published after his death.

Read Macaulay's essays on "Milton," on "History," and on "Samuel Johnson." Read also his poems, "Horatius," "Virginia," and "The Battle of Ivry." For the best account of the man himself, read Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Macaulay," also Morison's "Macaulay" (English Men of Letters).

2.—BANISHED DYNASTY. The Stuarts, of whom James II., banished in 1688, was the last to occupy the throne of Great Britain.

3.—SIZAR. From O. E. *size* or *assize*; literally, a settled portion of bread. Hence applied to students who received a stated allowance at reduced rates.

4.—WOOL-SACK. In the House of Lords the seat of the Lord Chancellor is composed of a large square bag of wool covered with red cloth. It was introduced during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to commemorate the act of Parliament forbidding the exportation of wool. The word wool-sack is used in general to denote the seat or office of a judge.

5.—USHER. A name applied in England to a subordinate or assistant teacher. From Lat. *ostiarius*, a door-keeper.—HACK. A drudge; a person overworked on hire. From Sp. *haca*, an ambling horse.

6.—"The *Life of Nash* has been reprinted at least three times—in Prior's edition (vol. iii. p. 249); in Cunningham's (vol. iv. p. 35); and in the 'Globe' edition (p. 513). This last, however, has appeared since Macaulay wrote the above."—ROLFE.

7.—"THE DUNCIAD." A poetical satire by Alexander Pope (see Note 1, p. 490). The object of the satire was to ridicule certain persons who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the poet. The first three books were published in 1728-29, and the fourth in 1742.

8.—MAUPERTUIS. Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (mō pěr twē'), a French astronomer (1698-1759).

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Macaulay's "Essay on Samuel Johnson"; Irving's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith"; Thackeray's "English Humorists."

XXI.—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Page 117, Note 1.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH. See Macaulay's "Essay on Oliver Goldsmith," preceding this selection.

2.—BARBARY ALLEN. The old English ballad, "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," may be found in Percy's "Reliques." It is probable that Goldsmith had seen it in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," published in 1724. Pepys refers in his Diary (1665) to "the little Scotch song of Barbary Allen."

3.—PADUASOY. A kind of silk. From *Padua*, in Italy, and Fr. *soie*, silk.

4.—PATCHED. It was the fashion to paste upon the face small pieces of silk of different shapes and sizes, partly to conceal defects and partly to *heighten beauty*.

taken. He was for some time editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and Professor of Literature in Cambridge University. He died in 1875.

2.—William, Duke of Normandy, invaded England in 1066, and, defeating the English in the battle of Hastings, made himself virtually the master of the country. It was several years, however, before the English were entirely subdued. A considerable force, under the outlaw Hereward, held the fens on the eastern coast and along the River Ouse, and had intrenched themselves on the island of Ely. A Danish fleet had for some time been cruising along the coast, not more to assist the English than to plunder and rob the coast settlements. But this fleet having finally returned to Denmark, Hereward and his band were left alone to oppose the Conqueror. Hereward was the son of Godiva, Countess of Coventry. (Read Tennyson's "Godiva.")

3.—Sow (sou). A kind of covered shed, used by besiegers in filling up and passing the moat of a castle, or in approaching the walls;—probably so called from being used for rooting up the earth after the manner of swine.

4.—TORFRIDA (tor frē' dá). Hereward's wife.

5.—QUARRELS. Arrows with square heads, used in cross-bows.

6.—"DEX AIE" (děx ī). "God, help!" The battle-cry of the Normans under William the Conqueror.

7.—PRUDHOMMES (prü dōm). Discreet or valiant men. Fr. from Lat. *prudens*, prudent, and *homo*, a man.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Kingsley's "Hypatia"; "Westward, Ho!"; "The Roman and the Teuton." Also the story of the Conquest, in Green's "Short History of the English People"; Thierry's "Norman Conquest"; Bulwer-Lytton's "Harold"; and Tennyson's "Harold."

XXVI.—MAGNA CHARTA.

Page 142, Note 1.—HENRY HALLAM was born in 1778, died January 22, 1859. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford; became a barrister at the Inner Temple, and was soon afterwards appointed a Commissioner of Audit. He wrote frequently for the *Edinburgh Review*, and was one of the first critics who noticed the works of Sir Walter Scott. His "View of Europe During the Middle Ages" was published in 1818, and his "Constitution of England" in 1827. His greatest work was "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe," published in 1838.

2.—The Magna Charta (kärt'a), or Great Charter of Liberties, was signed at Runnymede by King John in 1215. The name is also given to the charter granted to the people of England by Henry III., and confirmed by Edward I.

3.—DISSEIZED. Deprived of possession. From *dis*, and *seisin*, possession.

4.—HABEAS CORPUS. Literally, You may have the body. A writ authorizing an inquiry into the cause of a person's imprisonment, with a view to protect his right to personal liberty. AMERCEMENTS. Pecuniary penalties arbitrarily inflicted upon offenders at the discretion or pleasure of the courts.

5.—ESCUAGE. A species of tenure by which a tenant was bound to follow his lord to war. From O. Fr. *escu*, a shield.

6.—TALLAGE. A certain rate or tax paid by barons, knights, and tenants towards the public expenses. From Fr. *taillage*; *tailer*, to cut out.

XXIV.—THE POOR RELATION.

Page 129, Note 1.—CHARLES LAMB. The “gentle Elia,” as this delightful essayist has been fondly called, was born in London, 1775, and educated at Christ’s Hospital. He held for many years an appointment in the East India Company’s offices in Leadenhall Street, retiring on a handsome pension in 1825. He wrote occasionally for periodicals, published a small volume of “Album Verses,” a tragedy, not very successful, called “John Woodvil,” and a volume of Tales founded on the plays of Shakespeare. It is by his “Essays of Elia,” originally published in the *London Magazine*, that his reputation is sustained. He died 1834.

“The quality of Lamb’s humor,” says Forster, “was essentially different from that of other men. It was not simply a tissue of jests or conceits, broad, far-fetched, or elaborate, but it was a combination of humor with pathos—a sweet stream of thought, bubbling and sparkling with witty fancies—such as I do not remember to have elsewhere met with, except in Shakespeare.” See Hazlitt’s “Spirit of the Age,” Leigh Hunt’s “Autobiography,” and Alexander Smith’s “Last Leaves.”

2.—AGATHOCLES (a gāth’ o clēs.) Tyrant of Syracuse and King of Sicily, died about B.C. 289. He was originally a potter. On account of his strength and personal beauty he was adopted by Damas, a wealthy Syracusan, whose widow he afterwards married.

3.—MORDECAI. An epithet applied to one who is a hinderance to another’s ambitious projects. See Esther v. 13.

4.—LAZARUS. See Note 6, page 452.

5.—REMAINDER. Remaining. This use of the word is now obsolete, although formerly sanctioned by the best writers. “As dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.”—SHAKESPEARE.

6.—TIDE-WAITER. An officer who watches the landing of goods to secure payment of duties.

7.—The play referred to is Vanbrugh’s comedy, entitled “The Confederacy,” in which Amlet is one of the principal characters.

8.—GROTIUSES. Law-makers, jurists—a term derived from the name of Hugo de Grotius (grō’ shus), a celebrated Dutch jurist (1583–1645).

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Robert Collyer’s essay on Charles Lamb, in Harper’s Fifth Reader. Also the following selections from the Essays of Elia: “Two Races of Men”; “The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple”; “A Dissertation on Roast Pig”; “Dream Children”; “Old China”; “The Child Angel”; “Popular Fallacies.”

XXV.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AT ELY.

Page 135, Note 1.—CHARLES KINGSLEY was born in 1819, near Dartmoor, in England. He was educated at King’s College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He abandoned the law for the Church, and became the rector of Eversley, Hampshire. His writings are very numerous, and include “The Saint’s Tragedy,” 1848; “Alton Locke,” a novel, 1850; “Yeast, a Problem,” 1851; “Westward, Ho!” a novel; “Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore”; “Andromeda,” and other poems; “Hypatia”; and “Hereward, the Last of the English”—from which our selection has been

taken. He was for some time editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and Professor of Literature in Cambridge University. He died in 1875.

2.—William, Duke of Normandy, invaded England in 1066, and, defeating the English in the battle of Hastings, made himself virtually the master of the country. It was several years, however, before the English were entirely subdued. A considerable force, under the outlaw Hereward, held the fens on the eastern coast and along the River Ouse, and had intrenched themselves on the island of Ely. A Danish fleet had for some time been cruising along the coast, not more to assist the English than to plunder and rob the coast settlements. But this fleet having finally returned to Denmark, Hereward and his band were left alone to oppose the Conqueror. Hereward was the son of Godiva, Countess of Coventry. (Read Tennyson's "Godiva.")

3.—Sow (sou). A kind of covered shed, used by besiegers in filling up and passing the moat of a castle, or in approaching the walls;—probably so called from being used for rooting up the earth after the manner of swine.

4.—TORFRIDA (tor frē'dá). Hereward's wife.

5.—QUARRELS. Arrows with square heads, used in cross-bows.

6.—"DEX AIE" (dĕx ī). "God, help!" The battle-cry of the Normans under William the Conqueror.

7.—PRUDHOMMES (pru dŏm). Discreet or valiant men. Fr. from Lat. *prudens*, prudent, and *homo*, a man.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Kingsley's "Hypatia"; "Westward, Ho!"; "The Roman and the Teuton." Also the story of the Conquest, in Green's "Short History of the English People"; Thierry's "Norman Conquest"; Bulwer-Lytton's "Harold"; and Tennyson's "Harold."

XXVI.—MAGNA CHARTA.

Page 142, Note 1.—HENRY HALLAM was born in 1778, died January 22, 1859. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford; became a barrister at the Inner Temple, and was soon afterwards appointed a Commissioner of Audit. He wrote frequently for the *Edinburgh Review*, and was one of the first critics who noticed the works of Sir Walter Scott. His "View of Europe During the Middle Ages" was published in 1818, and his "Constitution of England" in 1827. His greatest work was "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe," published in 1838.

2.—The Magna Charta (kärt'a), or Great Charter of Liberties, was signed at Runnymede by King John in 1215. The name is also given to the charter granted to the people of England by Henry III., and confirmed by Edward I.

3.—DISSEIZED. Deprived of possession. From *dis*, and *seisin*, possession.

4.—HABEAS CORPUS. Literally, You may have the body. A writ authorizing an inquiry into the cause of a person's imprisonment, with a view to protect his right to personal liberty. AMERCEMENTS. Pecuniary penalties arbitrarily inflicted upon offenders at the discretion or pleasure of the courts.

5.—ESCUAGE. A species of tenure by which a tenant was bound to follow his lord to war. From O. Fr. *escu*, a shield.

6.—TALLAGE. A certain rate or tax paid by barons, knights, and tenants towards the public expenses. From Fr. *taillage*; *tailler*, to cut out.

7.—EXCHEQUER. One of the superior courts of law—so called from the checkered cloth which at first covered its table.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Green's "Short History of the English People," chap. iii.; also, further selections from Hallam's "Constitution of England."

XXVII.—IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Page 146, Note 1.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, in 1775. He was educated at Rugby and at Oxford, but took no degree. He died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864. His best work is probably "Imaginary Conversations," a volume of prose, first published in 1824. "In his rich and ample page," says Emerson, "we are always sure to find free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an affluent and ready memory, an industrious observation, honor for every great and generous achievement, and a scourge for every oppressor."

Read Colvin's "Walter Savage Landor" (English Men of Letters).

2.—IPHIGENEIA (īph i ge nī' a) was the daughter of Agamemnon, "king of men," the leader of the Greek forces against Troy. A great army had been collected, and a fleet, composed of vessels from all parts of Greece, was assembled at Aulis, on the coast of Bœotia, ready to sail across the Ægean Sea. But there was no wind, and the fleet lay becalmed in the harbor. The seer Calchas declared that the calm was occasioned by the goddess Artemis, who had become offended because Agamemnon had slain a stag in one of her sacred groves; and he informed the Grecian chiefs that nothing would appease the anger of the goddess save the sacrifice of Agamemnon's favorite daughter Iphigeneia. Agamemnon was forced to consent to the sacrifice, and the young girl was brought to Aulis under the pretence that she was to be given in marriage to Achilles.

3.—CALCHAS (kāl' kas). A soothsayer and priest, prominent and of great influence among the Greeks in the Trojan war.

4.—A sacrifice to Artemis offered by maidens at their marriage.

5.—ATHENE (a thē' na). Goddess of wisdom. Lat. *Minerva*.

6.—AN AGED MAN. Calchas, the priest.

7.—The legend relates that when Iphigeneia was about to be sacrificed, Artemis carried her away in a cloud to Tauris, and a stag was substituted for her at the altar of the goddess. The half-wild Taurians received Iphigeneia kindly, and she became priestess.

XXVIII.—A ROMAN SUPPER-PARTY.

Page 148, Note 1.—WALTER PATER is one of the most accomplished among the younger English writers of the present time. He was educated at Oxford. His works, which bear the impress of their author's peculiarly scholastic turn of thought and style, are "Marius, the Epicurean," "Imaginary Portraits," and "Appreciations."

The time of this sketch (from "Marius, the Epicurean") is in the latter part of the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, about A.D. 178.

2.—APULEIUS (ap u lee' yus). A noted writer and philosopher, born at Mo-

daura, in Africa, about A.D. 130. His most celebrated work is the *Metamorphosen seu de Asino Aureo*, or the "Golden Ass." This romance includes the well-known and beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, an allegory "generally understood to shadow forth the progress of the soul to perfection."

3.—TUSCULUM. A town situated about ten miles south-east of Rome, on a lofty mountain summit. It was the birthplace of Cato the elder. Cicero had a favorite villa there, but the site of the villa is not exactly known.

4.—PETIT MAÎTRE (pět' te mā' tr). Fr. *little master*, a spruce fellow, a fop. Here used with reference to the host.

5.—COMMODUS (cōm' mo dus). Son of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom he succeeded on the imperial throne A.D. 180. He was scarcely twenty years old when his reign began, and he proved to be one of the worst of Rome's tyrannical emperors. He sought to gain popular applause by fighting as a gladiator, and by killing wild beasts with bow and arrows in the arena. He was murdered by members of his court and household A.D. 192.

6.—LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA. A Greek writer, born at Samosata, in Syria, about A.D. 120. He was the author of many philosophical works, the best known of which are probably "The Dialogues of the Dead," which have been imitated in modern times by Lord Lyttelton and Fontenelle.

7.—CHÆREPHON (kěr' e fon). A disciple of Socrates, banished from Athens, but allowed to return B.C. 403.—SOCRATES. The most celebrated of Grecian philosophers. See Harper's Fifth Reader, page 462.

8.—ROCOCO. A kind of florid ornamentation. The word is generally used to denote what is extravagant or fantastic in decorative art.

9.—IMPERIAL PRINCE. Commodus. See Note 5, above.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Description of a supper-party in Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii."

XXIX.—THE TRIAL BY COMBAT.

Page 155, Note 1.—SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1783, but did not complete his course. In 1786 he became a lawyer's apprentice, and began the study of law. His first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was published in 1805; his first great novel, "Waverley," in 1814. He was knighted in 1820. He died in 1832.

Sir Walter Scott is equally celebrated as a poet and a novelist, but is perhaps best known as the author of the Waverley Novels. "All is great in the Waverley Novels," said Goethe—"material, effect, character, execution." Read Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; R. H. Hutton's "Sir Walter Scott" (English Men of Letters); Carlyle's "Essay on Sir Walter Scott." See, also, Taine's "English Literature"; Stephen's "Hours in a Library"; and Masson's "Novelists and their Styles."

Our selection is from one of the last chapters of "Ivanhoe." The scene is in England, and the events are supposed to have occurred at about the close of the twelfth century.

2.—PRECEPTORY. A religious house of the Knights Templars, connected with which were fortifications for defence, a church, and other buildings. From *preceptor*, the title given to a commander of the Knights Templars.

3.—**REBECCA**, a Jewess, in a trial by the Knights Templars, had been convicted of witchcraft and sentenced to death. Only one way of escape was open, and that was for a champion to appear in her behalf who should defeat, in fair fight, the champion of the Knights Templars. This was called "the trial by combat," and was considered an appeal from the decision of the Templars' court to the decision of Heaven. Brian de Bois-Guilbert (brē'an dūh bwä-gēl bār') had been selected as champion of the Knights. No person had yet appeared as the champion of Rebecca the Jewess.

4.—**MOT**. A call sounded on the hunting-horn at the death of the game. From Lat. *mortem*, death.

5.—**CAP-A-PIE** (kăp-a-pēē). From head to foot. From O. Fr. *de cap à pied*.

6.—**BARRET-CAP**. A kind of head-piece formerly worn by soldiers.

7.—**DEVOIR** (děv wôr'). Service, duty. Fr. From Lat. *debere*, to owe.

8.—**OYEZ** (commonly pronounced ō yēs). Hear ye!

9.—**ESSOINE**. Excuse for non-appearance.

10.—**FAITES VOS DEVOIRS, PREUX CHEVALIERS**. Do your duty, brave knights!

11.—**LAISSEZ ALLER**. Let go.

12.—**FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA**! Thy will be done!

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Other selections from Scott's prose works. Every student should read the whole of "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," "The Talisman," and "Kenilworth." See Rolfe's "Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time."

XXX.—LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Page 166, Note 1.—**THOMAS HOOD** was born on the 23d of May, 1799. His father was a bookseller in the city of London. He was apprenticed to an engraver, but, his health failing, he was unable to follow that business. In 1821 he became editor of the *London Magazine*, and the remainder of his life was devoted to literary pursuits. As a writer of humorous verse he has not been excelled. Some of his pathetic poems, also, as the "Bridge of Sighs," and the "Song of the Shirt," are among the best productions of their kind in our language. Hood's life was one constant struggle with poverty and adverse circumstances. He died in 1845.

2.—**BURKE**. Edmund Burke. See biographical sketch, page 487.

3.—**METTLE**. Ardor, spirit. Derived from the same root as the word *metal*. Observe the play upon words in this poem. What is meant by the "iron age"? By "overcast"? What other meaning might it have?

4.—**ARMADILLO**. From Sp. *armado*, armed. A small South American animal having its body incased in an armor of small bony plates.—**WIGHT**. Person. From A. S. *wiht*, a creature.

5.—**CHARLEMAGNE** (shär le män'). Emperor of the West, and King of France (742-814).

6.—**KING ARTHUR**. A famous king of Britain, supposed to have died about the year 542. His history is so obscured by romantic fictions that he has often been regarded as altogether a mythical personage. His Knights of the Round Table were heroes whose characters have served as models of valor, breeding, and grace to all the world. Read Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," or Thomas Malory's "King Arthur."

7.—**TURNEYS**. Same as *tourneys*. Tournaments. Observe again the play upon words, as at *turneys*, "attorneys."

8.—**CURTAL-AXE.** A cutlass. From A. S. *cutter*, a knife or ploughshare.

9.—**SHAFT.** The drayman rides on the shaft of his vehicle; death rides on the shaft of the arrow.

10.—**VEIN.** This word sometimes means a blood-vessel, sometimes temper or humor. Which is meant here?

11.—**CASQUE.** A helmet, or a vessel for containing liquors—which?

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Hood's poems.

XXXI.—SIMON DE MONTFORT.

Page 168, Note 1.—**DAVID HUME** was born in Edinburgh in 1711, and died there in 1776. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. His great work, the "History of England," extending from the conquest of Britain by Julius Cæsar to the reign of James II., was published 1754–1761. This work, although it ranks among the classics of our language, and is written in an easy and attractive style, is not without grave defects, the most serious of which is a frequent lack of accuracy. Hume was too ready to accept the statements of others without sufficiently inquiring into their authenticity. Read Huxley's "David Hume" (English Men of Letters).

2.—**SIMON DE MONTFORT.** Simon de Montfort, the younger, was born about the year 1200; he died in 1265.

3.—**DOWAGER.** A title given in England to a widow, to distinguish her from the wife of her husband's heir bearing the same name.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Green's "Short History of the English People," chaps. iii. and iv.; also additional selections from "Hume's History of England."

XXXII.—CUSTOM AND TRADITION.

Page 171, Note 1.—**PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON** was born in Manchester, England, in 1834. He was fitted for Oxford University, but early decided to devote himself to art, and especially to etching and landscape-painting, in both of which he has earned honorable distinction. He is the author of several works on literary subjects, as well as on art. Among them may be mentioned "The Intellectual Life," "Etchers and Etching," "The Unknown River," "Landscape."

2.—The young gentleman to whom this letter was addressed was no fictitious personage, but a young man of good family, possessed with many admirable intellectual qualities. The selection is from "The Intellectual Life," a collection of letters on subjects relating to literature, morals, and manners.

XXXIII.—MRS. POYSER AND THE SQUIRE.

Page 177, Note 1.—**MARY ANN EVANS**, "George Eliot" (afterwards Mrs. George Henry Lewes), was born in Warwickshire in 1819. Her first original work, "Scenes of Clerical Life," was published in 1858. "Adam Bede," the work which placed her at once among the greatest of English

novelists, appeared in 1859. After the death of Mr. Lewes she married J. W. Cross, a London banker. She died in 1880. Her best novels are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola," and "Middlemarch." She was the author, also, of several miscellaneous poems and of a dramatic poem, "The Spanish Gypsy" (1868), which deserves to rank among the classics.

Read "George Eliot's Life and Letters" (edited by her husband, J. W. Cross), and "George Eliot and her Heroines," by Abba Goold Woolson.

This selection is from "Adam Bede."

2.—CRAB. Crab-apple. From Irish *garbh*, harsh, sour.

3.—PALAVER (pa lä' ver). Idle talk. From Gr. *parabola*, a comparison.

4.—BAILIFF. A sort of steward in respect of farming business.

5.—MICHAELMAS (mīk' al mas). A festival of the Roman Catholic Church, observed on the 29th of September.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from any of the works of George Eliot; also Sheppard's "Character Readings from George Eliot."

XXXIV.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

Page 185, Note 1.—GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, was born in 1788. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," published in 1807, was ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*. This led to a retort from Byron, in a satirical poem entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Five years afterwards he was made famous by the publication of the opening cantos of a long poem, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Other poems followed in rapid succession: "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Lament of Tasso," and "Don Juan." Then came several dramas, never intended for the stage, but which unprincipled managers afterwards presented upon the boards. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, in 1824, whither he had gone to aid in the revolution against the Turks.

This selection is from "Don Juan," canto iii., and is supposed to have been sung by a minstrel in the suite of the hero of that poem. Of this minstrel it is said that—

"In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;

In England, a six-canto quarto tale; . . .

In Italy he'd ape the 'Trecentisti';

In Greece he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t'ye."

2.—SAPPHO. A Greek lyric poet, died about B.C. 592. Her poems formed nine books, but of these only fragments have come down to us.—BURNING, *i. e.*, with poetic fervor. See page 315, line 26.

3.—DELOS. A small island in the Ægean Sea, the birthplace of Apollo.

4.—SCIAN MUSE. The epic poets—"the hero's harp"—notably Homer.—TEIAN MUSE. The lyric poets—"the lover's lute"—notably Anacreon, whose birthplace was Teos, in Asia Minor.

5.—ISLANDS. See Note 5, page 457.—FARTHER WEST, *i. e.*, to America.

6.—MARATHON. The plain on which the Persians were defeated by the Greeks, B.C. 490. It is situated about twenty-two miles north-east of Athens.

7.—A KING. Xerxes, in the battle of Salamis, B.C. 480. Salamis is a small island off the western coast of Attica. The battle took place in the strait between the island and the coast of Attica.

- 8.—**THERMOPYLÆ** (ther mōp' i la). See Harper's Fourth Reader, page 347.
- 9.—**SAMIAN**. Pertaining to Samos, one of the principal islands of the *Ægean Sea*. Samos was long the centre of Ionian luxury, science, and art.
- 10.—**BACCHANAL**. See note, page 477, also Note 15, p. 491.
- 11.—**PYRRHIC DANCE**. An ancient war-dance, invented by one Pyrrhus.
- PHALANX** (fā'lanx). A square body of soldiers formed in ranks and files close and deep, with their shields joined, and pikes crossing each other.
- 12.—**CADMUS**. A mythical prince of Phœnicia, the founder of Thebes, and the inventor of the Greek alphabet.
- 13.—**ANACREON**. A Greek lyric poet, born at Teos, in Asia Minor, about B.C. 563. Only a few fragments of his poems have come down to us.—**POLYCRATES**. See Harper's Fifth Reader, page 510.—**MILTIADES**. The Athenian general who defeated the Persians at Marathon.—**CHERSONESE**. "The Chersonesus" is the narrow strip of land between the Hellespont and the Gulf of Melas. It was colonized by the Athenians under the elder Miltiades.
- 14.—**HERACLEIDAN**. Belonging to Hercules, or to his descendants, some of whom were said to have settled in Dorus.—**SULI**. A fortified town in Epirus.—**PARGA**. A coast town of Epirus.
- 15.—**FRANKS**. A general term for the inhabitants of Western Europe.
- 16.—**SUNIUM**. A celebrated promontory forming the southern extremity of Attica, on which was a temple and statue of Athena.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Byron's poems: "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Dream," "The Battle of Waterloo" (from *Childe Harold*), "The Corsair," Part II.

XXXV.—READING FOR PROFIT.

Page 188, Note 1.—**JOHN MORLEY** was born in Lancashire in 1838. He was educated at Oxford and at Lincoln's Inn. He was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and afterwards of the *Fortnightly Review*; then of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and finally of *Macmillan's Magazine*. He takes an active part in politics, and is now a member of Parliament. His biographies of "Voltaire" and "Rousseau," his work on "Compromise," and his contributions to the periodical press, have made his name well known in this country as well as in Europe.

2.—"**IMITATION OF CHRIST**." The title of a book of devotional meditations written by Thomas à Kempis, a German abbot of Mount St. Agnes, early in the fifteenth century. Perhaps no other book, save only the Bible, has been so universally read and loved by religious people of all creeds.

3.—**MR. MILL**. John Stuart Mill, a writer upon philosophical subjects, and one of the clearest thinkers of modern times (1806–1873).

XXXVI.—ZENOBIA.

Page 193, Note 1.—**EDWARD GIBBON** was born at Putney, England, in 1737. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1774 was elected to Parlia-

ment. He died in 1794. His great work is "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the first volume of which appeared in 1776. "Gibbon's conception of the whole subject was as poetical as a great picture. Rome, eastern and western, was painted in the centre, slowly dying like a lion. Around it he pictured the nations and hordes that wrought its ruin, told their stories from the beginning, and the results on themselves and on the world of their victories over Rome." See Morison's "Edward Gibbon" (English Men of Letters).

2.—AURELIAN, Emperor of Rome (A.D. 270–275), was born about A.D. 212. He entered the Roman army as a common soldier, but, on account of his extraordinary ability and courage, he rose, step by step, to the highest offices in the empire. On the death of Claudius II. he was elected emperor. He was assassinated by some of his officers.

3.—ZENOBIA. See Harper's Fifth Reader, pages 376 and 505.

4.—SEMIRAMIS (se mīr' a mis). Queen of Assyria, the founder, with Ninus, her husband, of the Assyrian empire, about B.C. 2000.

5.—LONGINUS (lon gi' nus). A celebrated Greek philosopher and grammarian. The last years of his life were spent in Palmyra, where he taught Greek literature to the Queen, and finally became her chief counsellor.

6.—THE GREAT KING. Shapur, or Sapor, King of Persia (240–273).—CRESIPHON. A city of Assyria, on the eastern bank of the Tigris.

7.—VALERIAN. Valerianus, "the captive emperor," was treacherously made prisoner by Shapur, A.D. 260, and passed the remainder of his life in captivity, subject to every species of insult. He was succeeded, as Emperor of Rome, by Gallienus, "his insensible son." The latter was slain by his own soldiers at Milan, A.D. 268, and was succeeded by Claudius II.

8.—CLAUDIUS. Claudius II., surnamed Gothicus, for his great victory over the Goths, had, by his military talents, risen from obscurity to a position of great distinction under Gallienus. His reign was brief. Dying in 270, he was succeeded by Aurelian.

9.—APOLLONIUS. Apollonius of Tyana was a Pythagorean philosopher, born about four years before Christ. He obtained great influence by pretending to magical powers.

10.—After a short siege Palmyra was captured, the philosopher Longinus was put to death, and Zenobia was carried prisoner to Rome, where she adorned the triumph of Aurelian (274). The remainder of her life was spent in captivity, with her sons, in the vicinity of Tibur (Tivoli).

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: William Ware's "Zenobia." See Harper's Fifth Reader, page 376.

XXXVII.—THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

Page 198, Note 1.—JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow in 1628. He served in the Parliamentary army in 1645; became a Baptist preacher in 1655; was imprisoned in Bedford jail from 1660 to 1672. During his imprisonment he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," the first part of which was published in 1678. He died in 1688.

"Bunyan's is a homespun style, not a manufactured one. If it is not a

well of English undefiled, it is a clear stream of current English—the vernacular speech of his age.”—SOUTHEY.

See Taine's "English Literature," Macaulay's "Essay on John Bunyan," and Froude's "John Bunyan" (English Men of Letters).

2.—"Shun profane and vain babblings; for they will increase unto more ungodliness. And their word will eat as doth a canker: of whom is Hymeneus and Philetus."—ST. PAUL.

XXXVIII.—TO A SKYLARK.

Page 202, Note 1.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born near Horsham, in Sussex, in 1792, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford. He was drowned in the Bay of Spezia, 1822. His principal works are "Prometheus Unbound," "Adonais," "Alastor," "The Cenci," and some miscellaneous shorter poems, as "To the Skylark," "To a Cloud," etc. See Symonds's "Shelley" (English Men of Letters).

"For sweetness, the 'Ode to the Skylark' is inferior only to Coleridge; in rapturous passion, to no man. It is like the bird it sings—enthusiastic, enchanting, profuse, continuous, and alone—small, but filling the heavens."—LEIGH HUNT.

"Has any one, since Shakespeare and Spenser, lighted on such tender and such grand ecstasies?"—TAINÉ.

2.—SUNKEN SUN. The sun not yet risen above the horizon.

3.—UNBEHOLDEN. Unseen.

4.—SPRITE. Spirit. Spelled also *spright*.

5.—CHORUS HYMENEAL (hy men ē' al). Marriage song. From *Hymen*, the god of marriage.

6.—WE LOOK BEFORE. See "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" (page 327).

XXXIX.—CULTURE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Page 206, Note 1.—DAVID MASSON, biographer and literary critic, was born in 1822. He was, for many years, Professor of English Literature in the University College, London, and afterwards in the University of Edinburgh. He was also for some time editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. His most important work is "The Life and Times of John Milton," in four large volumes. Among his other writings are "British Novelists and their Styles," "Drummond of Hawthornden," and "Biographical and Critical Essays."

2.—GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the father of English poetry," was born in 1328 (according to some authorities, in 1340), died in 1400. His great work was the "Canterbury Tales." See Lowell's "My Study Windows," Charles Cowden Clarke's "Riches of Chaucer," and Ward's "Geoffrey Chaucer" (English Men of Letters).

3.—JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen (born in 1316, died in 1396), wrote "The Book of Robert Bruce," and other poems, and is regarded as the first Scottish poet.

4.—The spelling in these selections has been modernized, except in cases

where a different pronunciation from that now in vogue is required. Hence, in reading these verses, pronounce the words, as nearly as possible, as spelled.

5.—OVEREST COURTEPY. Coat, or overcoat.

6.—NE. Nor.

7.—LIEFER. Rather. From A. S. *leof*, love.

8.—SAUTRIE. A musical instrument; harp.

9.—HENT. Borrow; get. From A. S. *hendan*, to lay hold of.

10.—SCHOLÁY. Pursue his studies.—CURE. Care.

11.—YCRASED. Broken. O. E. *crased*, bruised, crashed.

12.—GLOSE. Ornament; illustration.

13.—RÓMAUNT OF THE ROSE. A celebrated allegory of the fourteenth century, translated by Chaucer from the French.

14.—GRAMERCY (*gra mēr' cy*). A word used to express thankfulness with surprise. From Fr. *grand-merci*, great thanks.

15.—WOT. Know. From A. S. *witan*, to know.

16.—DREE. Continue to do. From A. S. *dreogan*, to complete.

17.—KEN. Understand. From A. S. *cunnan*, to know.

18.—GIF. If.—YEARNÈD. Desired.—THIRLDM. Thraldom; slavery.

19.—ESSAYÈD. Tried, experienced.

20.—PERQUÈRE. By earnest seeking.—SULD. Should.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following selections from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales": "The Knight's Tale," "The Clerke's Tale," and the whole of the "Prologue."

XL.—THE ART OF IMPROVING BEAUTY.

Page 211, Note 1.—SIR RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1671. He was educated at Charterhouse School and at Oxford. He died in 1729, almost forgotten by his contemporaries. Besides his essays in *The Spectator* (see p. 455), he wrote contributions for *The Tatler* and *The Guardian*. He was the author, also, of "The Christian Hero," and of several comedies. "The great charm of Steele's writing," says Thackeray, "is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world." Read Thackeray's "English Humorists" and "Henry Esmond."

This essay comprises the 33d number of *The Spectator*, and was published on Saturday, April 7, 1711.

2.—CHANCE-MEDLEY. The killing of another by misadventure, or without premeditation or evil intent.

3.—CHARLES DE ST. DENIS (Sieur de St. Evremond) was a native of France, who, having offended the French Government, fled to England in 1661. He was granted a pension by Charles II., and was in high favor with both James II. and William III. He died in 1703, at the age of ninety-five, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The passage quoted by Steele is found in a volume entitled "Miscellany Essays, by M. de St. Evremond" (1694).

4.—Dryden makes use of this expression in his drama of "Don Sebastian" (1690). The Emperor of Barbary is represented as saying:

"Ay; these look like the workmanship of Heaven;
This is the porcelain clay of humankind."

5.—SOPHRONIA. The meaning of this name was originally One of Sound Mind. So, also, Lætitia means Happiness, and Daphne, Honor.

6.—PARADISE LOST, viii. 489–90. The second line should read,

"In every gesture, dignity and love."

7.—The epitaph is inscribed to Elizabeth, L. H., and reads as follows:

"Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was ELIZABETH,
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!"

XLI.—RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

Page 216, Note 1.—DR. JOHN BROWN was born at Biggar, Lanarkshire, Scotland, September, 1810. He was educated at Edinburgh University. His literary reputation rests chiefly upon a series of papers on professional and other subjects, published under the title of "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" (Spare Hours). The story of "Rab and his Friends" is the best known of these articles, and is justly regarded as a classic.

2.—OLD ISAAC. Isaac Watts, in the well-known rhyme,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

3.—BUCK. A word used in England to designate a gay, dashing young fellow.—MULL. A snuffbox made of the small end of a horn. This particular mull seemed old enough to have been at the battle of Culloden, 1746.

4.—DEWLAPS. Folds of flesh hanging from the throat or mouth. Generally applied to the folds on the throats of oxen, which lap the dew as the animal grazes.

5.—BAILIE. A town officer in Scotland, corresponding to *alderman*.—BREECHIN. Scotch abbreviation of *breeching*, part of a horse's harness.

6.—MUTCH. The close-frilled cap of an old woman.

7.—GLOWER. An angry stare.—HAPPED. Wrapped up; clothed.

8.—SNELL. A. S. Active, brisk.

9.—SEMPER PARATUS. Lat. Always ready.

10.—"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern"

(Eccles. xii. 6).—*Animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*. "Sweet, fleeting little soul, guest-friend and companion."—HADRIAN.

11.—"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" (Psa. xxiii. 4).

12.—TREVISS. Manger.—KAIL. Broth, pottage.

XLII.—THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

Page 233, Note 1.—This selection is from the sixth canto of "The Lady of the Lake." Roderick Dhu, the chief of Clan Alpine, is lying at the point of death, and the minstrel who visits him relates to him the story of the battle recently fought between the English forces and those of the clan.

2.—ERNE. A name applied in Scotland to the sea-eagle or osprey.

3.—CLOUD OF SAXON WAR. Saxon war-cloud; Saxon (*i. e.*, English) army.

4.—VAWARD (*vā' ward*). Advance; vanward.

5.—TINCHEL. A circle of sportsmen who, by gradually approaching the centre, bring a number of deer and other game into a narrow compass.

6.—LINN. Scotch, a cataract, a water-fall.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following selections from Scott's poems: "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto II., x., xx., xxi.; Canto V., xii.; Canto VI., xviii.—xxxv. "Lady of the Lake," Canto I., xxxi., xxxii.; Canto V.; Canto VI.

XLIII.—MY INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON.

Page 237, Note 1.—JAMES BOSWELL was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1740. He studied at the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Utrecht. His acquaintance with Dr. Johnson began in 1763, and continued until the latter's death, in 1784. Boswell died in 1795. His "Life of Samuel Johnson," perhaps the most remarkable biography ever written, was first published in 1790.

"Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled."—CARLYLE.

"Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers."—MACAULAY.

DR. JOHNSON. See biographical sketch of Samuel Johnson, on next page.

2.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. The greatest of English portrait-painters (1723–1792).

3.—DAVID GARRICK (1716–1779) had formerly been a pupil of Johnson's when he taught at Edial Hall, Lichfield, and the two had come to London together on foot, in 1737, to try their fortunes in the great metropolis. He was author of several dramatic pieces, and attained great distinction as a tragedian.

4.—"That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit night at this theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him,

'It is observed, sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but you will suffer nobody else to do it.' Johnson (smiling), 'Why, sir, that is true.'—BOSWELL.

5.—"ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM," by Henry Homes (Lord Kames), published in 1762. This conversation occurred in 1763.

6.—ONE. John Wilkes, a noted political agitator (1727–1797).

7.—"Mr. Sheridan was then reading lectures upon Oratory at Bath, where Derrick was Master of the Ceremonies, or, as the phrase is, *king*."—BOSWELL.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Carlyle's essay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson"; selections from Boswell's Johnson.

XLIV.—THE VALUE OF TIME.

Page 240, Note 1.—SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, England, in 1709. He was educated at Lichfield free school and at Pembroke College, Cambridge; but, on account of poverty, he left college before taking a degree. He taught school for a time at Edial Hall, Lichfield, and in 1737, in company with his pupil, David Garrick, he went to London. There he entered upon the profession of literature, producing, among other works, "A Dictionary of the English Language," "Rasselas," "A Visit to the Hebrides," "The Lives of the Poets," etc. He wrote essays also for *The Idler* and *The Rambler*, publications similar in their scope and character to *The Spectator*. Dr. Johnson died in 1785.

See Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Macaulay's "Essay on Samuel Johnson," and Stephen's "Samuel Johnson" (English Men of Letters).

2.—ERASMUS. Desiderius Erasmus, a celebrated Dutch theological scholar and writer, born at Rotterdam, 1467; died, 1536.

XLV.—THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Page 243, Note 1.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born at Manchester, England, in 1785, and was educated at Oxford University. He was the author of a large number of works, chiefly essays, critical and philosophical. The book by which he is best known is his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." He died in 1859. See Masson's "De Quincey" (English Men of Letters).

2.—LÂCHETÉ. Laxness, carelessness, neglect. Fr. from Lat. *laxus*, loose.

XLVI.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Page 246, Note 1.—JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1795; he died at Rome in 1821. His principal poems are "Endymion," a legend of the Grecian mythology; "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil," a story

from Boccaccio; the "Eve of St. Agnes"; "Lamia," a story of Greek witchcraft; and "Hyperion," a fragment.

Read Colvin's "John Keats" (English Men of Letters), and Shelley's "Adonais."

Masson says: "We can hardly be wrong in believing that had Keats lived to the ordinary age of man, he would have been one of the greatest of all our poets. As it is, I believe we shall all be disposed to place him very near indeed to our very best."

2.—LETHE-WARDS (lē' the wards). Towards Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

3.—DRYAD. A nymph of the woods. From Gr. *drus*, an oak-tree.

4.—PROVENÇAL SONG. A song of the troubadours, a school of lyric poets who flourished in Provence, in the south of France, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. A love-song.

5.—HIPPOCRENE. The "Fountain of the Horse" (*Fons Caballinus*). A fountain on Mount Helicon, Bœotia, sacred to the Muses. It was said to have been produced by the horse Pegasus striking the ground with his feet.

6.—BACCHUS (băk' kus). The god of wine. Gr. *Dionysos*, or *Bacchos*. After the time of Alexander the worship of this god assumed the character of wild and dissolute festivals and orgies, called bacchanals. See pages 354 and 361. See also Keats's "Endymion," IV.—PARDS. Spotted beasts. Bacchus was often represented as riding on a panther, tiger, or lion.

7.—Compare with this stanza Milton's lines on flowers (see page 405, lines 8-26).

8.—DARKLING. In the dark.

9.—RUTH. See Ruth ii.; also Harper's Fifth Reader, page 321, line 16.

10.—TOLL. To draw or cause to follow. Often written *tole*.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," selections from "Endymion."

XLVII.—SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.

Page 249, Note 1.—MRS. MARGARET O. W. OLIPHANT was born about 1818. She has written a large number of works, chiefly novels; also "The Makers of Florence," from which our extract is taken, "The Makers of Venice," and a translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia."

2.—LORENZO. Lorenzo de' Medici, commonly called "The Magnificent" (1448-1492). He was not only ruler of Florence, a statesman and soldier, but a poet, scholar, and patron of art and literature.

3.—FRIAR. Girolamo Savonarola, a Dominican friar and celebrated religious reformer (1452-1498).

4.—MORDECAI. See note, page 463.

5.—SAN MARCO. A celebrated Dominican convent in Florence.

6.—LOGGIA (lŏd jà). An enclosed piazza or gallery.

7.—CAMPANILE (kăm pa nē' la). A bell-tower. From *Campania*, in Italy, where church-bells were first used.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: George Eliot's "Romola," Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," Dante's "Divina Commedia" (Longfellow's translation).

XLVIII.—THE OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

Page 254, Note 1.—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL is a barrister at Lincoln's Inn, London, and was born about 1845. He has distinguished himself as the writer of two series of delightful essays on literary subjects, published under the title of "Obiter Dicta," from the second of which the present extract is taken.

2.—See note, bottom of page 223.

3.—HAZLITT (hăz līt). William Hazlitt, a miscellaneous writer, author of "Lectures on the English Poets," "The English Comic Writers," "Spirit of the Age," etc. (1778–1830).

4. "COKE UPON LYTTTELTON." Sir Thomas Littleton, or Lyttelton, judge of Common Pleas (1421–1481), was the author of a "Treatise on Tenures," printed in 1584. Sir Edward Coke, chief-justice (1551–1632), was the author of a famous work on the laws of England, entitled "The Institutes." The first of the four parts of this work was a "Commentary on Littleton," being a review, with critical annotations, of the "Treatise on Tenures."

5.—SMITH. Rev. Sydney Smith—clergyman, wit, and miscellaneous writer (1771–1845)—author of "Letters on the Catholics, from Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham," "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," and many other works

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED. Other essays from "Obiter Dicta."

XLIX.—THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Page 257, Note 1.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary in 1772. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge; died at Highgate, London, in 1834. His best-known works are the two poems, "Christabel" (1816) and "The Ancient Mariner" (1798). Among his prose works the two entitled "Biographia Literaria" and "Aids to Reflection" are the most valuable.

Refer to Shairp's "Studies in Poetry," Swinburne's "Essays and Studies," and Traill's "Coleridge" (English Men of Letters).

THE ANCIENT MARINER: "In the autumn of 1797 Coleridge, my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones, near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. Accordingly, we planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's 'Voyages,' a day or two before, that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by dead men, but do not

recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem."—From Wordsworth's "Memoirs."

"The 'Ancient Mariner,'" says Swinburne, "is perhaps the most wonderful of all poems. In reading it we seem rapt into that paradise revealed by Swedenborg, where music and color and perfume were one, where you could see the hues and hear the harmonies of heaven. For absolute melody and splendor it were hardly rash to call it the first poem in the language."

The lines

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand,"

and also the verse beginning,

"He holds him with his glittering eye,"

were written by Wordsworth.

2.—**BEAT.** In Yorkshire the past tense of *beat* is pronounced *bēl*, which is the more effective pronunciation here.

3.—**HE.** Observe the personification of the storm-blast. Compare with the "storm-giants" of the Norse mythology, or with the Greek conception of Typhon.

4.—**CLIFTS.** Clefts, fissures.

5.—**SWOUND.** Swoon.

6.—**THOROUGH.** Through, from end to end.

7.—The ship has now turned about, and is coming northward.

8.—**BREAK.** Pronounced in some parts of England, *brēek*.

9.—**DEATH-FIRES.** Corpse-candles—lights resembling the flame of a candle, sometimes seen in damp places, and regarded by the superstitious as portending death.

10.—**GRAMERCY.** See Note 14, p. 473.

11.—**SILLY.** Unknowing. From A. S. *sælig*, or Ger. *selig*, blessed. Used by the older writers in the sense of blessed, frail, happy, simple.

12.—**SHRIEVE.** From A. S. *scrifan*, to receive confession. To administer the last rites of religion.

13.—**IVY-TOD.** "*Tod*, a bush, generally of ivy. In Suffolk, a stump at the top of a pollard."—HALLIWELL.

L.—THE FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

Page 277, Note 1.—WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., was born at Bothwick, Scotland, in 1721. On the completion of his studies at Edinburgh University (1743) he was appointed to the living of Gladsmuir, in East Lothian. His fame as a preacher soon spread throughout Scotland. In 1759 he published a "History of Scotland," which led to his appointment as Principal of the University of Edinburgh. He afterwards wrote a "History of Charles V.," and a "History of the Discovery of America"—works which placed him among the foremost of modern historians. He died in 1793.

2.—**CABALS** (*ca bāls'*). Intrigues. From Heb. *gabbālāh*, mysterious doctrine,

3.—**CHIMERICAL** (ki mēr' ic al). Merely imaginary. From *chimera*, a fabulous monster, represented as having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

4.—Read now the passage from Carlyle, page 411, line 14, this volume.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Irving's "Life of Columbus."

LI.—LITERATURE, A STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Page 285, Note 1.—**JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN**, was born in London in 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, and was chosen fellow of Oriel College in 1822. In 1830 he was appointed select preacher for the University, and while acting in that capacity he published a number of tracts on controversial subjects, besides some volumes of sermons. In 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church; in 1848 he was ordained a priest; in 1854 he was appointed rector of the new Catholic University at Dublin. He was afterwards (May 12, 1879) elevated to the rank of deacon-cardinal. He died August 11th, 1890. His writings, which are numerous, are remarkable for the purity and beauty of their diction.

2.—"QUICQUID," etc. "Whatsoever things influence men—prayer, fear, anger, pleasure, joy, conversation."

3.—**JABAL**. "The father of such as dwell in tents and of those who have cattle."—**TUBAL-CAIN**. "The instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."—**NIMROD**. "A mighty one in the earth."

"Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man."

—POPE'S "Windsor Forest."

4.—See Gen. xxi. 8, Gen. xxix., Job i. and xlii.

LII.—THE WATER-GATE OF THE TOWER.

Page 288, Note 1.—**WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON** was born in West Riding, Yorkshire, in 1821. In consequence of ill-health he was not able to go to school, but was brought up and educated by his grand-uncle at a farm-house on the moors of Over Darwin. In 1846 he went to London, and entered the Inner Temple as a student. Here he began a series of contributions to the leading periodicals, and at once won his way to recognition as a writer of more than ordinary ability. He was for many years the editor of *The Athenæum*. He has written "New America" (1867), "Free Russia" (1870), "Her Majesty's Tower" (1871), and several other prose works.

2.—**BLUFF KING HAL**. Henry VIII., King of England, born in 1491, reigned from 1509 to 1547. The two wives referred to are Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn (bōol in); the time is May, 1533. Anne Boleyn was executed in May, 1536.

3.—**GEORGE**. A figure of St. George on horseback, worn by Knights of the Garter.—**SAKERS**. Small pieces of artillery.

4.—**ELIZABETH.** Daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn (born 1533). Queen of England from 1558 to 1603. Her "jealous sister" was Queen Mary, daughter of Catherine of Aragon, by whom (1553) she was imprisoned for some time in the tower.

5.—**LEONINE.** Lion-like.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from "Her Majesty's Tower."

LIII.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Page 292, Note 1.—**ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** was born in 1809. She wrote the greater portion of her poetry while she was yet Elizabeth Barrett; she married Robert Browning, the poet, in 1846. Her principal works are, "Poems," two vols. (1844); "The Drama of Exile," "The Vision of Poets," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Casa Guidi Windows," written in Florence, 1848; "Aurora Leigh" (1856), a novel in blank verse; and a translation of "Prometheus Bound," besides numerous contributions to the periodicals. She died in 1861.

This poem was written after a study of the condition of workingmen's children in the factories and mines of England.

2.—**RIME.** Hoar-frost. Here probably means the time of hoar-frost, or winter.

3.—**MIND.** Remind. The use of the word in this sense is now almost obsolete, although it frequently occurs in the older writers. "I do thee wrong to *mind* thee of it."—SHAKESPEARE.

4.—**EYES TURNED ON DEITY.** "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from the poetry of Mrs. Browning.

LIV.—CHRISTMAS DAY, 1587.

Page 297, Note 1.—**WALTER BESANT** was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1837. He was educated at Cambridge University, and was for some years a professor in the College at Mauritius. His work in literature includes a volume of essays on "The French Dramatists," "Early French Poetry," and a large number of novels, some of which are highly meritorious.

2.—**WAY OF WALSINGHAM.** In England, during the Middle Ages, the Milky Way was generally called Watling Street. The real Watling Street was a great road extending from Dover to Chester. Watling, or Wætling, is derived from the name of a personage in the Anglo-Saxon mythology.

3.—**MIGHTY.** A colloquial use of this word, formerly sanctioned by good authority. "A mighty good sort of people."—WILBERFORCE. "He was methodical."—JEFFREY.

4.—**SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.** A celebrated English navigator and naval commander (1537–1596).

5.—**FLEET.** The Invincible Armada was sent by Philip II. of Spain against England in 1588. It consisted of 150 ships, 2650 great guns, and more than 30,000 soldiers and sailors. On the 19th of July it arrived in the English Channel, where it was defeated by the forces under Drake and Howard, as described in the sketch following this.

LV.—THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Page 302, Note 1.—ROBERT SOUTHEY was born in Bristol, England, in 1774. He was educated at Westminster, and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1813 he was appointed poet-laureate. He died in 1843. His writings are very numerous, and include both prose and poetry. He was at once "the most ambitious and the most voluminous author of his day," but his works have never been very popular. His "Chronicle of the Cid," "Lives of the English Admirals," "Life of Wesley," and "The Doctor," are perhaps the best. With the exception of a few short metrical pieces, his poetry is now but little read. Read Dowden's "Robert Southey" (English Men of Letters).

2.—**ARMADA.** See Note 5, above.

3.—**PERPENDED.** Considered. Lat. *per*, through, and *pendere*, to weigh.

4.—**GALLEASSES.** "The galleasses were a third larger than the ordinary galley, and rowed each by three hundred galley-slaves. They consisted of an enormous towering structure at the stern, a castellated structure, almost equally massive, in front, with seats for the rowers amidships."—MOTLEY.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The account of the same event in Green's "Short History of the English People."

LVI.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Page 306, Note 1.—THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. He was educated at Glasgow University, of which, in 1827, he was elected rector. He died at Boulogne in 1844. He wrote both poetry and prose, but his fame rests chiefly upon two or three short poems: "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," and some passages in his longer poems, "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "O'Connor's Child." Allingham says: "Campbell seems to me to have a finer touch than Scott or Byron."

2.—**BLAKE.** Robert Blake, a celebrated British admiral (1599–1657).

3.—**NELSON.** Horatio Nelson—Viscount Nelson of the Nile—the most famous, perhaps, of British admirals. Born in 1758; killed in the naval battle off Trafalgar, (tra fäl' gar) on the coast of Spain, in 1805.

LVII.—TO HERODOTUS.

Page 308, Note 1.—ANDREW LANG (born in 1843, and educated at Oxford) is one of the most popular of living English writers. His works embrace a great variety of subjects, including essays, poems, criticisms, stories,

and translations. Among them may be mentioned "Custom and Myth," "The Library," "In the Wrong Paradise;" translations of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; "Letters to Dead Authors." Our selection is from the work last named.

2.—HERODOTUS (he rōd' o tus). A Greek historian, called "the Father of History," was born at Halicarnassus, a Doric colony in Asia Minor, B.C. 484. The accuracy of his historical statements has often been questioned by both ancient and modern writers. "But," says Dr. William Smith, "whenever he speaks from his own observations, he is a real model of truthfulness and accuracy; and the more the countries which he describes have been explored by modern travellers, the more firmly has his authority been established. Many things which used to be laughed at as impossible or paradoxical are found now to be strictly in accordance with truth." One of the objects aimed at by Mr. Lang in this letter is, while imitating the style of Herodotus, to ridicule some of the methods of criticism pursued by certain Oxford professors in dealing with his works.

3.—CIMMERIANS. A people described by Homer as dwelling in the farthest west, enveloped in constant mists and darkness. The name is here applied to the British.

4.—STRAITS OF HERACLES. The Straits of Gibraltar.

5.—PARASANGS. A parasang is a Persian measure of length, equal to about four English miles.

6.—ORPHEUS. See Note 5, page 490. The "Argonautica" is an epic poem consisting of 1384 hexameters. It was produced at a period much later even than that of Herodotus.

7.—IO. Io, the daughter of Inachus, was beloved by Zeus, who, on account of Hera's jealousy, metamorphosed her into a white heifer. In this form she wandered over the whole earth, finally resting on the banks of the Nile, where she recovered her original form. The strait between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea was called by the Greeks Bosporus (*i. e.*, Ox-ford), because Io crossed there when she was in the form of a heifer.

8.—ISIS. One of the principal divinities of Egypt, the goddess of earth—the Earth-mother. The Isis River is a small river in England, flowing into the Thames below Oxford.

9.—An allusion to the failure of the British Government to relieve General Gordon, when besieged at Khartoum by the forces under the Mahdi (1885.)

10.—"THE LONG" and "THE VAC." Slang terms used by Oxford students to denote the long vacation in summer.

11.—SOPHOCLES. A Greek tragic poet, born near Athens, B.C. 495.

12.—BRIAREUS.

"The hundred-handed, whom the immortal gods
Have named Briareus, but the sons of men
Ægon, mightier than his sire in strength;
And he, rejoicing in the honor, took
His seat by Jove, and all the immortals shrank
Aghast before him."—*Iliad*, I., 402.

13.—HECATÆUS (hēc a te' us). One of the earliest geographers and historians of Greece. Born in Miletus about B.C. 550. Herodotus was acquainted with his works, the accuracy of which he sometimes disputes.

14.—ORACLE OF BRANCHIDÆ (brăn' kī dē). The oracle of Apollo at Bran-

chidæ, on the coast of Ionia. The oracle at Delphi was also Apollo's. The oracle of Zeus was at Dodona, where the will of the god was declared by the rushing of the wind through the leaves of the trees. Amphiaraus was first worshipped as a hero at Oropus. His oracle stood between Potniæ and Thebes.

LVIII.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Page 314, Note 1.—THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge University, and entered the Inner Temple, London, for the purpose of studying for the Bar. Becoming intimate with Horace Walpole, he accompanied him in a tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1751 he published the "Elegy," a poem upon which he had been engaged for many years, and which alone has made his fame immortal. In 1757 he published "The Bard," and in the same year was offered the office of poet-laureate, which he declined. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. He died in 1771.

ELEGY. A song expressing sorrow. From Gr. *ἐλlegein*, to cry woe! woe!

2.—CURFEW (*kûr' fû*). In former times the ringing of a bell at nightfall (eight o'clock), as a signal to the people to cover up fires, put out lights, and retire to rest. From Fr. *couvre-feu*, cover-fire.

3.—CLARION. Literally a kind of trumpet whose note is shrill and clear. What does it mean here?

4.—LOWLY BED. Not, as some may suppose, the grave; but the humble sleeping-place of the peasant.

5.—GLEBE (*gleeb*). Soil, ground. From Lat. *gleba*, clod, land.

6.—AFIELD. Notice the force of the prefix *a*, equivalent to *to*, or *towards*. See the use of the same word in "Lycidas," page 402, line 7.

7.—BOAST OF HERALDRY. The pride of the nobility, or those high in rank. The word "hour" is the subject of this sentence. In prose it would read as follows: "The inevitable hour awaits alike the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave."

8.—See Harper's Fifth Reader, page 410.

9.—FRETTED VAULT. The ornamented roof or ceiling of a church. "Fretted," from A. S. *frätu*, ornament.

10.—PROVOKE. Call forth. From Lat. *pro*, forth, and *vocare*, to call.

11.—HAMPDEN. John Hampden was an English patriot, distinguished for his sturdy opposition to the tyrannical demands of Charles I.; born in 1594, died in 1643.

12.—Observe the striking number of infinitive clauses in this stanza and the two stanzas preceding. All these clauses depend upon the verb "forbade." It would be a good exercise to rewrite these stanzas, changing them to good prose. Begin the paraphrase with the words "Their lot forbade."

13.—THESE BONES. The bones of these.

14.—This is a difficult stanza, and has been variously rendered. The meaning is probably this: "What person ever left this pleasant, sunshine world and gave up this anxious, pleasing life to dumb oblivion, without some longing, lingering regret?"

LIX.—BELLS IN THE DESERT.

Page 319, Note 1.—ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE was born in Taunton, England, in 1802. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. Soon afterwards he made an extended tour through the East, and wrote a description of his travels and observations in a volume entitled “Eöthen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East.” Of this work, published in 1844, it has been truly said that “nothing so sparkling, so graphic, so truthful in sentiment, and so poetic in vein, had issued from the press in many a day.” Mr. Kinglake’s great work, however, is the “History of the Invasion of the Crimea,” the first volume of which was published in 1863, and the fifth and last in 1889. Our selection is from “Eöthen.”

LX.—HAND-WORKERS AND HEAD-WORKERS.

Page 321, Note 1.—JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. He was educated at Oxford University, and in his earlier life devoted much attention to the study of art. His first literary effort was a pamphlet in defence of Turner and the modern English school of landscape-painting. This pamphlet, rewritten and enlarged, became the basis for his work on “Modern Painters.” His writings are remarkable for the purity, terseness, and beauty of their diction, and for the plain-spoken truths to which they give utterance.

2.—SANCHO PANZA. The esquire of Don Quixote, noted for his grotesque appearance, his shrewdness and humor, and his peculiar and striking proverbs.

3.—DANTE. A great part of Dante’s life was spent in exile, “eating bread,” as he said, “which savors so strong of salt, and going up and down others’ stairs.”

4.—BARUCH THE SCRIBE. See Jer. xxxvi. 27–32.

5.—ST. STEPHEN. For the story of Stephen’s martyrdom, see Acts vii.

6.—“What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?”

LXI.—ODE. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

Page 327, Note 1.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, England, in 1770. He was educated at Hawkshead School, and at St. John’s College, Cambridge. His first work, “Descriptive Sketches,” obtained but few readers, and it was a quarter of a century before the merits of his poetical works were acknowledged. Wordsworth succeeded Southey as poet-laureate in 1843. He died April 23, 1850.

This ode was written in 1803–1806, and first published in 1807. George William Curtis, writing of Wordsworth, says: “Lines of his are household words, like lines of Shakespeare; and it is Wordsworth who has written one of the great English poems—the ‘Ode upon Intimations of Immortality.’ For sustained splendor of imagination, deep, solemn, and progressive thought, and exquisite variety of music, that poem is unsurpassed.” And Emerson says of this ode that it is “the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age.”

Henry Vaughan (1621–1695), in his “Silex Scintillans,” expresses thoughts similar to the ideas embodied in this ode:

“Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And, looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.”

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following poems of Wordsworth: “Reverie of Poor Susan,” “We are Seven,” “To My Sister,” “The Two April Mornings,” “Heart-Leap Well,” “The Solitary Reaper,” “Ode to Duty,” “Laodamia,” “The Wishing-Gate.”

LXII.—HERVÉ RIEL.

Page 334, Note 1.—ROBERT BROWNING was born at Camberwell, London, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London. His first poem, “Pauline,” was published in 1832, and his first drama, “Paracelsus,” in 1835. He was married in 1846 to Elizabeth Barrett (see Note 1, page 481). Most of his life was spent in Italy. He died in Venice, Dec. 12, 1889.

Refer to Bagehot’s “Literary Studies”; Dowden’s “Studies in Literature”; Birrell’s “Obiter Dicta,” first series; Corson’s “Introduction to Browning’s Poetry”; Stedman’s “Victorian Poets”; and Rolfe’s editions of Browning’s poems and dramas.

This poem was written in 1871, and the money (£100) received for it was contributed to the fund for supplying the poor of Paris with food after the siege by the Germans.

2.—HOGUE. *Cap la Hougue*, a cape on the coast of Holland, about thirty miles from the Hague. The battle referred to was fought May 19, 1692, and resulted in the total defeat of the French fleet by the combined forces of the English and the Dutch. Several of the French ships were captured or destroyed; others escaped, as narrated in the poem.

3.—SAINT MALO. A town and fortification on an island at the mouth of

the Rance River, on the coast of France. Its harbor is dry at low tide, but at high tide the water stands forty feet deep.

4.—PRESSED. Forced into service.—TOURVILLE, a French admiral and marshal (1642–1701), who afterwards revenged the defeat at La Hogue.

5.—CROISICKESE. An inhabitant of Croisie, a small fishing-village near the mouth of the Loire. This poem was written in that village.

6.—GRÈVE. A great extent of sandy shallows, laid bare for four or five hours during ebb-tide.

7.—HOLIDAY. Hervé Riel was not quite so modest in his asking as the poet would have us believe. The fact is that he demanded and obtained permission to spend *the remainder of his life* at home.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Selections from Browning's poems—"The Boy and the Angel," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "The Lost Leader," etc.

LXIII.—THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Page 340, Note 1.—EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1730, and was educated at Trinity College, in that city. Coming to London, he entered the Temple as a law student. His first attempts at literature—"A Vindication of Natural Society," and an "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful"—were received with much favor, and gained him admission into the best society. His life was thereafter devoted to politics. As an orator he has had but few superiors. He died in 1797.

2.—WARREN HASTINGS (1732–1818) was Governor-general of India from 1772 to 1785. Having resigned this office and returned to England, he was accused of injustice and tyranny, and of having depopulated whole districts in order to carry out his ambitious projects. On behalf of the House of Commons, Burke brought forward articles of impeachment against him. The trial continued from 1786 to 1795, and ended in the acquittal of Hastings. He was obliged, however, to pay the expenses of the suit, which amounted to more than \$300,000.

3.—TRIBUNAL. See Macaulay's famous description of this trial in his essay on "Warren Hastings."

LXIV.—AMERICA AND THE MOTHER-COUNTRY.

Page 343, Note 1.—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE was born in Liverpool, England, in 1809. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church College, Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1832; became a member of the British Cabinet in 1845, and continued to occupy that position under several successive administrations; was elevated to the premiership in 1869, and again in 1880. He has written many works on government, religion, and literature, among which are "The State Considered in its Relations with the Church," "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," "Ancient Greece," "Juventus Mundi," "Rome and the Latest Fashions in Religion."

LXV.—THE WINTER EVENING.

Page 347, Note 1.—WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1731, and after receiving some instruction at a country school, was removed to Westminster. On quitting school he began the study of law, but his extreme nervousness, which never left him through life, and at one time deepened into insanity, totally unfitted him for any public occupation. The work by which he is best known is "The Task," from which poem our present selection is taken. Among his shorter poems are several that are well known to all readers, such as "John Gilpin," "Lines on My Mother's Picture," "The Castaway," etc. The alternate despondency and hopefulness which characterized his life are reflected in the style and character of his writings. He died in 1800.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The poems named above; also "Boadicea," and further selections from "The Task."

LXVI.—THE FOUNDATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Page 350, Note 1.—HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING, was born in 1808. He was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1834 he was made Rector of Lavington, in Sussex, and in 1840 Archdeacon of Chichester. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1851, and ordained a priest in 1857. His abilities as a preacher and writer, and as an influential leader of men, were soon recognized; and, within a comparatively short period (June, 1865) he was elevated to the office of cardinal. His writings are chiefly on theological and controversial subjects.

2.—SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (blăk' ston), an English jurist (1723–1780), author of "Commentary on the Laws of England" (1765).—SIR EDWARD COKE. See Note 4, page 478.

3.—BURGHLEY. Lord Burleigh, William Cecil, an English statesman, prime-minister to Queen Elizabeth (1520–1598).

4.—MONTESQUIEU (mŏn tes kū'). Charles de Secondat, Baron Montesquieu, a French jurist and philosopher (1689–1755).

LXVII.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

Page 353, Note 1.—JOHN DRYDEN was born at Aldwinkle, England, in 1631, and was educated at Cambridge University. From 1668 to 1688 he was poet-laureate of England. His principal poems are "Absalom and Achitophel," "Religio Laici," "Mac-Flecknoe," "The Hind and the Panther," "Alexander's Feast." He died in 1700, and was buried next to Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey.

This poem was written in 1697, at the request of the Musical Meeting, and was first set to music by Jeremiah Clark, steward of the festival of St. Cecilia. It was afterwards rearranged by Handel, and performed by him in 1736.

"As a piece of poetical mechanism to be set to music, or recited in alternate strophe and anti-strophe," says Hazlitt, "nothing can be better than 'Alexander's Feast.'"

"This ode is Dryden's greatest and best work."—MACAULAY.

See Lowell's "Among My Books," and Saintsbury's "John Dryden" (English Men of Letters).

About the year B.C. 331 Alexander the Great, having overthrown the Persian Empire, held a great feast at Persepolis, in celebration of his victories. At the close of the revelries, instigated, it is said, by Thaïs, his Athenian mistress, he set fire with his own hand to the great palace of Persepolis, at the same time leading in a general massacre of the inhabitants. The ruins of the city and palace are still to be seen not far from the border of the Carmanian Desert, in a beautiful valley watered by the river Araxes.

2.—PHILIP. Philip II., King of Macedon (B.C. 382–336).

3.—TIMOTHEUS (tim ō' thūs), a distinguished flute-player from Thebes. It is related that on one occasion his music made so powerful an impression upon Alexander that the conqueror started from his seat and seized his arms.

4.—JOVE. Jupiter. Alexander claimed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, and, when he visited the temple of that god in the Libyan Desert, was recognized as such by the priests who received him. See "Paradise Lost," ix. 494–510.

5.—BACCHUS. See note, page 477.

6.—HAUTBOYS (hō' boys). Wind instruments resembling the clarinet.

7.—DARIUS (da rī' us). Darius, King of Persia, was still living at the time of this feast at Persepolis. In the following year Alexander pursued him into the deserts of Parthia, where he was murdered by the satrap of Bactria. Alexander sent his body to Persepolis, to be buried in the tombs of the kings.

8.—LYDIAN. Pertaining to Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, whose inhabitants were noted for their effeminacy of manners. A term used by the Greeks to designate music of a soft, pathetic character. Observe the change of metre in this line. See Milton's "L'Allegro," 136.

9.—FURIES. The Eumenides, or avengers of evil. They are variously represented by the poets. Æschylus describes them as having black bodies, hair composed of twining snakes, and eyes dripping with blood.

10.—GRECIAN GHOSTS. Spirits of the Greek soldiers, followers of Alexander, slain by the Persians.

11.—CREW. This word was formerly very commonly used to designate any company or assemblage of associated persons; now restricted to a ship's company.

12.—TROY. Neither Helen nor Thaïs actually fired a city. But it was through Helen that Troy was destroyed, as Persepolis was burned through the instigation of Thaïs.

13.—CECILIA. See Note 1 on next page.

Observe throughout this poem the change in tone and metre to correspond with the change in sentiment. Compare this poem, in all its parts, with Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

LXVIII.—ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Page 358, Note 1.—ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in 1688. Being deformed, and in ill-health, he was educated at home and by private tutors. "He had," says Lowell, "one of the prime qualities of a great poet, in exactly answering the intellectual needs of the age in which he lived, and in reflecting its lineaments." Among his chief poems are "An Essay on Criticism," "Windsor Forest," "Essay on Man," "The Dunciad," and "The Rape of the Lock." He died in 1744. See Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Taine's "English Literature," Lowell's "My Study Windows," and Stephen's "Alexander Pope" (English Men of Letters).

ST. CECILIA. The Christian Polyhymnia and patron saint of music, said to have suffered martyrdom A.D. 230. The legend relates that such was the spotless purity of this "mayden bright Cecilie" that an angel came from heaven to be her guardian. She was not only a skilful musician, but was inspired by it to high religious emotions, and a tradition of the Church asserts that she was the inventor of the organ. St. Cecilia's Day is the 22d of November, and was formerly celebrated with musical entertainments. Pope's poem was written, at the suggestion of Sir Richard Steele, for such an entertainment in 1708. It was set to music by Maurice Greene, and performed at Cambridge in 1730.

"Pope, with all this labor in the praise of music, was ignorant of its principles and insensible of its effects."—JOHNSON.

2.—NINE. The nine Muses, whose aid was often invoked by the poets. Observe, in the first seventeen lines (and to some extent throughout the poem), the variation of the metre to correspond with the varying sentiments and feelings expressed.

3.—MORPHEUS. Sleep; the god of sleep. From Gr. *Morpheus*, the shaper or moulder; from *morphān*, to shape, to fashion. So used because of the shapes which sleep calls up in dreams before the sleeper.

4.—FIRST BOLD VESSEL. The ship *Argo*, manned by Jason and his heroes, sailing to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

5.—THRACIAN. Orpheus, the son of Œagrus and the muse Calliope. Apollo presented him with a lyre, and the Muses instructed him in its use; and so sweet was the music of his golden harp that not only wild beasts were enchanted, but the trees and rocks moved from their places to follow the sound. When the heroes were unable to launch the ship *Argo*, because of its weight, Orpheus played upon his lyre by the shore, and the ship glided down into the sea. The wife of Orpheus was a nymph named Eurydice. She having died from the bite of a serpent, her husband obtained permission from Pluto to visit the infernal regions and restore her to life. The poet tells the rest of the story.

6.—PELION (pē' lyon). A lofty range of mountains in Thessaly. From the forests of these mountains was obtained the timber with which the ship *Argo* was constructed.

7.—PHLEGETHON (flēg' e thon). One of the rivers of the infernal regions. Flames instead of water flowed in its channel.

8.—SISYPHUS. Founder and king of Corinth. He was avaricious, deceitful, and cruel to strangers, on account of which he was punished in the lower world by being doomed to roll uphill a huge marble block, which, as soon as it reached the top, always rolled down again.

9.—IXION (ix i' on). King of the Lapithæ. On account of his wicked

ingratitude to the gods, his hands and feet were chained to a wheel, which is said to have rolled perpetually in the air or in the lower regions.

10.—FURIES. See note on *Furies*, page 489.

11.—ELYSIAN (e līzh' yan). The Elysian Fields. See Note 5, page 457.

12.—PROSERPINE (prō' ser pīne). The queen of the lower world. Gr. *Persephone*.

13.—STYX. The principal river of the lower world, around which it flows seven (not nine) times.

14.—The chief condition upon which Orpheus was allowed to lead Eurydice back to earth was that while she followed him he should not turn to look at her until they were well outside the limits of the lower world.

“Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse, . . .
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.”—MILTON'S “L'Allegro,” 135.

15.—HEBRUS. The principal river in Thrace. It rises in the mountains of Rhodopé and flows into the Ægean Sea. Hæmus is a lofty range of mountains to the north of Rhodopé, now called the Balkans. The worship of Bacchus is often spoken of in connection with the Hebrus. Orpheus, having offended the Thracian women, was torn to pieces by them in their Bacchanalian revels, and his head being borne by the Hebrus to the sea, was floated finally to the island of Lesbos and buried there. Read Milton's “Lycidas,” 58–63. See page 402, line 32.

“The barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodopé, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son.”—“Paradise Lost,” vii. 32.

16.—Compare these last four lines with the closing stanza in Dryden's “Alexander's Feast.” See page 357. lines 26–30.

LXIX.—AN INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

Page 362, Note 1.—R. D. BLACKMORE was born in Berkshire, England, in 1828. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and studied law at the Middle Temple. His first novel, “Clara Vaughan,” was written in 1852, but not published until 1864. This was followed by many others of great merit, the most popular of which is “Lorna Doone.” Our selection is taken from the romance entitled “Springhaven.”

2.—PERIL OF ENGLAND. Napoleon Bonaparte proposed, in 1804, to make an invasion of England. “Fifteen millions of people,” he said, in allusion to the disproportion between the population of England and that of France, “must give way to forty millions.” A camp of 100,000 men was formed at

Boulogne, and a host of flat-bottomed boats gathered for their conveyance across the Channel.

3.—NELSON. See Note 3, page 482.

4.—THE GREATEST PRIME-MINISTER. William Pitt, the Younger (1759–1806).

LXX.—ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Page 372, Note 1.—FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR was born in Bombay, India, in 1831. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was for some years head-master of the Marlborough School. He is now Archdeacon of Westminster.

2.—MADAME DE STAËL. A French authoress and leader in society (1766–1817). Wrote "Corinne, or Italy."

3.—THE GRAND MONARQUE. Louis XIV. (1638–1715).

4.—ÆGIS (ē' jis). The shield presented by Zeus to Athene; hence used to indicate anything which protects, as a shield or defensive armor.

5.—See page 405, line 4—Milton's "Lycidas," lines 130, 131.

LXXI.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Page 375, Note 1.—ROBERT BURNS. For biography, see Note 1, page 452

2.—SUGH. For the meaning of this and other Scottish words used in this lesson, see Glossary below.

3.—Compare this line with the third line of Gray's "Elegy." See page 314.

4.—From Pope's "Windsor Forest."

5.—From Pope's "Essay on Man," iv. 247.

GLOSSARY.

aft—often.
beets—keeps up, feeds.
belyve—by-and-by.
ben—in, inward.
blate—bashful.
canny—easy.
carking—anxious.
claes—clothes.
cracks—chats.
eydent—diligent.
fell—biting, keen.
flichterin'—fluttering.
gang—go.
gars—makes.
guid—good.
ha'—hall.
haffets—temples, cheeks.
hafflins—half.
hain'd—saved.
halesome—wholesome.
hallan—a porch, a door.
hawkie—a cow.

ingle—fire.
jauk—to dally.
kebbuck—cheese.
kens—understands.
kye—cattle.
lathefu'—hesitating.
lave—the rest, other people.
lint was i' the bell—flax was in bloom.
lyart—gray.
moil—labor, toil.
sair-won—hard-earned.
soupe—milk.
speirs—asks.
stacher—stagger.
strappan—strong, healthy.
sugh—noise, rustle.
tentie—heedful, attentive.
towmond—twelvemonth.
uncos—news.
wales—chooses, selects.
wee bit—little.
weel—well.

wily—knowing, wise.

LXXII.—THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Page 381, Note 1.—JOHN MILTON was born in London in 1608. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and at Christ College, Cambridge. In 1629 he wrote the "Hymn on the Nativity." In 1632 he received his degree of M.A. The next five years were spent in classical and musical studies, and it was during this period that he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas." In 1638 he went abroad, and during fifteen months travelled in southern Europe, visiting Paris, Florence, Rome, and other places of interest, and making the acquaintance of some of the greatest men of that period. Returning to London, he opened a select school in Aldersgate Street. From 1641 to 1649 he was engaged in the political controversies of the time, and it was during this period that most of his prose writings were produced. In the latter year he was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State, a position which he continued to hold under the protectorate of Cromwell. In 1663 "Paradise Lost" was completed; and in 1667 the copyright of that poem was sold to Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, from whom Milton received ten pounds. "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" were published together in 1670. Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674.

This extract is from "Areopagitica; or, Speech for the Liberty of Unlicenc'd Printing;" a pamphlet published in 1644 for the purpose of inducing Parliament to repeal a tyrannical decree against the liberty of the press. Macaulay describes this speech as "a sublime treatise, which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes." Prescott, the American historian, says: "It is, perhaps, the most splendid argument the world had then witnessed in behalf of intellectual liberty."

2.—SCOTUS. Johannes Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas were celebrated scholastic teachers who flourished in the thirteenth century.

3.—SPENSER'S allegory of Sir Guion, or Temperance. See "Faerie Queene," book ii.

4.—DISCIPLINE OF GENEVA, *i. e.*, the doctrines taught by John Calvin and his disciples.

LXXIII.—REVOLUTIONS.

Page 385, Note 1.—EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON was born in Norfolk, England, in 1805. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was made a baronet in 1838. His writings are very numerous, and embrace works in almost every department of literature—poetry, fiction, the drama, and essays both philosophical and political. His first novel, "Falkland," appeared in 1827. The work by which he is probably best known to American readers is "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1834). Among his dramas may be mentioned "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." Our selection is taken from "My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life" (1853). Lord Lytton died in 1873.

2.—CONDORCET (kōn dor sā'). A French philosopher and writer (1743–1794).

3.—ROUSSEAU. Jean Jacques Rousseau (rōō sō'), a French philosopher; born in Geneva, 1712; died, 1778.

4.—SATURN'S GOLDEN AGE. The primeval age of happiness.

"A blisful lyfe, a peseable, and so swete,
Leddy the peplis in the former age;
Thei helde them paied with the frutes thei ete,
And dronken watyr of the colde welle," etc.
—CHAUCER, "*Ætas Prima*."

5.—ST. SIMON. Claude Henri, Comte de St. Simon, was born in Paris in 1760, and died in 1825.—CHARLES FOURIER was born at Besançon, in France, in 1772, and died in 1837.—ROBERT OWEN was born in Montgomeryshire, Scotland, in 1771, and died in 1858. All were notorious advocates of communistic or socialistic doctrines. Their disciples are called respectively Saint Simonians, Fourierists, and Owenites.

6.—PHALANSTERE (fāl' an ster y). The edifice occupied by a community of Fourierists. The poetical quotation (line 519-21) is from Shakespeare, "*Tempest*," act i., scene iv.

7.—SIR DAVID BREWSTER. A Scottish scientist (1781-1868).

8.—LYCURGUS. The famous law-giver of Sparta (B.C. ninth century).

9.—ATLANTIS. According to an ancient tradition, a great island in the Western Ocean. Its princes at one time invaded Africa and Europe, but were defeated by the Athenians and their allies. On account of the impiety of its inhabitants, the island was finally swallowed up in the ocean in a day and a night. This legend is given by Plato in his "*Timæus*," and is said to have been related to Solon by the Egyptian priests. Plato's idea of a perfect state is unfolded in his two works, the "*Laws*" and the "*Republic*."

10.—UTOPIA. This work (named from the Gr. *ou*, not, and *topos*, place), written in Latin, was published at Louvain in 1516. The first English edition, translated by Robynson, was published in London in 1551. Lord Bacon's "*The New Atlantis, a Fragment*," was published in 1635. In both these works, as in many others since published, attempts are made to delineate a perfect form of government.

11.—A NEW SESOSTRIS. Sesostris (Rameses) was King of Egypt about B.C. 1400. He was a great conqueror, and subdued Ethiopia, the greater part of Asia, and the Thracians in Europe. The "new Sesostris" was Napoleon Bonaparte.

LXXIV.—THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Page 390, Note 1.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in Devonshire, England, in 1552. He was educated at Oxford, and, being highly esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, was knighted in 1585. In 1592 he was imprisoned for marrying Elizabeth Throgmorton, a maid of honor to the queen, but was soon liberated. Upon the accession of James I., in 1603, he was again imprisoned, this time upon the charge of treason. During his imprisonment, which continued fourteen years, he wrote his celebrated "*History of the World*." After an unsuccessful voyage to South America, in 1617, he was thrown a *third time* into the Tower, and was soon afterwards (1618) beheaded. "*The Soul's Errand*" is said to have been written on the day preceding the execution.

2.—ARRANT. Errand.

LXXV.—LESSONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Page 393, Note 1.—FREDERICK HARRISON was born in 1831. He has written "The Choice of Books," "The Meaning of History," "Order and Progress," a translation of Comte's "Social Statics," and several other works of more than average merit.

2.—STARVATION. According to Horace Walpole, the first use of this word was by Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, in a speech on American affairs in 1775. It obtained for its author the nickname of "Starvation Dundas." In England the word *starve* means to perish with cold as well as with hunger.

3.—TWENTY MILLIONS. That is, twenty million pounds, or about one hundred million dollars.

4.—JULES VERNE. A French writer—author of numerous stories of impossible adventure.

5.—NEBULÆ. Faint, misty appearances in the sky, in most cases composed of innumerable stars.—ORION. One of the largest and brightest constellations, crossed by the equinoctial line.

LXXVI.—LYCIDAS.

Page 401, Note 1.—JOHN MILTON. For biography of John Milton, see page 493.

"Lycidas" was written in honor of Edward King, an intimate friend of the poet's, who was "unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637." The brief note prefixed to the poem adds that the author "therein by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height."

2.—Academic honors were formerly indicated by a crown of laurel, with the fruit. A poet-laureate was one who was presented with a wreath of laurel upon receiving an honorable degree in grammar, poetry, and rhetoric. Myrtle and ivy were similarly associated with poets.

3.—FORC'D. Forceful. SHATTER. Scatter.

4.—DEAR. This word is here used in a sense now almost obsolete, and means *grievous*, or *heart-touching*. "Our dear peril."—SHAKESPEARE.

5.—LYCIDAS. A name used also in the pastoral poems of Theocritus and Virgil. The white or pure one.

6.—SACRED WELL. The Pierian spring, at the foot of Mount Olympus, the birthplace and abode of the Muses.—SISTERS. Muses (see Note 2, page 490).—SEAT OF JOVE. Olympus.

7.—NURS'D, etc. A reference to the companionship of Milton and King at Cambridge.

8.—BATTENING. Feeding.

9.—WESTERING. Passing to the west.

"The glow of autumn's westering day."—WHITTIER.

10.—SATYRS (să' ters). The Satyrs and Fauns were woodland deities, usually represented as part man and part goat. They here doubtless refer to Milton's college-mates.

11.—**DAMÆTAS.** Probably one of the tutors, or possibly the master of the college. The name is a common one in pastoral poetry, and is also applied by Sir Philip Sidney to one of the characters in his "Arcadia."

12.—**GADDING.** Straggling.

13.—**CANKER.** Canker-worm.—**TAINT-WORM.** Perhaps the small red spider, called a "taint," formerly believed to be poisonous to cattle.

14.—**NYMPHS.** The sea-nymphs. This question is in imitation of a line in Theocritus, Idyll i. 66.

15.—**STEEP.** Probably Kerig-y-Druidion, one of the burial-places of the Druids, among the heights of South Denbighshire, near the Irish sea.—**MONA.** The high interior of the island of Anglesea.

16.—**DEVA.** The river Dee, called "ominous" and "hallowed," on account of the many superstitions connected with it.

17.—**FONDLY.** Foolishly. Such was the original meaning of the word.

18.—See Note 5, page 490. 19.—See Note 15, page 491.

20.—**BOOTS.** Profits. From A. S. *bōtan*, compensation.

21.—**Neæra** and **Amaryllis** are characters mentioned in the old Greek pastorals.

22.—**GUERDON** (gêr' don). Reward.

23.—**FURY.** Meaning one of the Fates—as pitiless as a Fury. The three Fates were represented, one as holding a distaff, the second as spinning, and the third as cutting the thread of life with the "abhorred shears."

24.—**PHŒBUS.** Apollo. The touching of the ear represents the calling to remembrance, the ear being regarded as the seat of memory.

25.—**O FOUNTAIN ARETHUSE.** A fountain in the island of Ortygia, near Sicily. Alpheus, a young hunter, was in love with a nymph, Arethusa. Being accosted by him in the mountains of Arcadia she fled, and he, pursuing, was turned into the river since called by his name. This river, it was said, flowed through a channel beneath the sea, and finally blended its waters with the fountain in Ortygia, into which Arethusa had been changed. Milton, in invoking the fountain, calls upon Theocritus, the Sicilian pastoral poet, as in the next line he invokes Virgil by naming the Mincius, a river surrounding Mantua, that poet's birthplace.

26.—**OAT.** A small wind instrument resembling a flute, made of straw. The shepherd's pipe.

27.—**HERALD OF THE SEA.** Triton.

28.—**HIPPOTADES.** Æolus, god of the winds. He was represented as keeping the winds imprisoned in a cave, whence they were allowed to escape only by his permission.

29.—**PANOPE** (păn' o pe). One of the nymphs.

30.—**CAMUS.** The presiding deity of the river Cam, on which Cambridge is situated.

31.—**SANGUINE FLOW'R.** "The mantle is as if made of the plant 'river-sponge,' which floats copiously in the Cam; the bonnet of the river-sedge, distinguished by vague marks traced somehow over the middle of the leaves, and serrated at the edge of the leaves, after the fashion of the *ai, ai* of the hyacinth." The marks on the petals of the hyacinth were said by the Greeks to form the words *ai, ai*—alas! alas! bewailing the death of the youth *Hyacinth*, from whose blood the flowers sprang.

32.—**PILOT OF THE GALILEAN LAKE.** St. Peter.

33.—**ENOW.** Old form for "enough."

34.—**TWO-HANDED ENGINE.** Keightley sees here "a general allusion to the

axe of the Gospel, or to the two-edged sword of the Apocalypse, which the poet, with his usual license, may have transformed to a two-handed one, for the greater efficacy." See Rev. i. 6; ii. 12-16.

35.—ALPHEUS. See note 25, above.—SWART STAR. The dog-star or Sirius.

36.—RATHE. Early. The word *rather* is the comparative form of this adjective. LAUREATE HEARSE. See Note 2, page 495.

37.—MONSTROUS. Full of monsters; the great deep.

38.—BELLERUS. The Roman name of Land's End.

39.—GUARDED MOUNT. St. Michael's Mount, a steep rock near Penzance, in Cornwall.—NAMANCOS and BAYONA, places on the coast of Spain, near Cape Finisterre, in the direct line of vision southward from St. Michael's Mount.—ANGEL. Michael is bidden to turn his eyes in the direction of Britain.—RUTH. Pity.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Spenser's "Astrophel and Stella," Shelley's "Adonais," Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

LXXVII.—WORK.

Page 407, Note 1.—THOMAS CARLYLE was born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, in 1795. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1825 settled on a farm in his native county. In 1834 he removed to London, where he remained during the rest of his life. He died in 1881. He was the author of numerous essays and works on literary and historical subjects, including "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero-worship," "Past and Present," "Oliver Cromwell's Letters," and many other works. See Lowell's "My Study Windows," Froude's "Life of Carlyle," Carlyle's "Reminiscences."

2.—MAMMONISH. Eager for money. From *mammon*, riches—sometimes personified as the demon of wealth or the love of money; from Gr. *mammōnas*, riches. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matt. vi. 24).

3.—GOSPEL.—From A. S. *god-spell*; *god*, good, and *spell*, history, or news. This word is most commonly used with reference to the life and teachings of Christ. As here employed, it means principle of action.

4.—"KNOW THYSELF." A motto, the authorship of which is ascribed to Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece. It was inscribed on the walls of the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

5.—A brief statement of the nebular theory of creation.

6.—SIR CHRISTOPHER. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (1632-1723).

7.—RED TAPE. Tediously formal. The expression is so used from the red tape with which official documents are tied up.

8.—NELL GWYNN DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH. Dissolute and hypocritical supporters of the Church, as in the time of Charles II.

9.—ARCHITECTONICS. Skill in designing or building; the science of architecture.

10.—PORTLAND STONE. A yellowish-white freestone from the Isle of Portland, England. Portland stone in the United States is a reddish-brown sandstone, obtained from Portland, Conn.

11.—**URSA MAJOR.** The Great Bear, a constellation of stars about the north pole. It contains the stars which form the "Dipper" or "Charles's Wain."

12.—**KEPLER.** Johann Kepler. A famous German astronomer (1571–1630).

13.—**ALIEN.** A stranger.—**DENIZEN.** One admitted by special favor to the rights of citizenship.

LXXVIII.—ON TRUE VALOR.

Page 414, Note 1.—**BEN JONSON** was born at Westminster, England, in 1573. The chief part of his education was obtained at Westminster. At an early age he was set to work at the bricklayer's trade, but, dissatisfied with this business, he enlisted for a short time in the army. Returning to London at the age of twenty, he went upon the stage and began, at about the same time, the work of a dramatic author. He was made poet-laureate in 1616, and died in 1637. His works include seventeen or eighteen dramas, a number of masks, collections of short poems and prose paragraphs entitled "Underwoods" and "Timber," an English grammar, and many miscellaneous poems. The brief selection presented in this volume is from the drama entitled "The New Inn."

LXXIX.—ON DISCOURSE.

Page 416, Note 1.—**SIR FRANCIS BACON**, Lord Verulam, was born in London in 1561. He was educated at Cambridge University; admitted to the Bar in 1589; knighted in 1603; appointed Lord High Chancellor in 1618. He died in 1626.

He wrote, besides his "Essays," several works of a philosophical character, the chief of which is the "Novum Organum." He was the author, or at least the great promoter, of the so-called Baconian system of philosophy.

"The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its present knowledge, but its future too."—**DRYDEN.**

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."—**POPE.**

"The great secretary of nature and all learning."—**WALTON.**

Read Macaulay's "Essay on Lord Bacon," and "Lord Bacon," by R. W. Church (English Men of Letters).

2.—**WIT.** This word formerly meant *wisdom*, *genius*, and is here so used. It is now employed to denote the power of seizing upon some circumstance or occurrence, and, by a sudden turn, presenting it under aspects wholly new and unexpected.

3.—**JADE.** To exhaust, to tire out. Prov. Eng. *yaud*, an overworked horse.

4.—**CONTENT.** Please. "It doth much content me to hear him so inclined."—**SHAKESPEARE.**

5.—**POSER.** A close examiner.

6.—**GALLIARD.** A gay, lively dance.

7.—**SPEECH OF TOUCH.** Personal reference or application; a personality.

8.—**FLOUT.** Sneer, insult. From Goth. *flautan*, to boast.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: Bacon's essays on "Travel," and "Studies."

LXXX.—UNA AND THE LION.

Page 418, Note 1.—EDMUND SPENSER was born in London about the year 1553. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and on leaving the university proceeded to the north of England, where he was engaged for some time as tutor. While here he wrote the "Shepheards Calender," a series of twelve pastoral eclogues—one for each month. In 1580 he accompanied Lord Grey de Wilton, viceroy of Ireland, as his secretary. Having procured a grant of land in the county of Cork, he fixed his residence at Kilcolman Castle, and it was there that he wrote his great poem, the "Faerie Queene." In 1598, during the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, his castle was stormed and burned by the rebels, and his infant daughter perished in the flames. The poet returned, broken-hearted, to London, where he died, it is said, in poverty, the next year.

Spenser, as will be observed, spelled words according to his own rules. His verses are arranged in stanzas of nine lines, the first eight being pentameters, the ninth a hexameter—called Spenserian stanzas. The apostrophe was not at that time used to denote the possessive case. The final *ed* of verbs and participles was usually pronounced as a distinct syllable.

GLOSSARY.

corse—body. From Lat. *corpus*.

divorced—separated (in the general sense of being parted from).

fortuned—happened.

perst—pierced. From O. Fr. *perse*, to beat, to push.

preace—crowd, throng.

ramping—leaping, bounding. From Fr. *ramper*.

salvage—savage. Lat. *silvaticus*, belonging to the wood.

stole—a long loose garment reaching to the feet. A. S. *stól*.

undight—put off.

wight—person. A. S. *wiht*, a creature.

yrkesome—irksome, tiresome. Scot. *irk*, to weary.

ADDITIONAL READING SUGGESTED: The following passages from the "Faerie Queene": "The Procession of the Passions," book i. canto 4; "The Masque of Cupid," ii. 12; "The Gardens of Adonis," iii. 6; "The Cave of Mammon," ii. 7; "The Bower of Bliss," ii. 12; "Vision of Colin Clout," vi. 10.

LXXXI.—DEMOCRACY.

Page 421, Note 1.—JOHN STUART BLACKIE was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in July, 1809. He studied in Scotland, Germany, and Italy, and in 1841 became professor of Latin literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1852 he was chosen professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, where he still remains. He has written many valuable works, including "Poems chiefly on Greek Mythology," "Poems, English and Latin," "Four Phases of Morals," "Lays of the Highlands," "Self-culture," "Critical Dissertations," etc.

LXXXIII.—SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Page 426, Note 1.—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon on the 23d of April, 1564. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town; but, his father requiring him to assist in his business—that of a wool-dealer and butcher—he was taken early from school. At the age of eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a farmer's daughter, and subsequently proceeded to London. The records of his early life are but scant, and much that has been written about him is merely conjecture. In London he rapidly acquired fame and fortune, and was enabled to retire from his profession at a comparatively early age. His works consist of thirty-seven dramas, the poems "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," and a collection of Sonnets. He died in his native town on his birthday, 1616.

Our selection is from act iv. scene i. of "The Merchant of Venice," a comedy first printed in 1600. This play is generally considered the best of Shakespeare's comedies, and should be read in its entirety by every student of English literature.—See Rolfe's School Edition of Shakespeare's Works.

LXXXIV.—THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.

Page 437, Note 1.—MATTHEW ARNOLD was born at Laleham, England, in 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford. His first volume of poems was published in 1849. Among his best prose works are "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma." In 1857 he was elected professor of English literature in Oxford University. He died in 1888. The selection given in this volume is a part of the address delivered by him on the occasion of his visit to America in 1885.

2.—MR. BRIGHT. John Bright, an English statesman (1811–1889).

3.—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are elevated, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are amiable, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, have these in your mind, let your thoughts run upon these."

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